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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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Mr. J. Wallace Ainger is our general Business Agent.

Those whose lives, like that of my friend Dr. J. M. Cunningham, the Sanitary Commissioner with the Government of India, have for the most part been spent in a prolonged encounter with cholera year after year, as it presents itself in prisons and armies and among the multitudinous populations of our Indian Empire, from another. But we are all seeking the same kind of knowledge, and what is more, we all tend to the same conclusions. If, for example, a comparison be made of the recent work published by Dr. Cunningham, "Cholera: What can the State do to prevent it?" in which he professes to confine himself to considerations of common sense and deprecates the interference of science with practical questions, with the lecture given a few months ago to the people of Munich by Professor von Pettenkofer, who is acknowledged to be one of the highest scientific authorities on the etiology of cholera, it will be found that the German *Gelehrter* and the English administrator say practically the same thing.

As this paper is intended for the perusal of persons who do not specially concern themselves with pathology, I will enter as little as possible upon subjects of controversy, regarding it as of much more importance that those notions as to the cause and nature of cholera, about which there is no dispute, should be generally understood, than that the claims of rival investigators should be vindicated. In the slow process by which new knowledge is acquired, strife is a necessary and unquestionably a productive element. Burning questions arise wherever and whenever scientific investigation bears, or appears to bear, on practical action. Eventually they find their solution; but in the mean time it is almost impossible for those who are immediately concerned in discussing them to guard against the influence of personal antagonisms and predilections. As regards all recent questions of this kind, I think that I am myself in a position to look at them from a distance, for I have had no direct concern with cholera since 1866. I will therefore ask the reader to regard me neither as a contagionist nor as a localist, and to dismiss the "comma-bacillus" from his mind until we have

had time to take a general view of the tendencies which this great world plague has manifested in its dealings with mankind since it first found its way into Europe.

It is agreed by all authorities that cholera is native in India, and particularly in the district where it is now "endemic"—namely, in the district which corresponds roughly to the deltas of the Ganges and Brahmaputra and the district of Cuttack. As, however, it for the most part confined its ravages to the native populations, with whom at that time our relations were much less direct and intimate than they are now, it excited no general interest, and was indeed so little known to medical men that when in 1817 the disease broke out at Jessore, near Calcutta, it was believed to be an entirely new malady. Even now there are some writers who speak of Jessore as the "cradle of cholera" and the year 1817 as the starting-point of its history, notwithstanding that the inquiries which were then initiated showed not only that in Bengal the disease was an annual visitor, but that in Calcutta itself it was fatally prevalent in the native town several weeks before Dr. Tytler was called to see the first case at Jessore.

The great epidemic of 1817 and 1818 was distinguished from previous ones by its extent and destructiveness, but chiefly by the circumstance that in this year it became for the first time a serious obstacle to English conquest. How or when it began it is probably impossible to determine, for evidence exists of its presence in July 1817 within a few weeks at places so distant from one another as Patna and Dacca. Two months later it was at Benares, Allahabad, and Mirzapore; and in October of the same year an event occurred which at once gave the disease a significance it had not before possessed. The Marquis of Hastings, with an army of over ten thousand Europeans and a much larger native force, was in the Bundelcund, not far from Allahabad, where cholera was then raging. Cholera had on several previous occasions interfered with military operations, but this time it attacked Hastings' European troops with a violence of which there had before been no example. The pestilence continued for

several weeks with unabated destructiveness, until early in November the army was withdrawn from the Bundelcund and moved westwards in its march towards Gwalior, on which the mortality at once subsided. Thousands of dead and dying were left behind, but cholera was left behind with them, and a lesson was learned which has since been often repeated in Indian experience—that when a military force is encountered by cholera, removal from the infected locality is the only effectual way of checking it.

In 1818 cholera overspread the whole Indian Peninsula. Westward it extended up the Ganges valley to Delhi and Agra, and eventually found its way across the Sutlej to Lahore. Southwards it flanked the line of the Vindhya, attacked Nagpore, and thence spread to other places in Central India. Along the east coast there were destructive epidemics at Vizagapatam, in the deltas of the Godavery and Kistnah, at Madras and Pondicherry, and various other places further south. In 1819 Ceylon, which had been similarly invaded in 1804 and probably often previously, suffered very severely. The spread of cholera in the island was naturally enough attributed to the commercial intercourse between Trincomalee and the infected ports on the coast of Coromandel. Whatever may be said for or against this belief as regards Ceylon, it is difficult to offer any other explanation of the outbreak which occurred the same year in Mauritius than the obvious one that it was carried over the sea by trading ships, for even though the evidence which exists that the Mauritius epidemic took its start from the arrival, with cholera on board, of the ship *Topaze*, were proved to be defective, it could scarcely be accounted for in any other way than as a result of commercial intercourse. From Mauritius cholera spread to Madagascar and the Portuguese settlements on the east coast of Africa.

In the course of 1820 cholera seems to have spread over Asia. In that year it was at Canton and Nankin, and travelled up the Yang-tse-kiang into the interior of China, and finally reached the capital. In the same year it is said that 150,000 persons died of it in the island of Java. Celebes, the Moluccas, and

the Philippines were invaded at the same time. Burmah, Siam, and Singapore had been ravaged the previous year, and it was believed that the latter place, where so many streams of commercial movement meet, was the source whence the infection was distributed over China and the Malay Archipelago. The explanation was probably correct. By the universal infection of all the ports of our Indian dependencies in 1819 the channels of European commerce in the East were more thoroughly contaminated than they had ever been before. Modern experience teaches us that though cholera is very unapt to spread in this way, it may do so; and I confess it appears to me quite impossible to doubt that in those early years of its history it did so.

From 1820 onwards we have evidence that cholera has never been absent from Bengal, and has behaved throughout in the same way that it does now. The best general idea of the extent of its influence and of the differences which subsist between years of great epidemic prevalence and others, may be gained by an examination of the series of maps which have been published by the Indian Government. The conclusions which these maps suggest, and which are confirmed by the more minute and exhaustive study of cholera statistics which has been made by Dr. Bryden,* may be summarily stated as follows.

Within certain areas, the limits of which comprise the alluvial plains adjoining great rivers, and particularly in the deltas of such rivers, cholera is always present. Outside these so-called endemic areas some places are distinguished by their liability to the epidemic prevalence of the disease, others by their special immunity, and in general no relation can be traced between liability to epidemic prevalence and personal intercourse with infected districts; so that, however clear it may be that the infection of cholera is capable, under certain conditions, of being conveyed from place to place, Indian experience affords no ground for attributing any importance to such conveyance as a means of the spread of cholera in that country.

* See "Epidemic Cholera in the Bengal Presidency." By James L. Bryden, M.D. Calcutta. 1869.

Let me now try to give an account of the circumstances which led to the escape of cholera, if such an expression may be used, from its Indian home into Europe. As probably every reader knows, the first European country invaded by cholera was Russia, and the first European town of any importance was Orenburg, on the Ural, one of the great feeders of the Caspian. How did cholera find its way from the Indian Peninsula to the Caspian? The only answer that can be given is that the communication took place by way of Persia, and that Persia itself was invaded, not, as has been sometimes said, by Afghanistan, but by the Persian Gulf. In 1821—that is, a year after the epidemic of Zanzibar—there was a destructive outbreak of cholera at Muscat in Arabia and at the Persian port of Bushire, and a little later at Bagdad. From these littoral beginnings the epidemic spread during the next year (1822) over the whole of Persia and great part of Asia Minor. In 1823 it was in Damascus and Aleppo, having at the same time or previously existed in Iskanderoon and other places on the Mediterranean. It is usually stated that in 1822 cholera crossed the Caucasus for the first time, the only ground for the statement being that in that year it prevailed at about the same time at Tiflis and at Astrachan. In reality, cholera seems to have reached Astrachan, not over the Caucasus, but by creeping along the Caspian shores from Resht, which was the first place invaded. In the Caspian, as in India, it found a suitable soil in the deltas of the Terek and the Volga, and finally ascended the Ural, as has been already noted, to Orenburg. Beyond these limits cholera failed to penetrate further into Europe either by the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, or the Caspian, its disappearance in Syria and in Astrachan being simultaneous. There seems good reason for believing that it was entirely absent for six years (1823 to 1829), but in August 1829 it reappeared in Orenburg without its being possible to ascertain with any certainty whence it came. All that can be asserted is, that it was at the same time widely scattered over Central Asia, in Afghanistan, at Teheran, at Khiva and Bokhara, as well as on the shores of the Caspian,

and that in consequence it was on this occasion believed to have rather come by Central Asia than from Persia.

In 1830, the year after the Orenburg epidemic, cholera made its first great advance into Europe. In August of that year there were destructive epidemics at Astrachan (where there is good reason for believing that the cholera had wintered), at Zaritzin, at Saratov, at Kasan, and finally at Penza—all, with the exception of the last, on the Volga. A few weeks later it was at Taganrog, Kertch, Sebastopol, Cherson and Odessa, and finally, in September 1830, began the epidemic of Moscow, which was rendered memorable by the self-sacrifice and devotion of the Russian Emperor. In 1831 cholera for the first time spread over Central Europe. Beyond the broad fact that Russia was first invaded, it is quite impossible to say how this momentous result was brought about, as the reader may at once satisfy himself by comparing the following dates, which are derived from Dr. Peters' "History of the Travels of Asiatic Cholera," published in the Reports of the United States War Department:—Moscow, September 1830 to March 1831; and in the latter year, Petersburg, June; Warsaw and Cracow, April; Dantzic, March; Berlin, August; Hamburg, October. In October 1831 cholera appeared at Sunderland and became epidemic there and in the neighboring towns, Newcastle, Gateshead, Shields; but it was not until a large number of persons had been attacked and died that it was admitted to be Asiatic. There is evidence that during the preceding summer the disease had been introduced into the port of London, and had even spread among the maritime population; but notwithstanding that no special precautions appear to have been taken, London itself remained exempt until early in the spring of 1832.

In the summer of that year it prevailed in most of the seaport towns of England and Ireland, and was carried across the Atlantic by Irish emigrants. For when, in June 1832, the disease broke out in a lodging-house in Quebec* which had received a number of these

* Dr. Peters, *loc. cit.* p. 564.

emigrants, destroyed fifty-six lives, and in the next fortnight spread everywhere in the town, it is impossible to doubt that these persons brought with them to their new homes the seeds of cholera. The history of the invasion of Montreal, which occurred about simultaneously, was but a repetition of the experience of Quebec. During the autumn of 1832 and the year following, cholera ascended the St. Lawrence to Chicago, and thence found its way to the Upper Mississippi, where it very seriously interfered with the military operations against the Indians. In 1833 it appeared in Cuba, whence it spread later in the same year to Mobile, New Orleans, Tampico, and other ports on the Gulf of Mexico, and eventually to Mexico and Vera Cruz. Epidemics continued to occur in the Spanish-speaking countries of the New World until 1834-35, in the former of which years Spain itself was for the first time invaded. The great epidemics of Madrid and Barcelona were followed by a general extension along the Mediterranean coast—Cette, Marseilles, Toulon, Nice, Genoa, and Naples being attacked in the order in which they have been mentioned. As there was an interval between the Mediterranean spread and the great wave which had affected England in 1832, it seemed as if the disease, which was communicated to the New World from the Old, had been returned back to it from the West Indies. Whether this was so or not is scarcely worth inquiry. It would be much more interesting if we could explain how it was that the Mediterranean, which was in 1832 exposed to every conceivable chance of infection, was not invaded until 1834; and why, having seized upon such ports as Marseilles and Genoa, it showed no tendency to travel northwards to the country it had previously invaded. Let me add that cholera did not leave Europe until 1837, after which the Western World was free from it for a decade.

Cholera reached the Caspian for the third time in April 1847, its arrival being the outcome of a general spread of the disease in Persia and Central Asia. It soon found its way into the interior of Russia and broke out for the second time in Moscow, two months after it had appeared, almost simultaneously, at

Astrachan and Constantinople. By the winter of 1847-8 it was at Riga, and spread, during the following summer, just as it had done before, along the Baltic coast, reaching Hamburg in September.

The conveyance of cholera into England, and from England to America, was but a repetition of what had happened in 1832; and the same sort of evidence existed at New Orleans and at New York, in which places the epidemic began simultaneously (December 1848) of importation by emigrants. From 1847 Western Europe was again free from cholera for six years, notwithstanding that it was always present somewhere in the East. 1853 was a cholera year: it was marked by a fearful epidemic in St. Petersburg, which again spread along the Baltic coast, reaching London and Liverpool in July, but not becoming epidemic until the following year.

After a dozen years of immunity, cholera again appeared in Europe in 1865. On this occasion it was generally believed that the pestilence reached Europe, not as before by the Caspian and Black Sea, but by the Mediterranean. There is no doubt that cholera was rife at Jedda and Mecca in the spring of 1865, also that it prevailed from the beginning of June in Alexandria, and appeared in Malta on the 20th of that month, and about the same time at Marseilles, and subsequently on the coast of Spain (Valencia). As was the case last summer, the seed was conveyed to Paris, and on that occasion bore fruit in the deaths of about 7,000 persons in five months. There was also, as many readers will remember, a small epidemic at Southampton, the origin of which was traced by Dr. Parkes to the arrival of ships with cholera on board from Alexandria; but with this exception Western Europe remained free until the following year. Nor in all probability would England have ever suffered as it did in 1866, had the sporadic spread of cholera from the Mecca pilgrims been our only risk. At the time that all these events were going on about the Mediterranean a new storm was brewing in the old quarter—in North Germany. The appearance of cholera on August 29, 1865, at Altenburg, a place situated in the very middle of Germany, was one of

the strangest events which is on record in relation to cholera in Europe. The epidemic in that district, which is exclusively watered by tributaries of the Elbe, lasted for four months (*i.e.*, until the very middle of winter), culminating in October, and destroying 500 people. All of these deaths occurred in some half-dozen towns lying to the southward of Leipsic. This was followed by a general dissemination of cholera in Germany. By July 1866 it was already at London and Liverpool. The Prussians in their march into Bohemia passed through the country that had been the seat of the epidemic in the previous year, and on their return from their short but victorious campaign encountered it in Halle and Leipsic, in which places by that time it had gained headway, and suffered so severely that more soldiers' lives were lost by cholera than by the weapons of the Austrians. Since 1866 we in England have again had a long period of immunity, notwithstanding that we have been repeatedly threatened. In Germany a succession of epidemics occurred between 1873 and 1875, none of which reached England. Although these, from the completeness with which they were investigated, afford materials for a very instructive study of the subject, I must for the present content myself with the sketch already given of the epidemics which have affected this country.* It may, perhaps, suffice to enable the reader to see that in these successive spreads of cholera over the civilized world it follows certain general laws—as, for example, that it loves great rivers, and particularly their deltas and estuaries, and that it is capable of being conveyed over sea and land, following for the most part the lines of commercial intercourse. On either side of this general view, which the unbiassed intelligent reader of cholera history finds himself compelled to take, range the opposite opinions of contagionists on the one hand, who believe that cholera came to Europe in 1830, because the *materies morbi* accidentally escaped from India; and, on the other, the believers in the spontaneous origin of cholera, who think

that they mean something when they say that the cause of cholera is "atmospheric" or "telluric."

Let us now see what can be learned by looking at the subject from the consideration of its pathological nature. With this view we will take as our starting-point the assumption that cholera is a "specific" disease, which means simply that it has a particular or proper cause—a cause which is peculiar to it, and without which it cannot come into existence. In each of the diseases known as smallpox, glanders, diphtheria, cattle-plague, the cause presents itself as a tangible material which can be obtained from the body of any human being or animal affected with it, and may thus be subjected to experimental investigation. In the case of the affection called wool-sorters' disease, or splenic fever, to which persons engaged in manipulating particular kinds of wool imported from the East are liable, we know that the material cause not only exists in the body of the sufferer, but also in the wool by which he is infected. Cholera we believe to have a similar material and tangible cause, but no one as yet has been able to seize upon it. It has been sought for both diligently and skilfully, but it has hitherto eluded investigation. It will therefore be convenient to speak of it as the unknown entity x .

In the search after the x of cholera which now occupies so many minds, the method which the pathologist ought to follow—the only one he can follow with reasonable prospect of success—is that of proceeding step by step from the known to the unknown. Conjecture must lead the way to discovery, but those conjectures only are likely to be productive which are founded on the comparison of unknown with known relations.

The fact which we have to explain is that cholera has spread from India all over the world, and is always spreading somewhere. The knowledge we have to guide us in seeking for an explanation is that in other spreading diseases the spread consists in the conveyance of a *something* tangible from the infected person or thing to a healthy person at a greater or less distance; and the legitimate guiding conjecture is, that whatever may be known as to the nature of the conveyable something in the cases

* See Günther, "Die indische Cholera in Sachsen im Jahre 1865, Leipzig, 1866;" and Pettenkofer, "Die Sächsischen Cholera-Epidemien des Jahres 1865." Ztsch. f. Biol. 1866.

in which it can be investigated, is likely also to be true in those cases in which, as in cholera, it is for the present beyond our reach.

In the current language of pathology, the conveyable something by which infectious diseases are propagated is called *contagium*, a word which may be conveniently used, provided that it is not allowed to carry any suggestion that the disease to which it is applied spreads by personal contact or intercourse. Like other scientific terms, its use is to serve as a label for certain knowledge. Under the heading *contagium*, the pathologist says (1) that all contagia consist of organized (not merely organic) matter; (2) that this matter must, in order to be disseminated, be in a state of fine division (particulate); (3) that the particles of which it consists are living; (4) that they derive their life (not as having been themselves bits of the living substance of the diseased man or animal, but) from parents like themselves. With reference to all of these propositions, excepting the last, there is agreement of opinion. It is now eighteen years since it was proved by the investigations of Chauveau that all the best known contagia (which are liquids of the character of vaccine lymph) owe their activity to the minute, almost ultra-microscopical, particles which float in them; and no one doubts that these particles are organized, and that their power of producing disease depends on their organization. Further, we know, with reference to one or two diseases—namely, wool-sorters' disease, or splenic fever, tuberculosis, leprosy, and one form of septicæmia, that the particles in question are not only organized, but themselves organisms—*i.e.*, living individuals deriving their life from parents like themselves. But from the moment that the pathologist begins to infer that because in these particular instances, which can be experimentally investigated, infection occurs by organisms, it must be so in the case, for example, of cholera, of which the behavior is very different indeed from that of any of the infectious diseases above enumerated, he leaves certainty behind him and passes into the region of more or less probable conjecture. With reference to the special question which now interests us, he has

to compare the mode of operation by which cholera spreads with the modes of operations of those diseases which are propagated by self-multiplying contagia—first, with a view to the estimation of the antecedent probability that they are essentially identical; and secondly, to the testing of the estimate arrived at by such experimental investigations as circumstances place within his reach.

The antecedent probabilities may be stated as follows:—If the reader will approach the subject with a mind freed for the moment from metaphysical considerations, he will see that the spread of cholera over the world must be due either to the dispersion of infected persons, or of things with which such persons have been in contact, or to the dissemination through the air of what may be called "cholera-dust." The question whether there is such a thing as cholera-dust rests on the teaching of experience as to whether cholera can or cannot jump from one place to another at a distance without the aid of personal intercourse. If this does occur it can only be by dust—*i.e.*, minute particles of infective material suspended in the air. If it is not so, it remains to be determined whether such events as the conveyance of cholera from Ceylon to Mauritius in 1819, from Astrachan up the Volga in 1830, from Hamburg to Sunderland in 1831, from Dublin to Montreal in 1832, and from Havre to Halifax in 1849, in all of which immigration from infected places of men with their belongings led to the appearance of cholera where it was before unknown, should be attributed exclusively to the introduction into these places of persons actually suffering from cholera, or to the circumstances that these persons, whether themselves infected or not, brought with them an infected environment. Experience all over the world is in favor of the latter alternative, for on the one hand it teaches that cholera is not "catching," so that attending on the sick is in itself unattended with any risk; and, on the other hand, that cholera has such a power of *haunting* localities, that a house, street, town, or district where cholera prevails to-day becomes thereby more liable to a second visitation next year than it would otherwise be. Now the only way in which

such a fact as this can be explained is by supposing that the material cause of cholera is capable of existing in human belongings for a length of time independently of the human body from which it sprang. But in addition it suggests something as to the nature of that cause. That the contagium of cholera is capable, after many months of quiescence, of recovering its activity whenever the conditions of that activity come into existence, is a fact which, while it is otherwise unintelligible, is very easily explained on the supposition that the contagium itself is endowed with life; for it is characteristic of living things that they have the power of sleeping and waking—of hibernating, and reviving under the influence of summer warmth. In addition to this, we are led in the same direction by the consideration, which applies to cholera in common with all other spreading diseases, that whatever the x may be, it certainly possesses another essential property of organisms—namely, that it is capable of self-multiplication; for however inconsiderable may be the weight of material which is wanted for the infection of a single individual, it is clear that when cholera invades a country for the first time, the increase of that material, in the body of the first case, then in the bodies of the thousands subsequently affected, must be enormous.

The conjecture therefore that cholera, like other epidemic diseases, owes its power of spreading to a living and self-multiplying organism is so well founded that we are justified in taking it as a starting-point from which we may at once proceed to inquire—first, where this self-multiplication takes place; and secondly, how it is brought about. The first question, I think, I can best answer by stating to you the view on the subject which has received the most general acceptance.

In splenic fever, as we have seen, there is no doubt whatever that the disease of which the human being or the animal affected with it dies, proceeds *pari passu* with the development of the disease-producing organism x ; for in the hours, be they few or many, which intervene between the sowing of the seed in the body of a living animal and the maturation of the harvest—that is, be-

tween inoculation and death—the whole of the living body of the affected animal becomes so thoroughly infested that in many instances no fragment of tissue, no single drop of circulating blood, can be found which does not contain thousands and tens of thousands of the characteristic rods (or bacilli), each of which individually is capable of communicating the disease if sown into the body of a healthy animal. So also in another well-investigated instance, that of relapsing fever, we have evidence that the multiplication of x takes place in the circulation, and that the presence there of the characteristic spirilla is so associated with the appearance of the fever itself, that the one never manifests itself without the other having preceded it.

But as regards cholera, nothing of the kind can be observed. As yet no one has been able to find the organism, either in the blood or in any living tissue, notwithstanding that the research has been conducted with every possible care. Nor has it been found either that the bodies of persons affected with cholera, or that any part of them, possessed the power of infecting other healthy persons. Consequently the opinion first arrived at and formulated by Professor Pettenkofer has come to be very generally adopted—that in cholera the multiplication of x takes place, not in the tissues of the sick person, but in his environment. Let us examine a little more closely what this means.

Under the term environment is included everything which is in relation with the external surface of the body, including the air we breathe and the water and other material which we use as food. And inasmuch as no multiplication can take place otherwise than in a suitable soil consisting of organic matter, and no such soil exists in the air, we may limit the possible seats of multiplication to the moist organic substances of various kinds which exist at or near the surface of the earth. Putting this into plainer language, it means that when the cholera x invades a previously uninfected locality in which it is about to become epidemic, the first thing it does is not to find a home for itself (as the x of smallpox, of cattle-plague, or of splenic fever would do) in

the body of some healthy person, but to sow itself in *whatever material at or near the surface is fit for its reception and vegetation*.

Now, in our study of the laws of diffusion of cholera we have seen that, although cholera may be repeatedly introduced by personal intercourse into an uninfected locality without result, it finally, after a shorter or longer latency, bears fruit; and this we explain on the hypothesis that, of the two conditions which are essential to the fructification of the germ—namely, the presence of the organism itself, and the presence of a soil suitable for its growth, the latter is of more importance than the former; that, in short, the reason why a given town or country remains exempt from cholera—is not that the seed of infection fails to reach it, but that those local conditions which are necessary for its vegetation are wanting. If we call the environment y , then the cause of cholera is not $x+y$, but xy , so that whatever value we assign to x , the product disappears as y vanishes.*

If the cholera organism multiplies in the soil, not in the individual, it must, in order to exercise its disease-producing function, attack the human body by one of two channels, either by air or food; it must be taken in either by breathing or swallowing, for the skin has so little power of absorption that it need not be considered. It seems to be extremely probable that in either case x enters the organism by the same portal—namely, by the process of intestinal absorption; that is, by the same channel by which the nutritious part of our food is assimilated—*i.e.*, that even if it were introduced by the breath, it would still act by localizing itself in the alimentary canal. Consequently, if we want to engage in the search for it, there are two places where we should expect and seek to find it—namely, first, in the soil; and secondly, in the intestine of infected persons. Hitherto attention has been exclusively given to the investigation of the absorbing apparatus of the alimentary canal as the spot in which

x would be likely to be caught as it were *flagrante delicto*.

In illustration of this, let me now refer to the efforts which have been made at various periods to carry out this inquiry. Without going back to the attempts made by Dr. Snow in the epidemic of 1854, I will content myself with a rapid survey of what has been done in more recent times, premising that there is no necessary connection between the notion which I am now advocating—namely, that the cholera x resides in the soil, and produces cholera by finding its way into the intestine, and the belief that the intestinal contents of persons suffering from cholera are directly pernicious and infecting.

In 1870 a morphologist of great distinction (Professor Hallier) published a remarkable series of observations, in which he endeavored to show, on purely morphological grounds, that the birth-place (or rather the nursery) of cholera is the rice-plant—that a parasite which grows on this plant, so essential to the populations of the endemic area of Bengal, becomes in the course of successive transformations the cholera fungus; that this fungus throws off spores which are the immediate producers of cholera; and that by means of the endurance and extreme levity of these spores, they serve as agents by which cholera is spread all over by the wind; and so on. Of Hallier it is sufficient to say that, however distinguished he might be as a botanist, he was a bad pathologist, and that his method was fundamentally wrong, inasmuch as he proceeded throughout on the assumption that the morphological characters of an organism supposed to be infective may be taken as evidence of its infective nature; whereas pathology admits nothing to be a contagium unless it can be observed in action as such. For one thing, at all events, we may be grateful to the Jena botanist. It was for the purpose of investigating his theory that those indefatigable cholera workers, Drs. Lewis and Cunningham, were sent to India, where, although they spent more time and labor in correcting Hallier's mistakes than it took Hallier himself to fall into them, they were thereby afforded opportunity of acquiring information of the highest practical and scientific value. It would

* In designating the seed, germ, contagium, or *materies morbi* of cholera x , and the soil or environment y , I follow Professor v. Pettenkofer.

take too long to refer to other efforts in the same direction, but it may be readily understood that the question of the material cause of cholera was too important to be neglected, and that as soon as cholera seemed once more to threaten Europe it again urgently claimed the attention of scientific pathologists. Accordingly, in 1883, Dr. Koch, who is the author of two of the greatest discoveries of modern times in relation to spreading diseases, was deputed by the German Imperial Government to proceed to Egypt, and then to India, to investigate cholera.

Stated in few words, the results of Dr. Koch's inquiries were—(1) That the *x* in cholera has the form of a curved rod, which Dr. Koch likens to a comma (as written, not as printed); and (2) That the disease (cholera) is caused by the presence, growth, and multiplication of this organism in the apparatus for absorption contained in the lower part of the small intestine, and by the consequent formation there of an animal poison which produces the collapse and the other fatal effects of cholera.

These statements, as soon as they became publicly known, assumed a very great importance, because they appeared to afford support to a doctrine with which they have no necessary connection—namely, that of the communicability of cholera by direct personal intercourse with the sick. The mere fact of the existence of countless myriads of organisms of a particular form in the intestinal liquid, although very interesting in itself, affords no evidence that they are the culprits, unless two other things can be proved respecting them—namely, that they possess the power of producing cholera wherever they exist, and that they are capable of maintaining their life, not merely within the intestine, but also in the soil; for, as we have seen, the evidence that the material cause of cholera is capable of existing outside of the body and of spreading over the world independently of the presence of persons affected with the disease, is so conclusive, that no explanation of cholera can be accepted which does not take this into account.

Now in India the question of the prevention of cholera is a very practical one. Here, cholera is chiefly a question

of preserving life; in India it is one of commerce, and consequently of national prosperity. If it were believed in India that the cholera patient is himself a source of infection, that each individual comma is a source of danger, India would be compelled to adopt prophylactics of the same kind as those which were adopted last year by the ignorant and short-sighted administrators of Italy and France. And it was, I believe, on this ground judged necessary by Her Majesty's Indian Government to send out a special Commission for the purpose of reporting generally on the practical bearing of the German investigations. The Commission was under the general guidance of Dr. Klein,* who was selected on the recommendation of the highest scientific authority in this country, as being the person who in England, by his previous researches, had shown himself *facile princeps* in inquiries of this nature. The finding of the Commission was, that although Dr. Koch was perfectly accurate in his statement of fact, he had gone too far in inference. In other words, that although the so-called cholera bacillus swarms in the intestine of every person affected with cholera, it does not there play the part which is attributed to it.

I shall, I think, most usefully conclude this paper by stating as clearly as I can in what way the knowledge and experience already obtained as regards the cause of the spread of cholera by the two methods of inquiry which are available for the purpose (and which for the moment I will call the epidemiological and the bacteriological) may be brought to bear on practical questions. And here I will ask the reader to note once more amid the apparent differences of opinion which exist at the present moment, as regards some questions which have lately come prominently to the front, between persons whose competency cannot be denied, that such persons are nevertheless in agreement, not only with respect to the sources of danger and the means of guarding

* The Commission consisted of Dr. Klein, F.R.S., and Dr. Heneage Gibbes. The Report has only just been published, but the scientific results of the inquiry were communicated by Dr. Klein to the Royal Society in February last.

against them, but also as to the most fundamental theoretical questions. Thus, for example, while we hesitate to admit that the particular organisms which Dr. Koch has so carefully investigated have anything to do with the causation of cholera, the conclusions arrived at nearly twenty years ago by the two leading authorities of that time—Simon in England and Pettenkofer in Germany—that cholera depends on an organism, and that its spread cannot be accounted for in any other way, are as certainly true now as they were then. But this certainty arises not from any direct evidence which has up to this time been offered with reference to a particular bacillus, but from the various facts which go to show that in places infected or haunted by cholera something else exists besides the infected persons. So that if we could imagine all the infected persons in such a locality to be removed by some act of absolute power, such an act would not stop the progress of the epidemic, for cholera would still be there.

Of the two methods of inquiry above referred to, the bacteriological applies to the nature of the contagium itself, and the epidemiological to the nature of the environing conditions which favor its development. Hitherto the investigation of the latter has been by far the most successful. But it would be a great mistake to allow the apparent failure of such researches as those of Dr. Koch in Egypt and in India to discourage the efforts which are now being made everywhere by earnest and devoted workers to accomplish what has baffled so able an investigator. Whenever the discovery is made, it will not only serve as a key to the understanding of cholera as a disease, and thereby tend to render its treatment a little less hopeless than it is at present, but it will serve as the necessary completion of the knowledge we have gained from the combined experience of the medical profession in India, in Europe, and in America, with reference to the behavior of cholera as an epidemic disease. To make this clear, all that is necessary is to summarize statements which have been already placed before the reader in the course of this article. What we have learned is that the liability of a locality to cholera depends, first, on the physi-

cal characters of the soil; and secondly, on certain changes which it undergoes in the course of the seasons. The peculiarity of the soil which favors cholera is unquestionably want of natural or artificial drainage, combined with the presence in the liquid with which it is soaked of such organized material, derived from the tissues of plants or animals, as render it a fit soil for the development and vegetation of microphytes. The seasonal change which favors cholera is that which expresses itself in the drying of such a soil under the influence of summer temperature. In Europe this takes place in July, August, and September, in which last month, as the following table* strikingly shows, cholera attains its maximum of destructiveness:—

MONTHLY MORTALITY.

April	112
May.....	446
June	4,392
July.....	8,480
August.....	33,640
September.....	56,561
October.....	35,271
November	17,630
December.....	7,254
January	2,317
February	842
March.....	214

But be it ever remembered that these two liabilities of time and place do not explain everything. No combination of soil and season, however favorable, will produce a harvest unless the seed has been sown. It holds as true now as it ever did, that "if we possessed the requisite knowledge, the disease could always be traced back in lineal descent to its origin in some poor Hindoo on the banks of the Ganges, as certainly as the pedigree of a horse or dog can be followed to his remote ancestors."

Notwithstanding the overwhelming evidence which now exists in proof of the harmlessness of the so-called "rice-water evacuations," it is not the less certain that the mechanism by which the infection of the soil takes place (*i.e.*, by which the disease from being epidemic becomes epichthonic) is its contamination by the discharges of sick persons. For there is no other possible way by

* The numbers express the mortality from cholera in Prussia during the thirteen years, 1848-1860.

which the soil can acquire the morbid property which facts compel us to attribute to it. Similarly, it may be regarded as absolutely certain that the influence of the soil on those who are infected by it is due to the penetration into their bodies of infective material, either by respiration or swallowing; that, in the absence of proof of "cholera-dust," it is a matter of urgent necessity to avoid the use of water which contains such material as from its chemical nature may be reasonably considered capable of harboring infective microphytes.

In this country and in our Indian possessions experience has led us to do the very things which science, were her opinion asked, would approve as of primary importance. In Calcutta, the measures of sanitary improvements, particularly drainage works, which have been carried out under the highly efficient sanitary administration there, have during the last dozen years led to a diminution of the cholera mortality to something like a third of its previous average, and similar good results have been obtained elsewhere in India, in so far as it has yet been possible to bring about the necessary reforms. In Lon-

don we have been lavish in our underground expenditure. Our water supply is good and abundant, and our subsoil is dry, so that dwellers in the west and north need not feel much apprehension even though cholera were again to fix itself in the east. But we may, I think, venture to anticipate that this year, at least, we shall not be tried. Cholera, had it intended to attack us this season, would already have been on the march. The eastern provinces of Spain are suffering severely, and it can scarcely be hoped that other parts of the Mediterranean will remain exempt; but Central Europe is free. Hitherto cholera has come to us from Holland or Germany, not from Southern Europe, so that until the Rhine, the Elbe, the Oder, or the Vistula are threatened we need be in no immediate apprehension as to the Thames or the Mersey. But in venturing on this favorable forecast, I would beg the reader to understand that I speak with no authority, and recognize his competence to judge as well as I can of its value. Neither science nor experience affords a key to the reasons why cholera now follows one course, now another, in its wanderings over the world.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE PARIS NEWSPAPER PRESS.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

THE newspaper business in Paris is at present far from prosperous. The influences of the disaster of the Union Générale in 1882 are still being felt; several papers have disappeared during the past few months, others have amalgamated, others are dragging their wings painfully. And yet every morning the Parisians have the choice of more than a score large four-page political prints and ten small ones. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon fifteen other large journals are published; between eight and nine o'clock in the evening two more appear. A Parisian will tell you that scarcely half-a-dozen out of these fifty daily newspapers are really profitable enterprises in themselves. The rest exist more or less laboriously, and the majority depend

upon various arrangements, combinations, and subventions which one cannot precisely analyse. The most profitable journals are *Le Petit Journal*, *Le Figaro*, *La Lanterne*, and *Le Gil Blas*. But many of the old-established papers, although having small circulations, continue to pay fair dividends; their expenses are slight, and they are able to make a profit on their sales. The *Journal des Débats*, for instance, has remained faithful to the traditions of the French press before cheap papers were introduced; a single number is sold for 20 centimes, and the yearly subscriptions for Paris and for the departments are respectively 72 and 80 francs. At present the *Journal des Débats* is rarely seen on the newspaper stalls, but it has 4,000 subscribers, rep-

representing a fixed revenue of, we will say, 300,000 francs; its advertisements bring in some 200,000 francs; add 100,000 francs for Bourse affairs. With an income like this and light editorial expenses a journal can end the year with a handsome balance of profit.

The material cost of a newspaper managed on the French system is very small. In the first place not more than half-a-dozen papers in Paris are printed from their own type and on their machines. The majority have editorial rooms in a modest quarter, and the paper is composed and printed in one of the great printing establishments in the neighborhood of the Rue Montmartre, which contract to deliver 20,000 copies of a large four-page journal for about 1,500 francs. The advertising space is farmed *en bloc* by one of the three great advertising agencies which negotiate all kinds of strange arrangements with financial companies, and bring the force of their monopoly to bear against any independent paper that attempts to break through the bonds of routine and to introduce our Anglo-Saxon system of cheap and direct advertising. But a paper which abides by the traditions finds no difficulty in coming into the world or in going out of the world; rarely a week passes without a new journal appearing or an old one disappearing; and all this mushroom growth does not imply the displacement of any great capital. With a few thousand francs you can publish a few numbers, which are sold with a discount of $2\frac{1}{2}$, 2, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ centimes to the vendor, who retails them at 15, 10, or 5 centimes. If the journal succeeds a little, all is well; if it does not succeed, the disaster is not great. Now in Paris you can always find a man ready to give 100,000 francs, which is quite sufficient, according to French notions, to start a new journal; and not only every political group, but every fraction of a group, and indeed almost every prominent senator and deputy, wishes to inspire a paper and to command an organ in which to carry on his own private political campaigns and intrigues. Hence the great number and variety of newspapers in Paris and in the provinces, some flourishing, most of them struggling, many of them moribund and

merely kept up as the mouthpieces of narrow political groups or to serve private interests and personal ambitions. In the case of the purely party and personal organs, the owners are delighted if at the end of the year the deficit does not exceed four or five thousand pounds. In France it costs no more to keep a daily "political, financial, and literary" newspaper than it does to keep a steam yacht, an elegant mistress, or a pack of deerhounds, and the newspaper has this immense advantage, that it may lead to all sorts of things, even to the Presidency of the Republic.

Le Figaro is one of the most wonderful productions of the century. Villemessant, its founder, who began his career in a mercery shop and ended it at the roulette table at the age of sixty-nine, was a prince of charlatans, a model of unscrupulous scepticism, who succeeded in making half-a-million francs a year by extending the patronage of his journal with even and impartial hand to the clergy and the comedians, to Notre-Dame and the Folies Bergère, to Lespès the barber and to the Comte de Chambord, "le Roy." *Le Figaro* never represented anything, either a political opinion, an artistic or literary school, or an intellectual movement; its mission has always been to provide its readers with news and banter; it was the first paper to introduce interviews and other features of reporting, and of the so-called *presse à informations*. As Villemessant left it at the time of his death in 1879, so the journal has, at least in appearance, remained. The inheritance of the Alexander of charlatanism was divided amongst his lieutenants, who warned the shareholders that if they altered the character of *Le Figaro* or changed the staff they would ruin the property; and so, at a general meeting of the shareholders, the editing and administration of the paper were intrusted to the triumvirate MM. Magnard, Pérvier, and Rodays, and the rest of the staff, MM. Albert Wolff, Baron Platel (Ignotus), Philippe Gille (Masque de Fer), Jules Prével, &c., were nominated, so to speak, life-editors with fixed salaries and an interest in the profits. Thus *Le Figaro* became a kind of republic with M. Francis Magnard as president, but a president exercising

very little authority over his ministers and functionaries.

Now it is precisely out of this individual independence of the principal writers of *Le Figaro* that there sprung up within the past few years an abuse in connection with the Parisian theatres, and an explanation of that abuse will enable me to indicate in a few words how far certain organs of the Parisian press are open to the charge of corruption and venality. The abuse is that of the so-called theatrical syndicate. A number of journalists, notably MM. Wolff, Gille, Boucheron, Prével, Saint-Albin, Darcours, and Valabrègue, having no special gifts for writing for the stage, but seeing that large sums of money were to be gained by dramatic composition, began to combine pieces which they presented to theatrical managers. The managers would suggest to some veteran playwright that he should take So-and-so as a collaborator, "and then we shall have the *Figaro* in our favor." It was *Le Figaro* which first published accounts and criticisms of new pieces the morning after their production, and which first began to give an anecdotic history of the theatrical evening in the well-known "Soirées Parisiennes" of the "Monsieur de l'Orchestre," while at the same time devoting every day considerable space to theatrical echoes. Naturally, if a *Figaro* man had a piece being played at such-and-such a theatre, he did not neglect the opportunities of gratuitous and persistent puffery which were offered him in the column headed "Courrier des Théâtres." The theatrical reporters of other journals, which, like *Le Figaro*, devoted great attention to the stage, gradually worked their way into the privileged band, and by the aid of the various influences of *camaraderie*, mutual interests, and personal interventions of all kinds, the boulevard theatres, such as the Variétés, the Renaissance, the Palais-Royal, the Gymnase, and the Nouveautés, became more or less the monopoly of a syndicate of journalists, to the detriment of young authors, as was recently clearly shown by M. Francisque Sarcey. But, except perhaps in the case of the Gymnase, one cannot say that there were sums of money paid. The existence of the syndicate itself has never been formulated; there has sim-

ply arisen a tacit understanding, as it were a kind of freemasonry, between the journalists themselves and between the journalists and the theatrical managers. In France, liberty of the press and liberty of the stage have developed almost simultaneously. The abolition of privilege at once enabled a soap-boiler to open a theatre and a candle-maker to start a newspaper. For both employments literary taste or ability were no longer necessary; the stage and the newspapers became purely commercial enterprises; and the traditions of courtesy which existed between the two institutions under the old régime continued, but at the same time they were transformed.

To deal adequately with the relations between the newspaper and the great financiers and money-makers would require the pen of a Balzac. Since the newspapers have become industrial enterprises, their proprietors or directors have become for the most part simply powerful business men, commanding all kinds of influences, and above all the sovereign influence and prestige of publicity. So-and-so, director of a boulevard journal, with a circulation of only 12,000 copies, has a mansion at Paris and a château in the southern department which he hopes one day to represent in Parliament. The director of the most important Republican journal in Paris, who began his career as an obscure lawyer at Toulouse, has the reputation of being one of the smartest financiers in Paris; but he has always managed to keep his hands clean, no one can say a word against his reputation, and his position of senator secures him the respect of his compatriots. The fact is that all these tacit understandings between the newspapers and the financiers are disguised under the cover of publicity and advertising. The Baron Nucingen's first care in commencing each new operation, whether a bubble company or a really serious enterprise, is to sign large advertising contracts with the newspapers, which contracts imply tacit agreements on the part of those newspapers to speak kindly of Baron Nucingen, or, if the worst comes to the worst, to hold their peace.

Before going further with this delicate

subject of the corruption of the Paris press, I would beg the reader to bear in mind, not only in this particular passage, but throughout the following pages, that we are considering the French press and not the English press. The admonition may seem puerile, but in dealing with French men and French things the Englishman seems to me to lay aside his national prejudices with so much difficulty, not to say reluctance, that I feel bound to request special impartiality. As a rule one may say that a nation has the press it merits; the freer the country the freer the press, and in such conditions the more flagrant the abuses the more readily will they get corrected by the mere force of things. In London and in Paris many other matters besides politics are looked at from different points of view. Those clever gentlemen of *Le Figaro* who benefit by the mysterious powers of the theatrical syndicate may, nevertheless, be excellent husbands and good fathers. In French journalism, as in politics and finance, there is a certain latitude allowed to shrewdness; the three powers are constantly playing into each other's hands; and the points are counted according to a special interpretation of the code of honor. The director of a Parisian newspaper is generally what is known as *un homme très-fort*, one of those characters such as Balzac loved to paint, who spring from nothing, arrive in Paris one morning from the provinces, and proceed to conquer influence, fortune, and fame. Every Frenchman knows that the Minister of the Interior, besides his annual salary of 60,000 francs, receives a supplementary credit of two millions of francs of which he has no account to render except to his own conscience, that is to say, that at the end of the year the minister addresses a document to the President of the Republic, in which he affirms that these two millions, constituting the famous *fonds secrets*, or secret fund, have been employed "in conformity with their destination." The minister has free and uncontrolled disposal of this money, and oddly enough at the end of each year it is invariably found that the two millions have been spent to the uttermost centime.

Not that the ministers spend this

money lightly or without thought. A gentleman who now holds a very high position in the administration of the Republic happened to be proprietor of a little paper published at Bordeaux some years ago; having one day made a successful application for an allowance of 10,000 francs from the secret fund, he had the misfortune to be robbed of the sum by his cashier. Thereupon he applied to the minister, M. Thiers, again, but M. Thiers replied, in his shrill and squeaky voice, "I know it is State money, but I cannot pay it twice over." From which it may be concluded that the Minister of the Interior does not always lavish money on the officious newspapers as some people suppose. The Budget Commission last June, after a warm discussion, struck 10,000 francs off the total of the secret fund, with the express understanding that this reduction was intended to establish the principle that no subventions should be given in future to newspapers or to political agents. The reduction is small indeed, and perhaps it will not greatly change the present condition of things, for I notice that M. Andrieux, in his *Souvenirs of a Prefect of Police*, even goes so far as to maintain that a minister can provide subventions for the official press without touching his two millions at all. He has either personally, or through his colleagues, other secret funds, in the shape of concessions, contracts, and especially the Legion of Honor. If a banker wishes to obtain that bit of red ribbon which plays so important a rôle in French life, he has only to undertake at his own expense the publication of the official journal of the minister. Arrangements such as these have the consecration of usage and almost of tradition. There is no especial secret about them any more than there is any especial honor attached to the red ribbon obtained in such conditions. In the same sheet you will find an article written by a man of faith and conviction; another article written to order to serve the purposes of some politician; a disguised puff, a delicate piece of literary criticism, a malicious bit of scandal, an ardent appeal for some meritorious charity, the panegyric of one artist beside the merciless condemnation of another. In short, put-

ting of course out of the question the lowest *chantage* journals, which are beneath our notice, the Parisian press strikes one as a strange mixture of seriousness and frivolity, of loyalty and deceit, of sincerity and roguery, of irredeemable defects and brilliant qualities.

The Parisians, and still less the provincial Frenchmen, have not yet been smitten with our Anglo-Saxon mania for mere news because it is news. Two attempts are now being made to introduce this disastrous craze, one with American capital, *Le Matin*, and one with French capital, *Le Télégraphe*. Both these journals spend much money on telegrams and special wires and the like, but hitherto it cannot be said that their success has proved absolutely and beyond dispute that their creation has filled a want. There is an innate artistic sentiment in the Frenchman which indisposes him for the enjoyment of the bare laconism of the telegram. He does not live by the dry bread of politics alone, but also, and above all, by the honey that falls from the lips of his poets, his writers, his musicians, and of all those who drink at the sacred springs of art. No newspaper can find favor in the eyes of the French public if it neglects the national artistic sense. With all its shortcomings and frivolities and meannesses, *Le Figaro* has literary qualities, and within its limit it gives an amusing presentation of events. Its chief *chroniqueur*, M. Albert Wolff, has many peculiarities. He is the ugliest man in Paris; like Offenbach, he is a German, native of Cologne. He arrived in Paris in 1857, became secretary to the elder Dumas, and was first known on the boulevard as "Dumas' German," "l'Allemand de Dumas." Since then M. Wolff has developed in all respects; in the opinion of many he has become a personification of Parisian wit, and though the stylists consider his French to bear the stamp of the provincial *bel-esprit*, no one can deny that M. Wolff has always had an instinct for writing a *chronique* exactly on the subject which the public wanted to be talking about—in other words M. Wolff has in the highest degree *le flair de l'actualité*. But as a *chroniqueur*, great as his reputation is, he cannot be com-

pared with Rochefort, who alone writes a *chronique* which is a real article, holding together from beginning to end, droll, mordant, ferocious even, at times, but always witty and funny in the most original and unlabored fashion. M. Wolff exercised immense influence a few years ago as an art critic, but the impudence of his recent articles has deprived him of most of the authority which he arrogated to himself. The other leading *chroniqueurs* of *Le Figaro* are M. A. Claveau, who writes admirable literary essays under the pseudonym of "Quidam," M. Albert Delpit the novelist, M. Bergerat the poet, M. Léon Lavedan (Philippe de Grandlieu), and the Baron Platel (Ignotus). The two latter gentlemen make a specialty of high-flown conservative articles full of strange theories about divine right and Republican wrong expressed with the aid of an abundance of grotesque metaphors. The dramatic critic of *Le Figaro* is M. Auguste Vitu, a lean and dried-up old gentleman with a dyed moustache and a slight resemblance to the late Emperor, whose history he has written, and during whose reign he held a high position in the official press. M. Vitu is certainly the most erudite and accomplished living dramatic critic in France; the French stage and its history have no secret for him; Molière has had no more learned historian, and in the minutiae of old French M. Vitu could have given points to Littré.

Le Figaro is very proud of its two chief reporters, MM. Pierre Giffard and Chincholle, who are really the perfecters if not the creators of modern Parisian reporting, that is to say of *le grand reportage* as opposed to the small reporting which is done by a miserable army of three-sous-a-liners. *Le grand reportage*, which means generally an interview, was introduced into French journalism after 1870, and was ostensibly borrowed from the Americans. Thiers is looked upon by the French reporters as their patron saint, because he was the first who consented to be cross-questioned by M. de Blowitz and certain of his own compatriots—a fact which allowed the wily statesman to communicate to the world a quantity of things which he was delighted to publish, and to which he gave added importance by seeming to

allow them to be wrenched out of him against his will. Gradually "reportage" has extended its domain to all classes of society, even to the demi-monde, whose heroines now have their dinner-parties reported in the *Gil Blas* between an exquisite "fantaisie" by Théodore de Banville, a profound and brilliant philosophical article by Henri Fouquier, and an artistically pornographic story by Catolle Mendès. The promiscuity of Parisian life under the third Republic is naturally reflected in the press. The Frenchman, too, was born to be interviewed; he likes it, and sends his card and compliments to the reporter, who on his side enjoys his task, and flatters himself that his articles, which he collects in a volume at the end of each year, have given the death-blow to those old-fashioned secret memoirs, which used to relate all sorts of trivial and amusing facts just fifty years after they had lost all interest. The first-class French reporter, *qui prend une conversation à l'homme du jour*, earns 15,000 to 25,000 francs a year, and even more, in his amusing business of receiving the confessions of kings, mountebanks, and other members of society. He is a skilled workman who deserves encouragement and admiration, for he contributes very largely to the amusement of his contemporaries, besides giving satisfaction to the vanity and self-love of the most eminent or notorious of them; furthermore, he is to a certain extent a writer, an artist, and a critic. He must know how to present his matter with a certain literary elegance; and, as in writing a piece for the stage, so in writing a reporting article there is, as M. Sarcy would say, always *la scène à faire*, the one great scene on which the effect of the whole piece depends. The very language, too, helps the reporter.

This conversational quality of the French tongue explains many features of the modern French newspaper. The French journalist naturally talks to his readers and excels above all things in the *causerie*, a form of literature which not only favors the manifestation of the writer's personality, but indeed owes its savor and piquancy to the free expression of that personality. Hence the aversion of the French to the editorial "we," and hence the prevalence of

signed and personal journalism. No first-class French journalist would accept the conditions imposed by our English anonymous newspapers. French journalism is a purely democratic career; the road is open for those who have talent, and the public is judge and paymaster. Personal, that is *onymous*, journalism gives the French press its vivacity, its variety, and its fertility in ideas. Thanks to personal journalism the French press, although it has become in the main since 1864 a purely commercial enterprise, has maintained those high literary qualities for which it is unique in the world. And, thanks to personal journalism, France and the civilised world at large have been able to give honor to whom honor is due in the persons of those eminent French journalists whose names are Ernest Renan, Taine, John Lemoinne, Gabriel Charma, J. J. Weiss, Francisque Sarcy, Clémenceau, Claretie, Banville, Fouquier, Henri Rochefort, Delpit, Paul de Cassagnac, Bergerat, Henry Maret, Jules Simon, Vacquerie, Paul Bourget, Ranc, Hervé, Scherer, Henry Céard, Paul Mantz, Scholl, Paul Bert, and a score other political writers, critics, sociologists, and essayists.

Here it may be objected that, excellent as the results of personal journalism may have been in France, the general and absolute superiority of the system is not therefore proved beyond question. I cannot enter into this interesting question in this place, but, as far as concerns the Parisian press, I can affirm that whenever French journalism is anonymous it tends to become dull and heavy. The first page of *Le Temps*, for instance, is often mediocre and tiresome, and the reason given to me by one of its most eminent contributors is that the director, M. Hébrard, insists upon keeping this first page anonymous, and the consequence is that he can get none but second-rate men to write it. The first page of the *République Française*, though excellently inspired, is also frequently dull and heavy for the same reason. But of the really important journals *Le Temps* is by far the best at the present time; after a long struggle it has succeeded in dethroning the *Journal des Débats*, and now it is the French journal which has most subscribers both

in France and in foreign countries, although its circulation has not yet gone beyond 35,000 a day. *Le Temps* is the type and model of the grave French journal in which politics and serious matters take the lion's share of space. Its political shade is moderate Republican; in the expression of opinion it is always clear, measured, and just, and, unlike most French party journals, it never loses its balance, or, as the French say, *il ne s'emballe jamais*. *Le Temps* packs its texts closely, and pays but little attention to elegance of make-up. On the other hand, the reading matter is generally excellent. Its dramatic critic, M. Sarcey, has a European reputation; its art critic, M. Paul Mantz, is one of the most learned and liberal of the many brilliant art critics of modern times; its chronicler of the Parisian movement is the novelist, dramatist, and polygraph, M. Jules Claretie, whom his less industrious rivals disparagingly call "a monster of fecundity;" its literary critic is M. Scherer; the academicians MM. Legouvé and Mezières are frequent contributors. The news department of *Le Temps*, which is the great Parisian evening journal, is admirably managed, and gives briefly all that an intelligent Frenchman cares to know about foreign politics and foreign countries. Its foreign correspondence is one of the great features of the journal, and a department in which it shows more enterprise than any other Parisian journal. *Le Temps*, it may be remembered, was the only French journal which had a correspondent to follow the Prince of Wales in his Indian journey in 1876; it published valuable letters from Francis Garnier long before the public knew that hardy pioneer's name. Recently its Tonkin correspondent, M. Paul Bourde, wrote a series of letters which have made a volume of remarkable literary excellence, and won their author the cross of the Legion of Honor and a handsome honorarium from the journal. *Le Temps* is one of the very few French papers which have a pronounced respect for unadulterated fact; in most of the other Parisian papers a very small amount of fact is mixed with a very large amount of criticism, anecdote, malice, and amusing dressing, which accessories often cause the writer to deviate widely

from the path of strict truth. *Le Temps* also on principle excludes "puffs" from the reading matter of the journal; it never indulges in jokes or scandal; its feuilleton novels, often translated from the English, are of such a perfectly proper and moral tone that the journal can be placed in the hands of the most austere Protestant families; it always makes a point of publishing *in extenso* the speeches of new academicians on the very afternoon of their reception, a fact which is very significant of the orthodox culture and robust literary appetites of its readers. In short, *Le Temps* is a thoroughly respectable newspaper.

The two very important Parisian journals above mentioned, both of which are sold at three sous a copy, may seem to have but a small circulation for so great a city as Paris and for so vast a country as France. The truth is, that the greatest French newspaper is the one sou *Petit Journal*, the circulation of which at the present moment exceeds 900,000, and before the end of the year, thanks to the excitement of election times, it will certainly reach the unparalleled circulation of one million copies a day. According to the latest statistics, there are in France about six millions of persons who read newspapers, and admitting that each copy of the *Petit Journal* is read by three or four persons, which is a low average, one may say that the *Petit Journal* is read by half the reading population of France. The Saturday literary supplement of the *Petit Journal*, although it has only just completed the first year of its existence, has already attained a circulation of 200,000 copies, and is able to promise its readers original contributions by Zola, Halévy, Sardou, Dumas, Claretie, Daudet, &c. The results obtained by the *Petit Journal* are certainly marvellous, and its chief editor, M. Henri Escoffier (Thomas Grimm) has displayed remarkable tact and moderation in working the paper up to its present position. Owing to the immense number and variety of its readers, its articles must be absolutely moderate, unimpassioned, and unobtrusive in the expression of opinion. A single word too strong, too decided, too positively expressive in one direction, is enough to cause an immediate

decrease of thirty or forty thousand in the circulation. Even in the statement of mere news—of a street accident, for instance—the slightest departure from strict moderation is immediately felt in the sales. The choice of the feuilletons is equally delicate. Boisgobey, Jules de Gastyne, Jules Mary, Montépin, Bouvier, and Emile Richebourg are the favorites, and the publication of a sentimental romance of the latter gentleman in the *Petit Journal* suffices to attract a hundred thousand new readers, while a feuilleton by some other writer will cause a corresponding diminution. The militant influence of the *Petit Journal* may be very great. At the time, for instance, of Marshal MacMahon's attempted *coup d'état*, in 1877, the steady, calm, and imperturbably moderate campaign of this little paper in favor of the Republic was decisive in securing France from the grip of the reactionaries. At this moment, now that politics are dull, the *Petit Journal* owes the continuous increase of its circulation mainly to its excellent and useful articles on practical matters, savings banks, and everything that concerns the economy and interests of those who work. We must not forget, also, the great attraction of two *romans feuilletons*. Since this method of publication was discovered by the founders of *Le Siècle* about 1840, no newspaper in France has been able to exist without a feuilleton novel. The last attempt to dispense with it was made by the Franco-American *Matin*, but a few weeks sufficed to convince its proprietors that it was useless to struggle against a tradition which was backed up by all the women of France.

Le Matin, which was founded in February, 1884, by Mr. W. A. Hopkins, is one of the most interesting innovations that have been made in modern French journalism. This paper is being carried on entirely with American capital and on Anglo-Saxon principles, that is to say, it has its own premises, its own type and machinery, its special telegraph wires, which transmit genuine despatches; and it is free from all complicity with financiers or government subventions. *Le Matin* is a thoroughly independent enterprise, whose proprietors have imposed upon themselves the mission of educating the French to the

appreciation of news. The process, for reasons which I have already indicated, will probably be slow; nevertheless I am bound to state that, in spite of all kinds of difficulties both internal and external, *Le Matin* has achieved a success unparalleled in the history of French journalism. Thirteen months after its foundation it succeeded in covering expenses, and at the present moment it has perhaps as great a sale in Paris itself as any other large-size four-page. Going to press between five and six o'clock in the morning, *Le Matin* is able, thanks to its special wire, to skim its London contemporaries, while at the same time it can take advantage of all that is important in the Paris papers, the most enterprising of which does not go to press later than two o'clock. To any one familiar with the French public and with French journalists, this result will appear remarkable. The proprietors and editors of *Le Matin* must have experienced as much difficulty in training their French collaborators to rapid work as they have in convincing the French public of the importance of rapid news. As far as Paris is concerned, *Le Matin* is a success; business men have comprehended its usefulness, and it has now reached a circulation of from thirty-five thousand to forty thousand. Doubtless in course of time, and by dint of advertising and enterprise, *Le Matin* will make its way into the provinces also, but at present it is especially a Parisian journal. One of the original features of *Le Matin* is that it professes no particular political opinions. Finding it necessary to make some concession to the French reader who cannot live by news alone, the proprietors of *Le Matin* determined to publish leading articles of all shades of opinion, and to make the first column of their paper a free tribune, in which eminent representatives of opportunism, imperialism, monarchy, and republicanism, might alternately preach their doctrines.

From the point of view of circulation, the journal next in importance to *Le Petit Journal* is *La Lanterne*, founded in 1877 by M. Eugène Mayer, aided by M. Yves Guyot, who wrote the famous series of articles against the Prefecture of Police signed "Un Vieux Petit Em-

ployé." *La Lanterne* took advantage of this start, and gradually acquired a large number of readers by adopting a moderate Republican tone like the *Petit Journal*, but at the same time combating steadily the clerical party, and now *La Lanterne*, *Journal républicain anticlérical*, has a daily circulation of 120,000 copies. The circulation of these cheap popular newspapers is very significant, for it is by them that the workmen and the peasants are influenced and educated, and by them that the majority of French electors are guided. The influence of the three-sou journals like *Le Figaro* (70,000), *Le Gaulois* (18,000), *L'Événement* (12,000), *Journal des Débats* (6,000), *Le Pays* (3,500), *Le Constitutionnel* (2,000), is small compared with that of papers like *Le Petit Journal*, *La Lanterne*, M. Henri Maret's *Radical*, a large four-page one-sou journal which prints 50,000 a day, Rochefort's *Intransigeant* (35,000), or even M. Lissagaray's one-sou journal, *La Bataille*, which has a circulation approaching 20,000 copies, and is the principal organ of the workingmen's party. Then again, there are great popular provincial one-sou journals, like the *Petit Lyonnais* (70,000), the *Petit Marseillais* (60,000), the *Lyon Républicain* (50,000), all Republican in sentiment, circulating amongst the masses of the French nation, and all well written and well edited, always of course with a view to meeting the demands of a French public.

The tendency of the few Englishmen who ever think about the French Radical newspaper press, is to imagine that its writers are all ex-Communards, and that its object is merely to promote revolution and bloodshed. There are certainly several ex-members of the Commune who write in the Radical newspapers; but the English reader would do well to consult other historians of the Commune besides M. Maxime Du Camp, and not to trust for information about the French Radicals and revolutionaries exclusively to the sensational headlines of London sub-editors. There is another point also worth bearing in mind in connection with the French Radical press. We English, who detest phraseology and instinctively distrust our neighbor at dinner if he takes the

trouble to round off his phrases too nicely, can scarcely appreciate at its exact value the declamation of the French political journalists, many of whom are still suffering from a remnant of malarial fever caught in the swamps of Romanticism. The school of which Victor Hugo was the chief and last survivor had no foundation in truth and reality. The men of the Romantic school, who really lived the most commonplace of lives in the most commonplace of epochs, affected in their artistic production a systematic exaggeration, a violence of passion, a truculent excess, which formed the most grotesque contrast with the habits and practices of a period when daily life was peculiarly unromantic, and when material interests were the foremost concern of the country. There can be no doubt that the influence of the Romantic school on the French has been in many respects disastrous. The French mind, formerly so precise, so well balanced, and so logical, has grown accustomed to look at things in a false light, to substitute loud colors, mere effect, and cold-blooded brutality for the exercise of reason and the labor of analysis. The Romantic school gave to words an importance which they used not to have, and nowadays, both in politics, art, and letters, there is still a great tyranny of words in France; and, above all, amongst the political writers, whether of the extreme Conservative or of the extreme Radical shade, has the Romantic temperament survived, for, as I have above intimated, the political writers are, as a rule, the least literary of the French journalists, and therefore the least accessible to the influences of the living and energising reaction of the best contemporary literature. You detect their antiquated Romanticism in melodramatic tirades, in frantic appeals to violence, in clamorings for the blood of the oppressor, and in the most outrageous and mediæval insults, all uttered and written by men who, like M. Paul de Cassagnac or M. Henri Rochefort, are in every-day life excellent companions, and who in the privacy of the conjugal chamber bravely oppose the protection of a cotton nightcap to the intemperance of the midnight air. The diapason of political discussion is

not the same in France and in England.

But even in the narrowest party organs I find many redeeming qualities, and above all a comparative respect of language and of form, a sense of literary art, and a heedfulness about things artistic and literary which no amount of politics can crush, and which no newspaper director, be he an ex-tanner like M. Jourde, of *Le Siècle*, or a retired money-changer like others I could mention, can succeed in entirely suppressing. The industrial element is very highly developed in the directors of many Parisian journals, but these gentlemen generally have the good sense to leave their literary collaborators free, and then everything is for the best. On the other hand, we have many brilliant and intelligent directors like M. Hervé, for instance, who preaches Orleanism in *Le Soleil* with the elegance and correctness of a fellow-student of Taine and About at the École Normale. M. Auguste Vacquerie, director of the Hugophil organ, *Le Rappel*, is of that honorable school of men for whom journalism represented a mission, a priesthood, *un sacerdoce*. For more than fifteen years, M. Vacquerie has written his daily leader in *Le Rappel*, battling with unflinching vigor in favor of Republicanism, of truth, justice and liberty, advising and enlightening the masses, alternately trivial, grandiose, original, exaggerated, violent, but always sincere and always commanding respect, even when he knelt artlessly in the dazzling majesty of Hugo, his only god and lord. In the venerable *Gazette de France*, now in the two hundredth and fifty-fifth year of its existence, I read with pleasure and profit the literary articles of that accomplished gentleman Le Comte Armand de Pontmartin, while I skip the political articles as being behind the age. *La Défense* and *L'Univers*, since Mgr. Dupanloup and Louis Veuillot died, have lost much of their old interest. *La France* is no longer what it used to be in Emile de Girardin's time. But how amusing and interesting it is to glance over the swarm of morning journals and the swarm of afternoon journals that are published daily in Paris! What vivacity! What abundance of ideas! What apparent conviction in

diametrically opposite views! What a brilliant and original comedy! And what a fine study Balzac would have given us of this modern world of journalists, politicians, duellists, financiers, paladins, and charlatans, knights and knaves, virtuosos of rhetoric and torch-bearers of progress! What an amusing character the author of *César Birotteau* would have made out of a man like the director of *Le Gaulois*, M. Arthur Meyer, that staunch upholder of the traditions of monarchy, church, and aristocracy, who now gives lessons in moral and physical deportment to the Faubourg Saint-Germain, after having begun life as a renegade Jew and a tailor, whence the witty M. Scholl has allotted to him for armorial bearings *galon d'or sur champ d'habits* ('*chand d'habits*!').

No account of the Parisian Press would be complete without a few words about the great dramatic potentate, M. Francisque Sarcey, who is one of the most respectable and interesting figures in French journalism. This short, thick, grey-haired and grey-bearded gentleman, with his exaggerated shortsightedness, his inflexible and unrefined features, and his imperturbable good-humor, is even more than a Parisian celebrity. Thanks to his long journalistic career, his name has become synonymous in France with common-sense. During his long collaboration with About in the *Dix-neuvième Siècle* M. Sarcey continuously showed so much common-sense that the belief became current that he had a monopoly of that quality. M. Sarcey's standing complaint against the present generation is that it is gloomy, pessimistic, and melancholy, whereas M. Sarcey finds life full of interest and amusement. He hates politics, which he considers to be a source of nothing but declamation, empty phrases, bad writing, and unjust passions, and, therefore, as he loves above all things clearness and precision, and as he is naturally a good-hearted man, he has created for himself a specialty of practical and familiar journalism. During the past thirty years M. Sarcey has written, with the rarest exceptions, a daily article on some practical question, and so he has become a great redresser of grievances, the accepted protector of small functionaries, the counsellor and

guide of primary schoolmasters, the terror of administrations and public companies, an indefatigable hygienist, and an ardent utilitarian. M. Sarcey is a dramatic critic only once a week, when he occupies the Monday feuilleton of *Le Temps*; but his most constant efforts have been devoted to dramatic criticism, and his work in this field constitutes his true title to fame.

The foreign correspondents ought in a way to be numbered amongst the Parisian journalists. They work in the same field; and in the legislative assemblies, at the theatres, and in all the events of Parisian life the representatives of the great European newspapers enjoy the same privileges as their French colleagues. At the present time the newspapers of Europe and America, and, I might add, Asia—for some East Indian papers indulge in the luxury of a Paris letter—support between forty and fifty regular and resident correspondents in Paris. The representatives of the great Anglo-Saxon papers have monopolised all the front seats at the comedy, and take the lion's share everywhere, and in every respect. The German correspondents are naturally under a cloud; the Viennese make no great show; the Italians are numerous, but their journals are not specially enterprising; and as for the gentlemen who write in tongues unfamiliar to western Europe, their correspondence, interesting as it may be to the quidnuncs of Stamboul or of Cracow, has no reflex interest for the Parisians, and still less for us English.

Within the last fifteen years the conditions of Paris correspondence have changed entirely. During the Empire, when the French press was gagged, the foreign press was the unique source of information for the French about their own affairs. It was then that the *Indépendance Belge* established its great reputation under the management of M. Bernardi, who conceived that excellent and varied system of foreign correspondence which still renders the journal so valuable. It may be easily imagined how much more interesting, and at the same time how much more tiresome, were the duties of the Paris correspondent under the Empire than they are now. As the proceedings of the Cham-

ber were not published freely and immediately, as they are at the present day, it was only by intrigue that one could get the text of a speech. The man who had no "tap" in the official world was out of the running. And how much tact and patience and perspicacity it needed to work one's "tap" to the best advantage! And then, when by dint of the display of the most precious qualities of diplomacy a correspondent had obtained some news, he would have to sit up writing all night, so as to get his letter off by the morning mail, for the days of the "special wire" had not yet come.

Now all this is changed. Thanks to the "special wire," the Paris correspondents of the London papers live in clover; they are better paid than ever, they do less work, and they have agents toiling under them. Yet some of these gentlemen are not happy. If M. de Blowitz's position on *The Times* is one of which a journalist has every right to be proud, other correspondents may consider that they are less fortunate. It is a common complaint on the part of the representatives of the English press in Paris that their letters are mercilessly mutilated in the editorial room in London. Why, they ask, pay for the exclusive use of a special telegraphic wire four or five hours a night if the Paris matter is unceremoniously "burked"? It must, however, be remembered that the dispatches for the London daily papers from Vienna, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, and other capitals are centralised in the Paris offices and forwarded to London by the special wire at a great saving of expense. Moreover, the value of having a special wire when events of exceptional interest take place in the French capital or provinces is self-evident. At such times as these the vivacious, amusing, and admirably written studies of the Paris correspondent, Mr. Heley Bowes, of the *Standard*, are seen to great advantage. Mr. Campbell Clarke, of the *Daily Telegraph*, is the most zealous and ubiquitous of correspondents; no event of essentially Parisian interest, whether a first night at the theatre, a grand entertainment, or a funeral, fails to find him amongst the representatives of "tout Paris;" a melomaniac and a lover of

art, he has all kinds of useful relations in the artistic world as well as in that of politics. One year Mr. Clarke was, by some stratagem or other, enabled to get into the Salon before any of his colleagues, and telegraphed a careful article in time for the edition of May 1st, the date of the opening of the exhibition. I remember watching for the publication of this article for special reasons, and I watched until the middle of August! As for Mr. Crawford, the venerable syndic of the foreign press in Paris and correspondent of the *Daily News*, his great years enable him to look upon things calmly. Seated in a corner of the Café Véron, with his inseparable rush basket beside him, Mr. Crawford does his work conscientiously and resignedly in the old style, receiving occasionally a visit and a helping hand from his wife. The *Globe*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Morning Post*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Leeds Mercury*, the *World*, and other weeklies, all have their Parisian correspondents, whose talents and work I have not space enough to examine in detail.

The fault I am inclined to find with the Paris correspondence of the English newspapers in general, and of the great London papers in particular, is that it does not give an adequate idea of French life and thought. In the first place, the system of trusting mainly, if not exclusively, to one correspondent, who is, so to speak, chained to the end of a telegraph wire, is open to criticism. The correspondent in question has but little time or opportunity for wide and varied observation, and he naturally tends to fall into a groove. The system of the *Indépendance Belge*, with its dozen correspondents all working on their own account in different spheres, gives excellent results. It is difficult for one and the same man to deal satisfactorily with the many different subjects and events which present themselves in the course of the Parisian year. The correspondent, who may be very strong and well informed on politics or horse-racing, will be at a loss when he comes to write about the pictures in the Salon. Such, I presume, was the condition of that Paris correspondent of the *Times* who a few years ago spoke of Corot as a "historical painter," and had the good

sense not to correct his error. Furthermore, the Paris correspondent of the London papers is constantly forgetting that he is writing about Parisians—that is to say, about men of a different race, of different education, of different morality, of different aspirations, of differently constituted minds and bodies, from those of his own countrymen. He rarely gives his readers a reasoned and impartial presentation of events, set forth and explained in accordance with the national humor. He is fond of bringing into relief what he calls "the French character" of incidents or persons. There is, it seems to me, in the greater part of the Paris correspondence of the London papers a continuous, and of course unconscious, misrepresentation of the French. The study of French social life, of French popular thought, of the practical and intellectual life of the whole nation, are neglected, or touched upon only very rarely or inadequately. But unless one enters more or less into these matters, how can one intelligently study the great French Republican evolution whose centenary is approaching?

The answers to all these strictures are obvious. A newspaper, it will be said, is a commercial undertaking; you cannot force a quart of liquid into a pint bottle; advertisements are constantly crowding out reading matter; papers which appeal to an immense public do not need to aim at literary excellence; the general reader does not care about studying foreigners and their life; the great thing is news and telegrams. The Americans seem to me to take a more liberal and a more civilised view of journalism than this, and certainly in the matter of French life the American public is informed far more completely and variously than the English. I do not refer to the achievements of the *New York Herald*, which is proverbially the worst written paper in the world, and which spends immense sums of money in obtaining the very poor result of announcing some piece of news five minutes before any other paper, with the accompaniment of innumerable printers' errors, wrong punctuation, and mistakes in the proper names. On the other hand, papers like the *Tribune*, the *Times*, the *Sun*, and the *Evening Post*

of New York, to say nothing of the leading journals of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, and other great centres of the New World, devote much attention to French correspondence, and some of them publish most interesting and varied studies of French life and manners, and clever records of the French literary and artistic movements. The American has fewer prejudices against foreigners than we English; he "goes in for" progress and civilisation

in artless good earnest, and he is naturally curious to know all about the efforts and successes of other nations in the same direction. Provided it be admitted that progress and civilisation are desirable ends, the mental attitude of the Americans with regard to the French sister republic is one which some of our London editors might perhaps imitate, with advantage to themselves and profit to their readers.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE WORK OF VICTOR HUGO.

(Concluded.)

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THERE is not, it seems to me, in all this marvellous life, to which wellnigh every year brought its additional aureole of glory, a point more important, a date more memorable, than the publication of the *Châtiments*. Between the prologue *Night* and the epilogue *Light* the ninety-eight poems that roll and break and lighten and thunder like waves of a visible sea fulfil the choir of their crescent and reflux harmonies with hardly less depth and change and strength of music, with no less living force and with no less passionate unity, than the waters on whose shores they were written. Two poems, the third and the sixth, in the first of the seven books into which the collection is divided, may be taken as immediate and sufficient instances of the two different keys in which the entire book is written; of the two styles, one bitterly and keenly realistic, keeping scornfully close to shameful fact—one higher in flight and wider in range of outlook, soaring strongly to the very summits of lyric passion—which alternate in terrible and sublime antiphony throughout the living pages of this imperishable record. A second Juvenal might have drawn for us with not less of angry fidelity and superb disgust the ludicrous and loathsome inmates of the den infested by holy hirelings of the clerical press; no Roman satirist could have sung, no Roman lyrist could have thundered, such a poem as that which has blasted

forever the name and the memory of the prostitute archbishop Sibour. The poniard of the priest who struck him dead at the altar he had desecrated struck a blow less deep and deadly than had been dealt already on the renegade pander of a far more infamous assassin. The next poem is a notable and remarkable example of the fusion sometimes accomplished—or, if this be thought a phrase too strong for accuracy, of the middle note sometimes touched, of the middle way sometimes taken—between the purely lyric and the purely satiric style or method. But it would be necessary to dwell on every poem, to pause at every page, if adequate justice were to be done to this or indeed to any of the volumes of verse published from this time forth by Victor Hugo. I will therefore, not without serious diffidence, venture once more to indicate by selection such poems as seem to me most especially notable among the greatest even of these. In the first book, besides the three already mentioned, I take for examples the solemn utterance of indignant mourning addressed to the murdered dead of the fourth of December; the ringing song in praise of art which ends in a note of noble menace; the scornful song that follows it, with a burden so majestic in its variations; the fearful and faithful "map of Europe" in 1852, with its closing word of witness for prophetic hope and faith; and the simple perfection of pathos in the song of the little

forsaken birds and lambs and children. In the second book, the appeal "To the People," with a threefold cry for burden, calling on the buried Lazarus to rise again in words that seem to reverberate from stanza to stanza like peal upon peal of living thunder, prolonged in steadfast cadence from height to height across the hollows of a range of mountains, is one of the most wonderful symphonies of tragic and triumphant verse that ever shook the hearts of its hearers with rapture of rage and pity. The first and the two last stanzas seem to me absolutely unsurpassed and unsurpassable for pathetic majesty of music. If ever a more superb structure of lyric verse was devised by the brain of man, it must have been, I am very certain, in a language utterly unknown to me. Every line, every pause, every note of it should be studied and restudied by those who would thoroughly understand the lyrical capacity of Hugo's at its very highest point of power, in the fullest sweetness of its strength.

About the next poem—"Souvenir de la nuit du 4"—others may try, if they please, to write, if they can; I can only confess that I cannot. Nothing so intolerable in its pathos, I should think, was ever written.

The stately melody of the stanzas in which the exile salutes in a tone of severe content the sorrows that environ and the comforts that sustain him, the island of his refuge, the sea-birds and the sea-rocks and the sea, closes aptly with yet another thought of the mothers weeping for their children.

The close of the third poem in the fourth book is a nobler protest than ever has been uttered or ever can be uttered in prose against the servile sophism of a false democracy which affirms or allows that a people has the divine right of voting itself into bondage. There is nothing grander in Juvenal, and nothing more true. The sixth and seventh poems in this book are each a superb example of its kind; the verses on an interview between Abd-el-Kader and Bonaparte are worthy of a place among the earlier *Orientales* for simplicity and fulness of effect in lyric tone and color; and satire could hardly give a finer and completer little study than that of the worthy tradesman who for love of his

own strong-box would give his vote for a very Phalaris to reign over him, and put up with the brazen bull for love of the golden calf; an epigram which sums up an epoch. The indignant poem of *Joyeuse Vie*, with its terrible photographs of subterranean toil and want, is answered by the not less terrible though ringing and radiant song of *L'empereur s'amuse*; and this again by the four solemn stanzas in which a whole world of desolate suffering is condensed and realized. The verses of good counsel in which the imperial Macaire is admonished not to take himself too seriously, or trust in the duration of his fair and foul good fortune, are unsurpassed for concentration of contempt. The dialogue of the tyrannicide by the starlit sea with all visible and invisible things that impel or implore him to do justice, is so splendid and thrilling in its keen and ardent brevity that we can hardly feel as though a sufficient answer were given to the instinctive reasoning which finds inarticulate utterance in the cry of the human conscience for retribution by a human hand, even when we read the two poems, at once composed and passionate in their austerity, which bid men leave God to deal with the supreme criminal of humanity. *A Night's Lodging*, the last poem of the fourth book, is perhaps the very finest and most perfect example of imaginative and tragic satire that exists; if this rank be due to a poem at once the most vivid in presentation, the most sublime in scorn, the most intense and absolute in condensed expression of abhorrence and in assured expression of belief.

But in the fifth of these seven caskets of chiselled gold and tempered steel there is a pearl of greater price than in any of the four yet opened. The song dated from sea, which takes farewell of all good things and all gladness left behind—of house and home, of the flowers and the sky, of the betrothed bride with her maiden brow—the song which has in its burden the heavy plashing sound of the wave following on the wave that swells and breaks against the bulwarks—the song of darkening waters and darkened lives has in it a magic, for my own ear at least, incomparable in the whole wide world of human song. Even to the greatest poets of all time such a godsend

as this—such a breath of instant inspiration—can come but rarely and seem given as by miracle. "There is sorrow on the sea," as the prophet said of old; but when was there sorrow on sea or land which found such piercing and such perfect utterance as this?

The next poem is addressed to a disappointed accomplice of the crime still triumphant and imperial in the eyes of his fellow-scoundrels, who seems to have shown signs of a desire to break away from them and a suspicion that even then the ship of empire was beginning to leak—though, in fact, it had still seventeen years of more or less radiant rascality to float through before it foundered in the ineffable ignominy of Sedan. Full of ringing and stinging eloquence, of keen and sonorous lines or lashes of accumulating scorn, this poem is especially noteworthy for its tribute to the murdered republic of Rome. Certain passages in certain earlier works of Hugo, in *Cromwell* for instance and in *Marie Tudor*, had given rise to a natural and indeed inevitable suspicion of some prejudice or even antipathy on the writer's part which had not less unavoidably aroused a feeling among Italians that his disposition or tone of mind was anything but cordial or indeed amicable towards their country: a suspicion probably heightened, and a feeling probably sharpened, by his choice of such dramatic subjects from Italian history or tradition as the domestic eccentricities of the exceptional family of Borgia, and the inquisitorial misdirection of the degenerate commonwealth of Venice. To the sense that Hugo was hardly less than an enemy and that Byron had been something more than a well-wisher to Italy I have always attributed the unquestionable and otherwise inexplicable fact that Mazzini should have preferred the pinchbeck and tinsel of Byron to the gold and ivory of Hugo. But it was impossible that the master poet of the world should not live to make amends, if indeed amends were needed, to the country of Mazzini and of Dante.

If I have hardly time to mention the simple and vivid narrative of the martyrdom of Pauline Roland, I must pause at least to dwell for a moment on so famous and so great a poem as *L'Expiation*; but not to pronounce, or presume to

endeavor to decide, which of its several pictures is the most powerful, which of its epic or lyric variations the most impressive and triumphant in effect. The huge historic pageant of ruin, from Moscow to Waterloo, from Waterloo to St. Helena, with the posthumous interlude of apotheosis which the poet had loudly and proudly celebrated just twelve years earlier in an ode, turned suddenly into the peepshow of a murderous Mountebank, the tawdry triumph of buffoons besmeared with innocent blood, is so tremendous in its anti-climax that not the sublimest and most miraculous climax imaginable could make so tragic and sublime an impression so indelible from the mind. The slow agony of the great army under the snow; its rout and dissolution in the supreme hour of panic; the slower agony, the more gradual dissolution, of the prisoner with a gaoler's eye intent on him to the last; who can say which of these three is done into verse with most faultless and sovereign power of hand, most pathetic or terrific force and skill? And the hideous judicial dishonor of the crowning retribution after death, the parody of his empire and the prostitution of his name, is so much more than tragic by reason of the very farce in it that out of ignominy itself and uttermost degradation the poet has made something more august in moral impression than all pageants of battle or of death.

In the sixth book I can but rapidly remark the peculiar beauty and greatness of the lyric lines in which the sound of steady seas regularly breaking on the rocks at Rozel Tower is rendered with so solemn and severe an echo of majestic strength in sadness; the verses addressed to the people on its likeness and unlikeness to the sea; the scornful and fiery appeal to the spirit of Juvenal; the perfect idyllic picture of spring, with all the fruitless exultation of its blossoms and its birds, made suddenly dark and dissonant by recollection of human crime and shame; the heavenly hopefulness of comfort in the message of the morning star, conveyed into colors of speech and translated into cadences of sound which no painter or musician could achieve. The first poem of the seventh book, on the falling of the walls of Jericho before the seventh trum-

pet-blast, is equally great in description and in application; the third is one of the great lyric masterpieces of all time, the triumphant ballad of the Black Huntsman, unsurpassed in the world for ardor of music and fitful change of note from mystery and terror to rage and tempest and supreme serenity of exultation—"wind and storm fulfilling his word," we may literally say of this omnipotent sovereign of song.

The sewer of Rome, a final receptacle for dead dogs and rotting Cæsars, is painted line by line and detail by detail in verse which touches with almost frightful skill the very limit of the possible or permissible to poetry in the way of realistic loathsomeness or photographic horror; relieved here and there by a rare and exquisite image, a fresh breath or tender touch of loveliness from the open air of the daylight world above. The song on the two Napoleons is a masterpiece of skilful simplicity in contrast of tones and colors. But the song which follows, written to a tune of Beethoven's, has in it something more than the whole soul of music, the whole passion of self-devoted hope and self-transfiguring faith; it gives the final word of union between sound and spirit, the mutual coronation and consummation of them both.

The *Caravan*, a magnificent picture, is also a magnificent allegory and a magnificent hymn. The poem following sums up in twenty-six lines a whole world of terror and of tempest hurtling and wailing round the wreck of a boat by night. It is followed by a superb appeal against the infliction of death on rascals whose reptile blood would dishonor and defile the scaffold: and this again by an admonition to their chief not to put his trust in the chance of a high place of infamy among the more genuinely imperial hellhounds of historic record. The next poem gives us in perfect and exquisite summary the opinions of a contemporary conservative on a dangerous anarchist of extravagant opinions and disreputable character, whom for example's sake it was at length found necessary to crucify. There is no song more simply and nobly pitiful than that which tells us in its burden how a man may die for lack of his native country as naturally and inevitably as for lack of

his daily bread. Then, in the later editions of the book, came the great and terrible poem on the life and death of the miscreant marshal who gave the watchword of massacre in the streets of Paris, and died by the visitation of disease before the walls of Sebastopol.

There is hardly a more splendid passage of its kind in all the *Légende des Siècles* than the description of the departure of the fleet in order of battle from Constantinople for the Crimea; nor a loftier passage of more pathetic austerity in all this book of *Châtiments* than the final address of the poet to the miserable soul, disembodied at length after long and loathsome suffering, of the murderer and traitor who had earned no soldier's death.*

And then come those majestic "last words" which will ring forever in the ears of men till manhood as well as poetry has ceased to have honor among mankind. And then comes a poem so great that I hardly dare venture to attempt a word in its praise. We cannot choose but think, as we read or repeat it, that "such music was never made" since the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. This epilogue of a book so bitterly and inflexibly tragic begins as with a peal of golden bells, or an outbreak of all April in one choir of sunbright song; proceeds in a graver note of deep and trustful exultation and yearning towards the future; subsides again into something of a more subdued key, while the poet pleads for his faith in a God of righteousness with the righteous who are ready to despair; and rises from that tone of awe-stricken and earnest pleading to such a height and rapture of inspiration as no Hebrew psalmist or prophet ever soared beyond in his divinest passion of aspiring trust and worship. It is simply impossible that a human tongue should utter, a human hand should write, anything of more supreme and transcendent beauty than the last ten stanzas of the fourth

* This poem on Saint-Arnaud is dated from Jersey, and must therefore have been written before the second of November, 1855—a date of disgrace for Jersey, if not indeed for England. It appears in the various later editions of the *Châtiments*, but has disappeared from the so-called "édition définitive." All readers have a right to ask why—and a right to be answered when they ask.

division of this poem. The passionate and fervent accumulation of sublimities, of marvellous images and of infinite appeal, leaves the sense too dazzled, the soul too entranced and exalted, to appreciate at first or in full the miraculous beauty of the language, the superhuman sweetness of the song. The reader impervious to such impressions may rest assured that what he admires in the prophecies or the psalm of Isaiah or of David is not the inspiration of the text, but the warrant and sign-manual of the councils and the churches which command him to admire them on trust.

Three years after the *Châtiments* Victor Hugo published the *Contemplations*; the book of which he said that if the title did not sound somewhat pretentious it might be called "the memoirs of a soul." No book had ever in it more infinite and exquisite variety; no concert ever diversified and united such inexhaustible melodies with such unsurpassable harmonies. The note of fatherhood was never touched more tenderly than in the opening verses of gentle counsel, whose cadence is fresher and softer than the lapse of rippling water or the sense of falling dew: the picture of the poet's two little daughters in the twilight garden might defy all painters to translate it; the spirit, force, and fun of the controversial poems, overflowing at once with good humor, with serious thought, and with kindly indignation, give life and charm to the obsolete questions of wrangling schools and pedants; and the last of them, on the divine and creative power of speech, is at once profound and sublime enough to grapple easily and thoroughly with so high and deep a subject. The songs of childish loves and boyish fancies are unequalled by any other poet's known to me for their union of purity and gentleness with a touch of dawning ardor and a hint of shy delight: *Lise*, *La Coccinelle*, *Vieille chanson du jeune temps*, are such sweet miracles of simple perfection as we hardly find except in the old songs of unknown great poets who died and left no name. The twenty-first poem, a lyric idyl of but sixteen lines, has something more than the highest qualities of Theocritus; in color and in melody it does but equal the Sicilian at his best, but

there are two lines at least in it beyond his reach for depth and majesty of beauty. *Childhood* and *Unity*, two poems of twelve and ten lines respectively, are a pair of such flawless jewels as lie now in no living poet's casket. Among the twenty-eight poems of the second book, if I venture to name with special regard the second and the fourth, two songs uniting the subtle tenderness of Shelley's with the frank simplicity of Shakespeare's; the large and living landscape in a letter dated from Tréport; the tenth and the thirteenth poems, two of the most perfect love-songs in the world, written (if the phrase be permissible) in a key of serene rapture; the "morning's note," with its vision of the sublime sweetness of life transfigured in a dream; *Twilight*, with its opening touches of magical and mystic beauty; above all, the mournful and tender magnificence of the closing poem, with a pathetic significance in the double date appended to the text: I am ready to confess that it is perhaps presumptuous to express a preference even for these over the others. In the third book, which brings us up to the great poet's forty-second year, the noble poem called *Melancholia* has in it a foretaste and a promise of all the passionate meditation, all the studious and indefatigable pity, all the forces of wisdom and of mercy which were to find their completer and supreme expression in *Les Misérables*. In *Saturn* we may trace the same note of earnest and thoughtful meditation on the mystery of evil, on the vision so long cherished by mankind of some purgatorial world, the shrine of expiation or the seat of retribution, which in the final volume of the *Légende des Siècles* was touched again with a yet more august effect: the poem there called *Inferi* resumes and expands the tragic thought here first admitted into speech and first clothed round with music. The four lines written beneath a crucifix may almost be said to sum up the whole soul and spirit of Christian faith or feeling in the brief hour of its early purity, revived in every age again for some rare and beautiful natures—and for these alone. *La Statue*, with its grim swift glance over the world-wide rottenness of imperial Rome, finds again an echo yet fuller and more sonorous

than the note which it repeats in the poem on Roman decadence which forms the eighth division of the revised and completed *Légende des Siècles*. The two delicately tender poems on the death of a little child are well relieved by the more terrible tenderness of the poem on a mother found dead of want among her four little children. In this and the next poem, a vivid and ghastly photograph of vicious poverty, we find again the same spirit of observant and vigilant compassion that inspires and informs the great prose epic of suffering which records the redemption of Jean Valjean : and in the next, suggested by the sight (a sorrowful sight always, except perhaps to very small children or adults yet more diminutive in mental or spiritual size) of a caged lion, we recognize the depth of noble pity which moved its author to write *Le Crapaud*—a poem redeemed in all rational men's eyes from the imminent imputation of repulsive realism by the profound and pathetic beauty of the closing lines—and we may recognize also the imaginative and childlike sympathy with the traditional king of beasts which inspired him long after to write *L'Épopée du Lion* for the benefit of his grandchildren. *Insomnie*, a record of the tribute exacted by the spirit from the body, when the impulse to work and to create will not let the weary workman take his rest, but enforces him, reluctant and recalcitrant, to rise and gird up his loins for labor in the field of imaginative thought, is itself a piece of work well worth the sacrifice even of the happiness of sleep. The verses on music, suggested by the figure of a flute-playing shepherd on a bas-relief ; the splendid and finished picture of spring, softened rather than shadowed by the quiet thought of death ; the deep and tender fancy of the dead child's return to its mother through the gateway of a second birth ; the grave sweetness and gentle fervor of the verses on the outcast and detested things of the animal and the vegetable world ; and, last, the nobly thoughtful and eloquent poem on the greatness of such little things as the fire on the shepherd's hearth confronting the star at sunset, which may be compared with the *Prayer for all men* in the *Feuilles d'Automne* ; these at least demand a rapid word of thankful recog-

nition before we close the first volume of the *Contemplations*.

The fourth book, as most readers will probably remember, contains the poems written in memory of Victor Hugo's daughter, drowned by the accidental capsizing of a pleasure-boat, just six months and seventeen days after her marriage with the young husband who chose rather to share her death than to save himself alone. These immortal songs of mourning are almost too sacred for critical appreciation of even the most reverent and subdued order. There are numberless touches in them of such thrilling beauty, so poignant in their simplicity and so piercing in their truth, that silence is perhaps the best or the only commentary on anything so "rarely sweet and bitter." The fifth book opens most fitly with an address to the noble poet who was the comrade of the author's exile and the brother of his self-devoted son-in-law. Even Hugo never wrote anything of more stately and superb simplicity than this tribute of fatherly love and praise, so well deserved and so royally bestowed. The second poem, addressed to the son of a poet who had the honor to receive the greatest of all his kind as a passing guest in the first days of his long exile, is as simple and noble as it is gentle and austere. The third, written in reply to the expostulations of an old friend and a distant kinsman, is that admirable vindication of a man's right to grow wiser, and of his duty to speak the truth as he comes to see it better, which must have imposed silence and impressed respect on all assailants if respect for integrity and genius were possible to the imbecile or the vile, and if silence or abstinence from insult were possible to the malignant or the fool. The epilogue, appended nine years later to this high-minded and brilliant poem, is as noble in imagination, in feeling, and in expression, as the finest page in the *Châtiments*. The verses addressed to friends whose love and reverence had not forsaken the exile—to Jules Janin, to Alexandre Dumas, above all to Paul Meurice—are models of stately grace in their utterance of serene and sublime resignation, of loyal and affectionate sincerity : but those addressed to the sharers of his exile—to his wife, to his

children, to their friend—have yet a deeper spiritual music in the sweet and severe perfection of their solemn cadence. I have but time to name with a word of homage in passing the famous and faultless little poem *Aux Feuillantes*, fragrant with the memory and musical as the laugh of childhood; the memorial verses recurring here and there, with such infinite and subtle variations on the same deep theme of mourning or of sympathy; the great brief studies of lonely landscape, imbued with such grave radiance and such noble melancholy, or kindled with the motion and quickened by the music of the sea; but two poems at all events I must select for more especial tribute of more thankful recognition: the sublime and wonderful vision of the angel who was neither life nor death, but love, more strong than either; and the all but sublimer allegory couched in verse of such majestic resonance, which shows us the star of Venus in heaven above the ruin of her island on earth.

If nothing were left of Hugo but the sixth book of the *Contemplations*, it would yet be indisputable among those who know anything of poetry that he was among the foremost in the front rank of the greatest poets of all time. Here, did space allow, it would be necessary for criticism with any pretence to adequacy to say something of every poem in turn, to pause for observation of some beauty beyond reach of others at every successive page. In the first poem a sublime humility finds such expression as should make manifest to the dulllest eye not clouded by malevolence and insolent conceit that when this greatest of modern poets asserts in his own person the high prerogative and assumes for his own spirit the high office of humanity, to confront the darkest problem and to challenge the utmost force of intangible and invisible injustice as of visible and tangible iniquity, of all imaginable as of all actual evil, of superhuman indifference as well as of human wrongdoing, it is no merely personal claim that he puts forward, no vainly egotistic arrogance that he displays; but the right of a reasonable conscience and the duty of a righteous faith, common to all men alike in whom intelligence of right and wrong, perception of duty or conception

of conscience, can be said to exist at all. If there be any truth in the notion of any difference between evil and good more serious than the conventional and convenient fabrications of doctrine and assumption, then assuredly the meanest of his creatures in whom the perception of this difference was not utterly extinct would have a right to denounce an omnipotent evil-doer as justly amenable to the sentence inflicted by the thunders of his own unrighteous judgment. How profound and intense was the disbelief of Victor Hugo in the rule or in the existence of any such superhuman malefactor could not be better shown than by the almost polemical passion of his prophetic testimony to that need for faith in a central conscience and a central will on which he has insisted again and again as the crowning and indispensable requisite for moral and spiritual life. From the sublime daring, the self-confidence born of self-devotion, which finds lyrical utterance in the majestic verses headed *Ibo*, through the humble and haughty earnestness of remonstrance and appeal—"humble to God, haughty to man"—which pervades the next three poems, the meditative and studious imagination of the poet passes into the fuller light and larger air of thought which imbues and informs with immortal life every line of the great religious poem called *Pleurs dans la nuit*. In this he touches the highest point of poetic meditation, as in the epilogue to the *Châtiments*, written four months earlier, he had touched the highest point of poetic rapture, possible to the most ardent of believers in his faith and the most unapproachable master of his art. Where all is so lofty in its coherence of construction, so perfect in its harmony of composition, it seems presumptuous to indicate any special miracle of inspired workmanship: yet, as Hugo in his various notes on mediæval architecture was wont to select for exceptional attention and peculiar eloquence of praise this or that part or point of some superb and harmonious building, so am I tempted to dwell for a moment on the sublime imagination, the pathetic passion, of the verses which render into music the idea of a terrene and material purgatory, with its dungeons of flint and cells of clay wherein the spirit impris-

oned and imbedded may envy the life and covet the suffering of the meanest animal that toils on earth; and to set beside this wonderful passage that other which even in a poem so thoroughly imbued with hope and faith finds place and voice for expression of the old mysterious and fantastic horror of the grave, more perfect than ever any mediæval painter or sculptor could achieve. Among all the poems which follow, some exquisite in their mystic tenderness as the elegiac stanzas on *Claire* and the appealing address to a friend unknown (*À celle qui est voilée*), others possessed with the same faith and wrestling with the same questions as beset and sustained the writer of the poem at which we have just rapidly and reverently glanced; there are three at least which demand from me at any rate one passing word of homage: the starry song of meditation "at the window by night," which renders in its first six lines the aspects and the sounds of sea and cloud and wind and trees and stars with an utterly incomparable magic of interpretation; the three stanzas, so full of infinite sweetness and awe, inscribed "to the angels who see us:" and the pathetic perfection of the verses in which just thirty years since, twelve years to a day after the loss of his daughter, and fifteen years to a day before the return of liberty which made possible the return of Victor Hugo to France, his claims to the rest into which he now has entered, and his reasons for desiring the attainment of that rest, found utterance unexcelled for divine and deep simplicity by any utterance of man on earth. Last comes the magnificent and rapturous hymn of universal redemption from suffering as from sin, the prophetic vision of evil absorbed by good, and the very worst of spirits transfigured into the likeness of the very best, in which the daring and indomitable faith of the seer finds dauntless and supreme expression in choral harmonies of unlimited and illimitable hope. The epilogue which dedicates the book to the daughter whose grave was now forbidden ground to her father—so long wont to keep there the autumnal anniversary of his mourning—is the very crown and flower of the immortal work which it inscribes, if we may say so, rather to the pres-

ence than to the memory of the dead.

Not till the thirtieth year from the publication of these two volumes was the inexhaustible labor of the spirit which inspired them to cease for a moment—and then, among us at least, forever. Three years afterwards appeared the first series of the *Légende des Siècles*, to be followed nineteen years later by the second, and by the final complementary volume six years after that; so that between the inception and the conclusion of the greatest single work accomplished in the course of our century a quarter of that century had elapsed—with stranger and more tragic evolution of events than any poet or any seer could have foretold or foreseen as possible. Three years again from this memorable date appeared the great epic and tragic poem of contemporary life and of eternal humanity which gave us all the slowly ripened fruit of the studies and emotions, the passions and the thoughts, the aspiration and the experience, brought finally to their full and perfect end in *Les Misérables*. As the key-note of *Notre-Dame de Paris* was doom—the human doom of suffering to be nobly or ignobly endured—so the key-note of its author's next romance was redemption by acceptance of suffering and discharge of duty in absolute and entire obedience to the utmost exaction of conscience when it calls for atonement, of love when it calls for sacrifice of all that makes life more endurable than death. It is obvious that no account can here be given of a book which if it required a sentence would require a volume to express the character of its quality or the variety of its excellence—the one unique, the latter infinite, as the unique and infinite spirit whose intelligence and whose goodness gave it life.

Two years after *Les Misérables* appeared the magnificent book of meditations on the mission of art in the world, on the duty of human thought towards humanity, inscribed by Victor Hugo with the name of William Shakespeare. To allow that it throws more light on the greatest genius of our own century than on the greatest genius of the age of Shakespeare is not to admit that it is not rich in valuable and noble contem-

plations or suggestions on the immediate subject of Shakespeare's work; witness the admirably thoughtful and earnest remarks on Macbeth, the admirably passionate and pathetic reflections on Lear. The splendid eloquence and the heroic enthusiasm of Victor Hugo never found more noble and sustained expression than in this volume—the spontaneous and inevitable expansion of a projected preface to his son's incomparable translation of Shakespeare. The preface actually prefixed to it is admirable for concision, for insight, and for grave historic humor. It appeared a year after the book which (so to speak) had grown out of it; and in the same year appeared the *Chansons des Rues et des Bois*. The miraculous dexterity of touch, the dazzling mastery of metre, the infinite fertility in variations on the same air of frolic and thoughtful fancy, would not apparently allow the judges of the moment to perceive or to appreciate the higher and deeper qualities displayed in this volume of lyric idyls. The prologue is a superb example of the power peculiar to its author above all other poets; the power of seizing on some old symbol or image which may have been in poetic use ever since verse dawned upon the brain of man, and informing it again as with life, and transforming it anew as by fire. Among innumerable exercises and excursions of dainty but indefatigable fancy there are one or two touches of a somewhat deeper note than usual which would hardly be misplaced in the gravest and most ambitious works of imaginative genius. The twelve lines (of four syllables each) addressed *À la belle impérienne* are such, for example, as none but a great poet of passion, a master of imaginative style, could by any stroke of chance or at any cost of toil have written. The sound of the songs of a whole woodland seems to ring like audible spring sunshine through the adorable song of love and youth rejoicing among the ruins of an abbey. The inexhaustible exuberance of fancies lavished on the study of the natural church, built by the hawthorn and the nettle in the depth of the living wood, with foliage and wind and flowers, leaves the reader not unfit for such reading actually daz-

zled with delight. In a far different key, the *Souvenir des vieilles guerres* is one of Hugo's most pathetic and characteristic studies of homely and heroic life. The dialogue which follows, between the irony of scepticism and the enthusiasm of reason, on the progressive ascension of mankind, is at once sublime and subdued in the fervent tranquillity of its final tone; and the next poem, on the so-called "great age" and its dwarf of a Cæsar with the sun for a periwig, has in it a whole volume of history and of satire condensed into nine stanzas of four lines of five syllables apiece. The exquisite poem on the closure of the church already described for the winter is as radiant with humor as with tenderness; and the epilogue responds in cadences of august antiphony to the moral and imaginative passion which imbues with life and fire the magnificent music of the prologue.

In the course of the next four years Victor Hugo published the last two great works which were to be dated from the haven of his exile. It would be the very ineptitude of impertinence for any man's presumption to undertake the classification or registry of his five great romances in positive order of actual merit; but I may perhaps be permitted to say without fear of deserved rebuke that none is to me personally a treasure of greater price than *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*. The splendid energy of the book makes the superhuman energy of the hero seem not only possible but natural, and his triumph over all physical impossibilities not only natural but inevitable. Indeed, when glancing at the animadversions of a certain sort of critics on certain points or passages in this and in the next romance of its author, I am perpetually inclined to address them in the spirit—were it worth while to address them in any wise at all—after the fashion if not after the very phrase of Mirabeau's reply to a less impertinent objector. Victor Hugo's acquaintance with navigation or other sciences may or may not have been as imperfect as Shakespeare's acquaintance with geography and natural history; the knowledge of such a man's ignorance or inaccuracy in detail is in either case of exactly equal importance: and the im-

portance of such knowledge is for all men of sense and candor exactly equivalent to zero.

Between the tragedy of Gilliatt and the tragedy of Gwynplaine Victor Hugo published nothing but the glorious little poem on the slaughter of Mentana, called *La Voix de Guernesey*, and (in the same year) the eloquent and ardent effusion of splendid and pensive enthusiasm prefixed to the manual or guide-book which appeared on the occasion of the international exhibition at Paris three years before the collapse of the government which then kept out of France the Frenchmen most regardful of her honor and their own. In the year preceding that collapse he published *L'Homme qui Rit*, a book which those who read it aright have always ranked and will always rank among his masterpieces. A year and eight months after the fall of the putative Bonaparte he published the terrible register of *L'Année Terrible*. More sublime wisdom, more compassionate equity, more loyal self-devotion, never found expression in verse of more varied and impassioned and pathetic magnificence. The memorial poem in which Victor Hugo so royally repaid, with praise beyond all price couched in verse beyond all praise, the loyal and constant devotion of Théophile Gautier, bears the date of All Souls' Day in the autumn of 1872. For tenderness and nobility of mingling aspiration and recollection, recollection of combatant and triumphant youth, aspiration towards the serene and sovereign ascension out of age through death, these majestic lines are worthy not merely of eternal record, but far more than that—of a distinct and a distinguished place among the poems of Victor Hugo. They are not to be found in the *édition ne varietur*: which, I must needs repeat, will have to be altered or modified by more variations than one before it can be accepted as a sufficient or standard edition of the complete and final text.

Two years after the year of terror, the poet who had made its memory immortal by his record of its changes and its chances gave to the world his heroic and epic romance of *Quatrevingt-treize*; instinct with all the passion of a deeper and wider chivalry than that of old, and

touched with a more than Homeric tenderness for motherhood and childhood. This book was written in the space of five months and twenty-seven days. The next year witnessed only the collection of the second series of his *Actes et Paroles (Pendant l'Exil)*, and the publication of two brief and memorable pamphlets: the one a simple and pathetic record of the two beloved sons taken from him in such rapid succession, the other a terse and earnest plea with the judges who had spared the life of a marshal condemned on a charge of high treason to spare likewise the life of a private soldier condemned for a transgression of military discipline. Most readers will be glad to remember that on this occasion at least the voice of the intercessor was not uplifted in vain. A year afterwards he published the third series of *Actes et Paroles (Depuis l'Exil)*, with a prefatory essay full of noble wisdom, of pungent and ardent scorn, of thoughtful and composed enthusiasm, on the eternal contrast and the everlasting battle between the spirit of clerical Rome and the spirit of republican Paris.

"Moi qu'un petit enfant rend tout à fait stupide," I do not purpose to undertake a review of *L'Art d'être Grand-père*. It must suffice here to register the fact that the most absolutely and adorably beautiful book ever written appeared a year after the volume just mentioned, and some months after the second series of the *Légende des Siècles*; that there is not a page in it which is not above all possible eulogy or thanksgiving; that nothing was ever conceived more perfect than such poems—to take but a small handful for samples—as *Un manque*, *La sieste*, *Choses du soir*, *Ce que dit le public* (at the Jardin des Plantes or at the Zoological Gardens; ages of public ranging from five, which is comparatively young, to seven, which is positively old), *Chant sur le berceau*, the song for a round dance of children, *Le pot cassé*, *La mise en liberté*, *Jeanne endormie*, the delicious *Chanson de grand-père*, the glorious *Chanson d'ancêtre*, or the third of the divine and triune poems on the sleep of a little child; that after reading these—to say nothing of the rest—it seems natural to feel as though no other poet had ever known so fully or enjoyed so wisely or spoken so

sweetly and so well the most precious of truths, the loveliest of loves, the sweetest and the best of doctrines.

Far different in the promise or the menace of its theme, the poet's next work, issued in the following year, was one in spirit with the inner spirit of this book. In sublime simplicity of conception and in sovereign accomplishment of its design, *Le Pape* is excelled by no poem of Hugo's or of man's. In the glory of pure pathos it is perhaps excelled, as in the divine long-suffering of all-merciful wisdom it can be but equalled, by the supreme utterance of *La Pitié Suprême*. In splendor of changeful music and imperial magnificence of illustration the two stand unsurpassed forever, side by side. A third poem, attacking at once the misbelief or rather the infidelity which studies and rehearses "the grammar of assent" to creeds and articles of religion, and the blank disbelief or denial which rejects all ideals and all ideas of spiritual life, is not so rich even in satire as in reason, so earnest even in rejection of false doctrine as in assertion of free belief. These three were respectively published in three successive years: but in the same year with *Religions et Religion* Victor Hugo published a fourth volume, *L'Âne*, in which the questions of human learning and of human training were handled with pathetic ardor and sympathetic irony. It would be superfluous if not insolent to add that the might of hand, the magic of utterance, the sovereign charm of sound, and the superb expression of sense, are equal and incomparable in all.

And next year Victor Hugo gave us *Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit*. In the first division, the book of satire, every page bears witness that the hand which wrote the *Châtiments* had neither lost its strength nor forgotten its cunning; it is full of keen sense, of wise wrath, of brilliant reason and of merciful equity. The double drama which follows is one of the deepest and sweetest and richest in various effect among the masterpieces of its author. In *Margarita* we breathe again the same fresh air of heroic mountain-ranges and woodlands inviolable, of winds and flowers and all fair things and thoughts, which blows through all the brighter and more gracious interludes of the *Légende des Siècles*: the

figures of Gallus, the libertine by philosophy, and Gunich, the philosopher of profligacy—the former a true man and true lover at heart, the latter a cynic and a courtier to the core—are as fresh in their novelty as the figures of noble old age and noble young love are fresh in their renewal and reimpression of types familiar to all hearts since the sunrise of *Hernani*. The tragedy which follows this little romantic comedy is but the more penetrative and piercing in its pathos and its terror for its bitter and burning vein of realism and of humor. The lyric book is a casket of jewels rich enough to outweigh the whole wealth of many a poet. After the smiling song of old times, the stately song of to-day with its other stars and its other roses, in sight of the shadow where grows the deathless flower of death, pale and haggard, with its shadowy perfume: the song of all sweet waking dreams and visions, and sweetest among them all the vision of a tyrant loyally slain: the song on hearing a princess sing, sweeter than all singing and simple as "the very virtue of compassion": the song of evening, and rest from trouble, and prayer in sorrow, and hope in death: the many-colored and sounding song of seaside winter nights: the song of three nests, the reed-warbler's and the martlet's made with moss and straw, in the wall or on the water, and love's with glances and smiles, in the lover's inmost heart: the song of the watcher by twilight on the cliff, which strikes a note afterwards repeated and prolonged in the last issue of the *Légende des Siècles*, full of mystery and mourning and fear and faith: the brief deep note of bewildered sorrow that succeeds it: the great wild vision of death and night, cast into words which have the very sound of wind and storm and water, the very shape and likeness of things actually touched or seen: the soft and sublime song of dawn, as it rises on the thinker deep sunk in meditation on death and on life to come: the strange dialogue underground, grim and sweet, between the corpse and the rosetree: the song of exile in May, sweet as flowers and bitter as tears: the lofty poem of suffering which rejects the old Roman refuge of stoic suicide: the light swift song of a lover's quarrel between the

earth and the sun in wintertime : the unspeakably sweet song of the daisy that smiles at coming winter, the star that smiles at coming night, the soul that smiles at coming death : the most pathetic and heroic song of all, the cry of exile towards the graves of the beloved over sea, that weeps and is not weary : the simple and sublime verses on the mountain desolation to which truth and conscience were the guides : the four magnificent studies of sea and land, *Promenades dans les rochers* : the admirable verses on that holy mystery of terror perceptible in the most glorious works alike of nature and of poetry : all these and more are fitly wound up by the noble hymn on planting the oak of the United States of Europe in the garden of the house of exile.

The epic book is the most tragic and terrible of all existing poems of its kind ; if indeed we may say that it properly belongs to any kind existing before its advent. The growing horror of the gradual vision of history, from Henri the Fourth to his bloody and gloomy son, from Louis the Thirteenth to the murderer and hangman of the Pakinate and the Cévennes, from Louis the Fourteenth to the inexpressible pollution of incarnate ignominy in his grandson, seems to heave and swell as a sea towards the coming thunder which was to break above the severed head of his miserable son.

And next year came *Torquemada* : one of the greatest masterpieces of the master poet of our century. The construction of this tragedy is absolutely original and unique : free and full of change as the wildest and loosest and roughest of dramatic structures ever flung together, and left to crumble or cohere at the pleasure of accident or of luck, by the rudest of primæval playwrights : but perfect in harmonious unity of spirit, in symmetry or symphony of part with part, as the most finished and flawless creation of Sophocles or of Phidias. Between some of the characters in this play and some of those in previous plays of Hugo's there is a certain resemblance as of kinship, but no touch or shadow of mere repetition or reproduction from types which had been used before ; Ferdinand the Catholic has something in his lineaments of

Louis the Just, and Gucho of L'Angely in *Marion de Lorme* : the marquis of Fuentel has a touch of Gunich in *Les deux trouvaillies de Gallus*, redeemed by a better touch of human tenderness for his recovered grandson. The young lovers are two of the loveliest figures, Torquemada is one of the sublimest, in all the illimitable world of dramatic imagination. The intensity of interest, anxiety, and terror, which grows by such rapid and subtle stages of development up to the thunderstroke of royal decision at the close of the first act, is exchanged in the second for an even deeper and higher kind of emotion. The confrontation of the hermit with the inquisitor, magnificent enough already in its singleness of effect, is at once transfigured and completed by the apparition of the tremendous figure whose very name is tragedy, whose very shadow sufficed for the central and the crowning terror which darkened the stage of *Lucrèce Borgia*. The third act revives again the more immediate and personal interest of the drama. Terror and pity never rose higher, never found utterance more sublime and piercing, in any work of any poet in the world, than here in the scene of the supplication of the Jews, and the ensuing scene of the triumph of Torquemada. The rapture of the terrible redeemer, whose faith is in salvation by fire, is rendered into words of such magical and magnificent inspiration that the conscience of our fancy is wellnigh conquered and convinced and converted for the moment as we read. The last act would indeed be too cruel for endurance if it were not too beautiful for blame. But not the Inquisition itself was more inevitably inexorable than is the spiritual law, the unalterable and immitigable instinct, of tragic poetry at its highest. Dante could not redeem Francesca, Shakespeare could not rescue Cordelia. To none of us, we must think, can the children of a great poet's divine imagination seem dearer or more deserving of mercy than they seemed to their creator : but when poetry demands their immolation, they must die, that they may live forever.

Once more, but now for the last time, the world was to receive yet another gift from the living hand of the greatest

man it had seen since Shakespeare. Towards the close of his eighty-second year he bestowed on us the crowning volume of his crowning work, the imperishable and inappreciable *Légende des Siècles*. And at the age of eighty-three years, two months, and twenty-six days, he entered into rest forever, and into glory which can perish only with the memory of all things memorable among all races and nations of mankind.

I have spoken here—and no man can know so well or feel so deeply as myself with what imperfection of utterance and inadequacy of insight I have spoken—of Victor Hugo as the whole world knew and as all honorable or intelligent men regarded and revered him. But there are those among his friends and mine who would have a right to wonder if no word were here to be said of the un-

solicited and unmerited kindness which first vouchsafed to take notice of a crude and puerile attempt to render some tribute of thanks for the gifts of his genius just twenty-three years ago; of the kindness which was always but too ready to recognize and requite a gratitude which had no claim on him but that of a very perfect loyalty; of the kindness which many years afterwards received me as a guest under his roof-tree with the welcome of a father to a son. Such matters, if touched on at all, unquestionably should not be dwelt on in public: but to give them no word whatever of acknowledgment at parting would show rather unthankfulness than reserve in one who was honored so far above all possible hope or merit by the paternal goodness of Victor Hugo.—*Nineteenth Century*.

[REMINISCENCES OF AN "ATTACHÉ."

AN "ATTACHÉ," 1867.

I DON'T know how the case may be now, but when I was an *attaché* in 1867, I thought there was no more enviable being on earth. There might be ambassadors. They were such enormous guns, such big swells, such tremendously important personages, that between them and an *attaché* it seemed to me that there lay a whole life, and it was unnecessary to span such a bridge to consider whether they were personages to be envied or not.

There were secretaries of embassy and secretaries of legation; but these seemed to have outlived the gay time, and to be one and all given to the pleasurable occupation of cutting up the diplomatic list for the purpose of discovering how long they would have to wait for promotion, or pooh-poohing the services of their equals in rank, for the comfort of finding that in the race for merit they one and all distanced each other by the whole length of self-satisfaction and esteem.

There were also second and third secretaries: but while there were at best only numerical differences in the scale of salary, it was quite clear that there being two classes of secretaries, it was a body which, as a whole, was far

inferior to an *attaché*, who belonged to one class only, and that a unique class, since it enjoyed all the privileges of a diplomatist, and worked for no pay. The British tax-payer could owe them no grudge; they were unpaid. Society could expect nothing of them but amusement and a disposition to enjoy themselves; and they had no responsibilities, unless it was that of not misleading the chief by wrong deciphering or an incorrect translation.

Proud of the position, and hence delighted with myself, I had a rude awakening on a fine morning in the summer of 1867, when, being told that I was required in the ante-room, I presented myself before the benign countenance of a very portly and kind old gentleman, who begged my pardon for "disturbing a clerk at his work."

I thought I would faint. To be called a clerk was such a shock, when I had obtained so exalted a position, that I at once conceived a hatred for this old vestryman which I made no effort to conceal.

"Pray be seated."

"Thank you," he said, with a smile; "I dare say if we both stand we will relish the change, for, like you, I sit almost all day at a desk."

"What do you want?" This was said very roughly.

"Oh, I beg your ten thousand pardons. I am on my way to Russia, and wish for a passport."

I got the passport and filled it in.

"Thank you," he said; "and may I ask how much there is to pay?"

"Nothing, sir. At embassies we give passports gratis. At consulates they are allowed to charge."

All this was said with the most dignified air and look I could command. But it was of no good, for my old gentleman, quietly remarking, "Oh, yes; I understand," began thumbing at his waistcoat-pocket, and presently pulled out of it a silver coin, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as a British half-crown.

He clutched it, however, in his right hand, then placing the passport in his breast-pocket, and buttoning his coat very carefully, proceeded to the door, which I opened to let him out.

As the old man was just going through, he whispered in my ear—"Take this; it's for you, you know. I know what clerks are. Bless you, they do like an occasional *douceur*!"

I am sure I fainted. I felt disgraced, dishonored, outcast. Had I not fainted I must have kicked my—benefactor.

How times are changed! I would not at all object to meeting more natures as kind.

LÉON GAMBETTA.

Debating societies were numerous in Paris, and the difficulty was to select the best among them when pressed by friends to join La Tocqueville or La Molé.

I belonged for a while to the *Conférence de Tocqueville*, and still possess some of the printed annual reports of its proceedings, which are evidence of the conscientious work done by these young debaters, whose society I, however, did not long frequent, owing to an unsatisfactory tone of political bias as I imagined and believed they possessed; but really because most of my friends, young men of the *Conseil d'Etat*, with whom I often associated in their gay suppers at the *Café Voltaire* at the corner of the *Rue du Bac*, and where more fun, more genuine French wit, was

initiated in a night than an ordinary stranger might discover in France in a year, had pressed me to join the *Conférence Molé*.

This debating society, which bore the name of the Minister Molé, its supposed founder, and to which Thiers, Guizot, Berryer, and other eminent orators had belonged, and where they were said to have prepared themselves by fiery speeches for the legislative fights of their subsequent days, was in 1869, when I joined it, composed of equally fiery natures, whose names I have carefully sought for in the France of the present day, but only one of whom has deserved the place in history which has been assigned to the original members of the Conference.

The one I speak of was President of the *Conférence Molé* when I joined, and replied to the maiden speech which, according to custom, I had to deliver on the first occasion after my reception.

He was a broad-faced, tall, keen-eyed man, with a sonorous voice and a receding forehead.

His look denoted will, his manner energy. When he spoke it was impossible for attention not to be riveted; and what he said appeared always so earnest, that though to an English mind it seemed exaggerated, still it was enough to make one comprehend how among the barristers of the *Conférence Molé* he had won his way to the presidency.

He was a poor barrister himself, whose talents were everywhere recognized, and nowhere made use of. He led a Bohemian kind of existence, waiting by day for a brief in the several courts of justice, and spending his nights in the *cafés* of the Boulevards or of the *Quartier Latin*.

It was whispered about, but so loudly as to be known generally, that the President of our Conference, whose vigor, manliness, and power so much and so deservedly impressed us, was but "un pauvre diable, qui doit sa tasse de café dans tous les restaurants des Boulevards, à qui l'occasion manque, et qui n'a pas même celle qui fait le larron."

The opportunity did come with a vengeance a very few weeks after I had heard these very remarks; and Léon Gambetta, the President of the *Confé-*

ence Molé, was launched into fame in that very year 1869.

On the 26th of February 1869, having taken for my text the relations of Church and State—a favorite subject with beginners, probably because of its difficulties—and having expressed how in principle I believed it would be in the interest of both to see them apart from one another, and how at the same time I could not vote for such a separation, considering the fearful strides which irreligion was making, and would continue to increase were the Church to lose the support of the State aid—Gambetta got up very quickly, and after a few words of encouragement to the new member, addressed me thus: "Monsieur, it is most interesting to us to hear the views of an English Liberal on these important questions. They at once show us how you English at every age are always stopped in your finest aspirations by considerations of a practical nature. When you will have been here some few times you will see that the most advanced English Liberal is but a very moderate French Conservative. You have in England the blessing of politics without the admixture of religious bias; and you may call yourselves politically what you please, without its offending the religious sense of the people.

"In France we cannot sever religion from politics; and the reason why Liberalism is so hated by the upper and well-to-do classes is that, for some reason or another, whether justifiable or not, it is supposed to be above all anti-clerical.

"But progressive ideas must have their way, although 'Dieu me préserve de vouloir leur succès aux dépens de la modération.'"

These were the sentiments expressed to me by the man who, in November that same year, leaped into notoriety through the mistakes of a silly Home Secretary, M. Pinard, and the whim of the people to see a tomb erected to Baudin; and who was calming down into a practical and moderate statesman when death overtook him in the honorable career of his latter days.

It is the only time I ever saw him to speak to; and I believe as firmly as I can believe in anything, that in Gambetta there were two natures—the im-

pulsive and the reflective—and that both were moved by a generous heart and a lofty disposition.

He was by no means the extreme man it pleased the Empire to make him out; but he disliked the Imperial rule so cordially, that all his impulses were thrown into the balance, so as to weigh down the tottering scale of Napoleon III.

Had the war of 1870 not come upon France as a hurricane, and swept from its face the Napoleonic institutions which had been planted on such poor soil, it is quite possible that a revolution would have taken the place of foreign bayonets and called forth the energies of new men; but Gambetta would have led that revolution, just as he would have steadied it after a while, when reflection took the upper hand, and his sound common-sense showed him that excitement was well for a while but not for always.

It may be that I am only speaking a the prejudiced admirer of our old Molé President; but to deal with Frenchmen, and excited Frenchmen, which is again another race, I know no one who could rise to the occasion as Gambetta did.

His violence in the Chambers only lasted till he had well established the fact that not even Rochefort could talk more loudly or more violently. His extreme views never militated against the day when he could see that in the short space of ten years he had jumped from the position of an actual chairman of a debating society of young men into a more than possible candidate for the presidency of a Conservative French Republic.

"ANTONY" OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS,
OCT. 1867.

The following letter from Alexandre Dumas "père" to M. Wolff, who was in 1867 editor of the newspaper "Le Figaro," came into my hands through a circumstance as singular as at one time it threatened to be distressing to myself.

Whether or not the great writer had caused a copy of this letter to be sent to M. Wolff, I know not; but the date on which it was written, and that on which I received it from the author himself, would point to this possibility.

On the other hand, the letter is en-

tirely in Dumas' handwriting, and covers six half-sheets of letter-paper—a proof that the writer intended it at first to be printed, an intention which he may not eventually have chosen to carry out.

It gives the history of the drama "Antony," which when first brought out in 1830 created a *furor*, and its moral teaching did not shock the public; while it is apologetic of the criticism its revival in 1867 at the Cluny Theatre, with Mdlle. Duverger in the principal part, had called forth from the "Figaro" and other social papers.

While in 1830 the famous cry, "Elle me résistait, je l'ai assassinée!" brought the house down with a thunder of applause, in 1867 the same cry produced no impression whatever; and among the playgoers of the day it was currently whispered that "Antony" was rather a play to shun than to go and see.

Among others, I had been recommended to avoid the Cluny Theatre, and I minded the recommendation.

On the 17th of October, however, I was one of the four who met at dinner at the hospitable board of Alexandre Dumas the elder. I had been introduced to him a few days before, at a dinner given in his honor at St. Germain by my friend Count Gorowski de Wezele, and had made such good use of my opportunity as to be invited "en famille" to "un pot au feu et une matelote, le tout de ma main."

Faithful to his promise that he would cook the dinner himself, I had an early opportunity of observing its fulfilment; for, as I rang the bell of the apartment at 107 Boulevard Malesherbes, Alexandre Dumas himself opened the door, and pleasantly greeting me, exclaimed—

"Vous voyez, je suis en manches de chemise: je suis cuisinier; et parbleu! si Monte Cristo m'a valu votre connaissance, ma matelote me procurera votre amitié."

He then led me into a small back drawing-room, where he left me to continue the "eel preparation" which was to make us "lasting friends."

Presently he emerged again without a coat, crossed the room not saying a word; but soon reappeared, accompanied by one of the most modest-looking, and if I may say so, with all due defer-

ence to the Spanish translator of Milton's poems, the most inexpressibly meaningless, specimens of humanity I had ever set eyes upon.

"Allons, mes enfants," said Dumas to us, "un peu de patience et le père Dumas vous récompensera;" then he rapidly added something about our making ourselves at home, and that his daughter would soon be with us.

My impression of the liveliness of the party was certainly damped by the entrance of this abashed young Spaniard; and by no means redeemed when Madame Marie Dumas introduced M. Galindo to me as the translator into Spanish verse of the "Paradise Lost."

After some delay our host appeared again at the door in a velvet jacket, and beckoning us into the dining-room, caused the Spanish literary gentleman to sit opposite to him, his daughter on his left, and myself on his right.

All passed well, and we discussed *hors-d'œuvres* and *pot au feu* with delightful appreciation of their excellency, heightened by the extraordinary powers of conversation of our host, who did all the talking.

Presently he gave a start, and with a cry, "Ma matelote!" he got up, darted into the kitchen, and with equal suddenness returned with a long dish containing eels swimming in brandy, to which fire had been set.

I never saw a face, and especially a fat face, beam with so much joy as that of Alexandre Dumas on depositing this dish on the table, and declaring to me that in England we might set fire to plum-puddings—the fire would not melt such mixtures; but in France, in his house, there was a man, a novelist, a writer, who could set eels on fire, and the eels were liquefied. "Croyez moi," he added, "j'ai beaucoup écrit; j'ai même écrit de belles choses, mais ce que je fais de mieux c'est une matelote d'anguille."

I was much amused and much interested, and we were all of us in a high state of hilarity, when in rushed Madame la Princesse Eugénie Narishkin, who, breathless with her ascent of some sixty steps, could scarcely utter a word; but going up to Dumas, who naturally embraced her, pleaded her inability to have come before, and a host of other

reasons why she had been prevented paying her "cher maître" her accustomed visit.

After a minute, however, and looking as despondent as could well be, she added—

"Mais ce qui me désole le plus c'est que je n'ai pas eu un instant pour aller admirer 'Antony.'"

Quick as lightning, and remembering only the caution given me by my friends, I thought I would gallantly rescue the poor Princess from her despondency, if the reason she gave was the whole cause of it, and exclaimed—

"Ah, Princesse, de grâce n'allez pas voir ça."

I had scarcely uttered the words when I thought the end of the world had come, and by the faces of all around, perceived I had somehow done something very wrong, though in what I had offended I most happily did not at that moment realise.

A deep rumbling grunt came forth from mine host. The Princess opened her eyes and gaped at me, as if I were some wild animal suddenly sprung upon a civilised household. Poor Marie Dumas stared, as if to say, "Good God! never has such a thing been said in the presence of my father." My Spanish friend was so dumfounded that he looked almost idiotic.

I took in all these facial expressions, and with the serenity of innocence boldly asked: "Permettez, Princesse, lisez la pièce cent mille fois, mais de grâce n'allez pas la voir si mal jouée."

Another transformation scene. Dumas' ponderous hand fell upon my arm, with the words, "Très bien, jeune homme." Madame Marie Dumas looked lovingly at me; the Princess, I felt sure, was about to cry with joy; and my Spaniard seemed to whisper to himself in Spanish the equivalent, though somewhat changed lines, to—

"The world is all before him, and Providence his guide."

The rest of the dinner passed off most brilliantly, and there was a deal of conversation carried on between the two ladies about *les charmes de l'à propos*, which I could not make out, being all along under the impression that the storm I had raised was caused, perhaps, by the author of "Antony" being a friend of

all present and not of mine, and that the gratitude which followed was due to my ruthlessly sacrificing Mademoiselle Duverger and the other actors at the Cluny in order to save the author.

But my dream was a short one. As soon as I got into the drawing-room, Alexandre Dumas went to his study and brought out a letter which he said he had addressed to Wolff on the subject of "Antony;" and as I had asked him for his autograph, he would give me this letter, not only as a reminiscence of himself, but as a proof of his appreciation of the manner in which the poor author of "Antony" had been saved at dinner by *le jeune attaché Anglais*.

I felt but one desire—viz., to rush out of the house. I, however, kept myself sufficiently under control to talk for a little while on every possible subject of futility with the learned Spaniard and the artistic Marie Dumas, and then escaped, thoroughly ashamed of myself.

They must have felt that I would never dare to return; for a few days after I got from Dumas' daughter the picture of an angel, beautifully drawn by herself, with the following characteristic invitation:—

"Je vous envoie l'espérance que vous dinerez avec nous demain. Que cet ange vous suive partout c'est le vœu de, &c.,

"MARIE ALEXANDRE DUMAS."

This broke the ice: I could not send back the "angel" bearer of so kind a message. And so here is the letter in translation, which Dumas intended for Wolff, but which he gave me. It deserves perusal:—

"6th Oct. 1867.

"MY DEAR WOLFF,—Allow me to thank you for the past, the present, and the future.

"You are grateful to me, dear friend, for having been one of the first to shake hands with you on your arrival in France, and for having even then been one of the first to declare you were a man of intellect.

"You have no reason to thank me: your pen would have proclaimed it, and your writings would have proved it without my help.

"You are strange creatures, you Germans, to remember such trifles.

"Heine, with whom you have more than one characteristic in common, and of whom I even suspect you of being the avatar, thanked me on the eve of his death for having for ten years procured him distraction.

"He also could not forget. I know no memory except your own as obstinate as was that of Heine: and with less reason he could

not forget that I by my 'Travelling Impressions' had made known his 'Reisebilder.'

"It is true, that had I not read the 'Reisebilder' of Heine, it is probable that I never would have written 'Les Impressions de Voyage.'

"I knew another German who had almost as much cleverness as Heine and yourself, taken separately, of course.

"He wrote me a long letter to know how many minutes it required for a French name to become popular in Vienna, and how many years it required a German name to be known in France.

"His name was Saphir.

"You and Heine both took the right way of making yourselves instantly known in France, and promptly so in Germany.

"You have written in French.

"But take care if you are going to write in French for the purpose of speaking in favor of my plays, and against the censors: you will be placing yourself in antagonism with half my colleagues, and getting into trouble with the Government.

"For after all there is a precedent to 'Antony,' mutilated after 450 representations: there is my play of 'La tour de Nesle,' which was stopped after 980 performances, and forbidden for seven years.

"It is true that the play was restored as it had been stopped, without the Administration taking the trouble of giving any reason.

"Another of my plays is in a still more whimsical position: it is neither permitted to be acted nor forbidden to be played. It is allowed in the provinces, and has just been played at Marseilles and at the Havre.

"But in Paris the play is not allowed to be performed. It is true that it lies with me to have it acted. I have but a small sacrifice to make. I have but to omit the chorus, 'Mourir pour la Patrie.'

"I would like to know what the Emperor would say if he were told that a play rather Royalist than Republican was not allowed to be acted for the space of eighteen years during his reign, because in the play it was said that 'to die for fatherland is the happiest fate.'

"This is all the more disagreeable for us dramatists, that the three theatres where dramas used to be played—namely, the Porte St. Martin, the Châtelet, and the Gaieté—only produce fairy pieces now.

"And when I think that in writing 'Antony' I believed I was writing a moral piece!

"I had said to myself: The morality of a piece neither lies in the incidents nor in the style—witness the 'Mariage de Figaro'—but in the punishment or reward which the heroes of the drama meet with.

"I was one day walking leisurely on the Boulevard, and catching, or rather trying to catch, such ideas as fled across me in the air which we breathe, when suddenly this notion fixed itself on my mind—a married woman surprised by her husband in the company of her lover, and who would prefer death to dishonor—a lover who could understand this greatness of soul in his mistress, and who, accomplishing her wish, should strike her,

exclaiming: 'I have killed her because she resisted me!'—it seemed to me that in all this there might be not only the elements of a great drama, but a great moral; for after all, the most passionate man would hesitate, I am sure, if he knew that, in embracing the wife of another man, he strides at once both his first and last step towards assassination and the scaffold.

"People may say what they like, but such is the idea which impresses itself as the curtain falls on 'Antony.'

"If the play be as Messieurs the Censors would have it believed, a school of immorality, the theatre of the Porte St. Martin must, on the occasion of its first representation, have contained a very immoral audience; for having recognized me, there was a desperate struggle as to who should possess something that belonged to me.

"My coat was sacrificed—a poor green coat, which was certainly not at fault; but green coats were worn then, and this one was torn to bits, and the people disputed the fragments.

"In truth, I have too good an opinion of my contemporaries and of myself to believe that I was a corrupter of morals, and that all these enthusiasts were corrupted people.

"The censure must be a very heavy burden to literature, and very unwholesome for society, since whenever there is a revolution in France the censure is the first public office to be abolished.

"And it must be likewise a very useless office, since two plays stopped by it in 1829 were played in 1830 without causing the slightest scandal, either on their first production or on any subsequent occasion.

"They were 'Antony' and 'Marion de Lorme.' The great evil of these administrative crimes is that the moral susceptibilities of the examiners are only known two or three days before the play is produced.

"The first impulse of an author who respects himself is to withdraw his work; but then come the theatre directors, who have reckoned upon it, and who, to produce it, have expended much money; the artists, who, to learn the piece, have given time and memory. Finally, ten different interests, which come to beg and implore, and which it is wellnigh impossible to say nay to.

"What is one to do? One goes to the Fontaine St. Michel, and one washes one's hands; so far as one is personally concerned, however.

"Alas! as a rule, only clean hands ever wash.—Once more, many thanks, my dear Wolff.

A. DUMAS.

A "BON VIVANT," 1868.

Among the kindest friends I had when an *attaché* in Paris—and indeed it is difficult to particularise in the host of truly generous and hospitable Frenchmen I had the honor of being intimate with during those wonderful last years of the Empire—was a certain Marquis de Caen, a regular type of the French

bon vivant, and a man to whom any mistake as to vintage on the part of a guest who was called upon to give an opinion as to such wonderful wine as the Marquis alone, I believe, could discover and produce on occasions, was infinitely more hurtful than a blow administered to him; for he could return the latter, but found no words to express his disgust in the former case.

He was somewhat a *sauvage*, according to his own definition of himself. He detested society; never went out; and, excepting at dinner time, never sought for company. But to him that sacred time was not hallowed, unless he had a friend or an acquaintance to whom he could impart some of his gastronomic experiences.

The Cercle Agricole was one of his favorite resorts: for punctually at seven there was a *table d'hôte* dinner served each day during the season, and it was always attended. Those who came later than seven were accommodated with a small table as at our clubs, but they were not privileged to sit at *la grande table*.

Owing to embassy duties and others, I was not always very punctual, and sat down at one of the little tables to discuss *solus* an excellent dinner and my usual pint of *ordinaire*. The Marquis had observed this, and was by no means pleased.

He asked the waiter why I was not at the big table.

"Parce que monsieur ne s'est pas inscrit."

"Does he know that he has to write his name down?"

"I believe so."

"Well, then, give him my compliments, and tell him that the Marquis de Caen hopes he will learn punctuality to-morrow, and will sit near him at dinner."

The message was duly delivered, and after dinner I had myself introduced to the old gentleman who had so pleasantly conveyed to me the intelligence that I had forgotten this mark of respect from a stranger to a native, and a young member to an old member of the club.

From that moment we became stanch friends. He was a constant source of amusement to me, and the following lesson which he gave is typical of the man,

while it is an exceedingly pleasant reminiscence.

Shortly after we had become acquainted, he considered it necessary to "have it out" with me in regard to a point which had sorely vexed him; so he, one evening, when we were alone smoking, turned restlessly in his chair, cleared his throat, and said—

"Monsieur, permit me to ask you how old you are?"

"Twenty-five."

"And you drink *ordinaire*!! Comment à 25 ans, à cet âge d'or vous buvez de l'*ordinaire*! Cela me passe."

"But I cannot afford more costly wine."

"What does that matter? At twenty-five you are spoiling your taste; and is not a developed taste worth any money that can be spent in its education?"

"I cannot say."

"But I can; I tell you that if you cannot afford it, others must."

"That's very well, but others won't."

"Won't!"—with a shriek—"et allons donc un attaché d'ambassade, de l'ambassade d'Angleterre encore, qui me dit à la face qu'on ne lui paierait pas sa note de vin? C'est incroyable: cela n'est pas possible. Why, sir," he continued, much agitated, "to be in the country of claret and not to know it is a sin. And you are not going to tell me that you have as good in England; for I tell you, who have been fifty years at the pleasant task, no French wine can bear the sea. Le vin sent la mer à dix lieues et en a la nausée: c'est comme moi; j'adore les Anglais . . . en France: je ne me permettrai jamais de passer le détroit. Il y a la mer: le mal de cœur. Cela me fait mal rien que d'y penser—"

Finding that he was rapidly digressing, he cut himself short, and authoritatively delivered the opinion that foreign Governments should pay their young diplomats' wine bills, and oblige them to report upon the growth of the vine throughout France.

"How I wish that could be so!" I exclaimed; "but there is little chance of the English Government seeing it in so natural a light."

"Well," said my Marquis, having exhausted his final argument, "I see I must look to it myself."

He rang the bell, and ordering himself "un grog Américain," he settled down to his plan and its development.

"What are you doing next week?" he began.

"Nothing particular; everybody seems to be asleep or out of town."

"Tant mieux, nous dînerons ensemble tous les soirs."

"Nothing I shall like better."

"Each night we shall have different wines."

"At what price?"

"Never mind the price; I will for this week defray that cost."

"I cannot let you."

"I insist."

"On what conditions?"

"That you pay attention to what you drink."

"You may be sure of that."

"And that the week after next, when we again dine together, you will pay for every bottle the vintage of which you have not correctly guessed?"

"Most certainly; a very proper condition, I think. I accept the terms with jubilation. I am quite certain that I shall not be caught tripping."

"That's right," said my old friend, silyly, adding that he had too much regard for my ambassador, my country, and myself, to allow a friend of his to be ignorant of what France could best and most properly boast of.

"You know," he casually remarked, "that the gentlemen who are proprietors of this club are great agriculturists, and while their sons dissipate their fortunes at the Jockey Club, they console themselves here over an excellent cellar, and finish up by a mild *baccarat* in remembrance of *un jeu d'enfer* in their earlier days."

The very next day my apprenticeship began over a delicious *Cos d'Estournel* '57. The next night a *Brame Mouton* '58 was such as never to be forgotten.

The third night a *Château Lafitte* '48 was too exquisite not to dream of for days. On the fourth, a *Château Larose* was so delicate and so aromatic that I swore it never could be mistaken when once tasted.

On the fifth and sixth days other equally delicate wines were produced from the wonderful cellar of the club,

and the bottles were brought in triumph by the *sommelier*, who had ever a long talk with "Monsieur le Marquis" as to a thousand details which a *connoisseur* scrapes out of the dust and grime and appearance of a bottle of old claret.

These conversations in themselves were a source of great wonder to me; and by the time the week came round I was to pay for any mistakes, I was so certain that I had before me another week of gorgeous and cheap repasts, that I offered even to bet with my friend that I would make no mistake.

Horrible dictu! and indeed the story is too sad to relate. I was some pounds the poorer at the end of the week. I had not guessed right a single time.

But the lesson had been taken to heart for having been so dearly bought.

I was never once caught tripping ever after, in so far as the club wines were concerned, a result which my friend was immensely proud in having achieved; and I never again dined at the club on mere claret and water, a fact which my purse did not relish as much as my palate.

I cannot terminate this anecdote without relating briefly another of the old Marquis.

I had asked him to dinner at Durand's *Café de la Madeleine*—an excellent restaurant, by the way—and to meet some English friends of note.

I had taken great pains to have the bill of fare composed to his taste, and was awaiting him with some impatience, all the guests being already arrived, when his burly figure came tumbling through the restaurant, and his big voice uttering loudly a request to know where was his "jeune ami, Monsieur——"

The waiters showed him into our room, when he merely said—

"Je suis en retard, mon ami; je vous expliquerai cela plus tard."

"Je ferai également plus tard la connaissance de ces messieurs."

"Le dîner avant tout. Voyons le menu."

He took up the bill of fare, frowned, and, calling a waiter, exclaimed familiarly, "Jean! ne saviez vous pas que monsieur était de mes amis?"

Waiter. "Oui, Monsieur le Marquis."

Marquis. "Si vous le saviez, pour-quoi diable lui servez vous un aussi mauvais diner."

Waiter. "Mais, mons——"

Marquis. "Taisez-vous : donnez-moi un crayon."

The pencil was brought : the old gentleman wrote a fresh *menu*, placed against the various courses the several wines he wished to have served with them ; and when he had done, he turned to the waiter and said—

"Prenez cela : dans une demiheure ; nous serons ici."

Then addressing me, he begged to be introduced to each separately. This ceremony gone through, he expressed himself thus—

"Gentlemen, Mr. —— has told me I was to have the honor of meeting distinguished Englishmen. The more distinguished they are, the more necessary is it to let them enjoy a good dinner. Our friend here," tapping me heavily on the shoulder, "wishes, I know, to do his best for us all. He shall have as good as what his wishes are. I have taken care of that for him ; and now let us walk on the Boulevard for half an hour."

I knew not whether to laugh or to cry, to be angry or put out ; but my friend was eccentric, and I thought the best way was to grin and bear.

We walked instead of dining ; but when we did dine, I may safely say it proved to be the best dinner I ever sat down to,—and the dearest.

MR. GLADSTONE'S OPINION OF MODERATE LIBERALS IN 1866.

If the well-considered Reform Bill of 1884 has passed into law by the help of a compromise, at least its thorough liberal character and the broad principle which it expounded precluded all possible dissent on the part of Liberals during its passage through the Lower House ; but in 1866 matters were different. Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone offered a Bill of Reform which bore the mark, if not of hasty conception, at least of a want of thoroughness which at once rallied the doubtful voters on the side of the Opposition.

To reduce the county franchise from £50 to £14, and the borough franchise from £10 to £7, was on the face of all things a compromise between a sense of

duty and a fear of doing it. It was a half-hearted measure, which could not do anybody much good, while it was likely to be productive of considerable mischief.

There was thus some if not much excuse for the disaffection which at once manifested itself in the Liberal ranks, and it is little to be wondered at if, finding suddenly a leviathan orator to advocate their cause in Mr. Lowe, "the discontented and those in distress," answering to his call from the Cave of Adullam, as Mr. Bright had described the position, gave him their support, and enabled him, with the help of the regular Opposition, to defeat the Bill, and oblige the Government to resign that had introduced it.

No wonder, then, if the Adullamites or faint-hearted Liberals were anything but pleasant reminiscences to Mr. Gladstone.

With these facts in mind, the following deserves the interest which I have always attached to it.

While the Ministry were awaiting her Majesty's orders from Balmoral, Mr. Fortescue and Lady Waldegrave had invited a large party of political and other friends to Strawberry Hill from Saturday, June 23d, to the following Monday, and among others the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. Charles Villiers, the President of the Duchy of Lancaster and Mrs. Goschen, T.R.H. Count and Countess de Paris, Maria Lady Ailesbury, Lady Airlie, Lord and Lady Amberley, Lord Cowper, Mr. Hayward, Mr. Bernal Osborne and his daughter, Sir Henry and Lady Seymour, Mr. and Lady E. Burke, Dr. Quinn, Mr. Delane, and myself ; while on the next day Lady Molesworth and (late) Lord Stanley of Alderley added their presence to our number.

A kind of settled gloom hung over everybody—the gloom of discomfiture, increased by the intimate knowledge that the Ministry had courted their own defeat in a great measure.

Even Dr. Quinn and Bernal Osborne looked dispirited, and Hayward wore a more mysteriously confidential air than usual.

To make matters worse, Mr. Villiers fell from his chair at dinner, which was deemed a bad omen.

At this juncture, happening to be near Mr. Gladstone at breakfast on the Sunday morning, I ventured to ask whether he would so far honor me as to give me his autograph.

"Certainly," he said; "but you must put a question to me on paper, and I shall answer it."

I was twenty-three years of age, very proud of being in such interesting company at such a time, and therefore most anxious to justify my presence by some clever question.

I wrote down quickly the following; and, rather pleased with it, gave it to Mr. Gladstone. It ran thus:—

"What is Mr. Gladstone's opinion of the difference which exists in 1866 between a Liberal and a Moderate Conservative?"

Mr. Gladstone crumpled up the paper, and, apparently much annoyed, said—"He did not think he could answer such a question."

I was so concerned by his look of vexation, that I went up to one of the ladies and repeated my question to her, so as to gather from her in which way I had offended.

She nearly screamed, at least so far as that person could ever utter a sound, and asked how I could ever have been so bold.

The truth dawned upon me. The Moderate Liberals of 1866 had dissolved a powerful Liberal Ministry, and I had inquired what he thought of them, of the very statesmen who had put their moderate principles to the test.

I felt all manner of uncomfortable feelings; and rejoiced that a dinner in town obliged me to leave Strawberry Hill on that afternoon.

After luncheon Lord Cowper and I started for a walk to Ham House and to Richmond. On reaching the ferry at Twickenham, we had to wait a little while for the boat; but it came at last, and in it sat Mr. Gladstone, who was returning to Strawberry Hill from Pembroke Lodge.

I very modestly bade good bye to him without any allusion to my indiscretion of the morning; but with infinite kindness and charm of manner, he said, "I have not forgotten you," and pulled out of his pocket my original question and his characteristic answer to it.

"STRAWBERRY HILL,
June 24, 1866.

"The word Moderate, as far as my observation goes, does no great credit—according to the manner in which it is now used—either to the word Liberal or to the word Conservative. Every Liberal claims to be Conservative: every Conservative to be Liberal. I know of no solution of the question between them except the test of their works.—Yours very truly,
W. E. GLADSTONE."

My indiscreet effort at being clever had succeeded after all, for here was a letter which better described his own thoughts than a thousand oral explanations of them, and which to an outsider told nothing.

The delightful "now" before the word "used," and the contempt in "the test of their works," were gems to those who read it at the time, which have made me value this letter more than any I have received from the same source since.

QUEER FOLKS, 1867.

Among the people who daily called at the Embassy, many turned out to be types of the strongest marked character. Some came, as it would seem, from sheer desire of being able to say that they had called there on business, while their so-called business consisted in asking questions of the most futile character. Others would request favors which it was impossible to grant, and when informed of this, were excessively annoyed and more than enraged—often threatening to write to the "Times" newspaper and expose the unwillingness of the paid officials of the British Embassy to accede to any request lawfully made by a British tax-payer.

But the great mass who came were mostly applicants for presentation at Court, and with some of these I had singular experience.

It was a rule which was strictly adhered to, that no British subject who had not previously been presented at his own Court, should have a right to claim from his Embassy the privilege of being introduced at the Tuileries.

Many got to Court through other means; but during Lord Lyons's judicious rule, no one that I can remember ever infringed this regulation, and he always knew everything about the candidates for presentation whom he admitted on his limited list.

The knowledge that he was very particular on this point made his secretaries equally careful in their investigations on any such request being made to them.

Early in the spring of 1868, a card was handed to me from a gentleman, who wished to see one of "ces messieurs" in the ante-room; and as I came in I found a very well-dressed and apparently very aristocratic-looking Englishman, who, both in manner and voice, showed that he belonged, as indeed his name indicated, to our very best society, albeit he was not titled.

Having begged of him to sit down, I took a chair opposite to him, and still holding his card in my hand, began to twirl it between my fingers while he proceeded to inform me that his desire was to be placed on Lord Lyons's list for presentation to the Emperor at the next Tuileries ball.

He added that he was a magistrate and a gentleman, but that he had many troubles.

I thought while he was speaking that he showed signs of being somewhat unhinged in mind, and as he mentioned his troubles I was very much interested.

Still I twirled away at his card, listening attentively to what he had to say; and when he had finished, I promised him to mention his name to the ambassador, though I added, by way of caution, that as only a certain amount of presentations were allowed at each ball, I could not, of course, say how far the list was or was not complete for the next Tuileries festivity.

"I have your name and address," I said, "on this card."

"Yes," he remarked, somewhat sullenly, as I afterwards remembered, "if you can decipher it in its present state."

I duly reported my friend's wishes to the chief, adding that, in my opinion, I thought this most worthy Englishman was somewhat demented, though I had nothing in the world to go upon except the impression conveyed on me by his mournful conversation; and I could not help thinking that so sad a gentleman would be out of place in the gay assemblage of the Tuileries.

In the exercise of his judgment—and no man that I ever met throughout my life possessed or possesses that quality to so eminent a degree as Lord Lyons—

my candidate was not included in the list of presentations.

Whether this rebuff constituted a fresh trouble in the mind of the gentleman in question, or whether, like other English tax-payers, he was furious with the Embassy for not at once acceding to his request, I know not; but some little while after, a despatch arrived from the Foreign Office, which, written in Lord Clarendon's most genial style, inquired why I had twirled a gentleman's card while he was speaking, and drawing a moral for the future especially to avoid so incongruous a proceeding.

As the French say, "*Je me le suis tenu pour dit*;" but that the first time I should be mentioned in despatches was to inform me not to twirl a gentleman's card, was what I so little expected, that my astonishment got the better of my regret; and instead of pitying my friend, I made up my mind that first impressions are right, and that he was mad.

The applicants for the protection of the Embassy formed another class of curious people, who taxed our intelligence in discovering whether they had a *bonâ fide* claim or not, and our purse in the discharge of oftentimes very ill-placed charity.

One famous individual was wont to take his summer trips entirely at the expense of the several legations, embassies, or consulates he found on his way from Heligoland to Italy. He was well-known to us in Paris; and I well remember his astonishment when, some years later, he called at a Legation in Germany, where I was acting as *Chargé d'affaires*, and requested to see me.

He began his usual story, that he was a poor man called away from his home in the far north to a dying relative in the far south, and obliged to walk the whole distance and beg his living on the way.

"From Heligoland on your way to Florence," I said.

Involuntarily he looked up, and voluntarily made a rapid exit.

But the hero of this story was of a very different type.

I was very busy one afternoon, and rather anxious not to be disturbed, when the chancery servant apologised for intruding by exclaiming that there was a

species of maniac in the hall who insisted on seeing a member of the Embassy, late though it was, as his case brooked no delay, and he required protection against the villainy of the French authorities.

Sure enough, when I emerged into the hall I saw a man evidently suffering from rabies, or some frightful injury which it only required a last conversation at the Embassy to go and immediately avenge on some one or on many.

I could scarcely calm him, so excited was his manner, so violent his language; but at last I pointed out that unless he would moderate his feelings there was little chance either of my knowing his purpose or understanding his case, and he cooled down a little.

"Sir," he exclaimed, "I have been grossly insulted: I care not for that. My wife has been grossly insulted: I care not for that either; but I am a British subject—I pay taxes—and it is the duty of the Embassy to protect me, to see me righted."

I could not help remarking that if he cared not for the insults he and his wife had received, though he had not told me what they were, it seemed to me that there was no cause for interference.

"What, sir! not interfere? Not protect a British subject? What are you here for? Yes, sir; what are you here for? I repeat, what is the good of an embassy?"

"To see their countrymen righted, if there is fair reason to suppose that they have been wronged."

"Well, I have been wronged."

"Sir, my time is precious; and unless you can tell me more about your case than I have as yet heard, I must wish you good morning." And I rose to depart.

"Stay, sir," he said, "and listen, then, to my story. That I should be obliged to tell such a tissue of insults and injuries done to me and my unoffending wife; but I will have compensation, that I will: compensation from the railway company, from the customs officers, from the French Government. You see if I don't."

"Your case, sir, if you please."

"Me and the wife were travelling from Switzerland to Paris, and at Bel-

fort they told us to get down because they wished to examine us. I remonstrated, and told them that I wished to get on my way as soon as possible, as I had business in England to attend to.

'You can do that after we have seen to our business,' they said, and the signal was given to the train to start, leaving us and our luggage on the platform. Presently we were separated and searched, and at last I discovered that they believed us to have stolen a watch, and that we had this watch in our possession."

"May I ask," I said, "what is your profession?"

"I am a watchmaker by trade."

"Thank you."

"They did not find any watch, and then they let us go. But I ask you, sir, are we to be arrested, searched, and insulted like this, without compensation for loss of time, and for the injury done to our reputation?"

"Stop a bit," I said; "had you any friends with you?"

"No; but the whole of the passengers saw the arrest."

"But did any of them know you?"

"No."

"Of course you have done quite right to come here, for undoubtedly it would be our duty to see you righted could you place us in the position of doing so."

"But I have."

"I beg your pardon, you have done nothing of the kind; and allow me to say that, being accredited here to a foreign Court, we should naturally require to hear what the French authorities have to say in the matter, before we could ask for reparation of the insult."

"Never mind that, sir; compensation is what I want."

"Still more for compensation; let me, therefore, ask you a question or two. Can you bring us a witness of this sad occurrence?"

"No, sir."

"Not a single person who, having been in the same train, could speak to the incident as one which was not properly or legally conducted?"

"No."

"Nor any one who has known you in Switzerland, and was travelling with you?"

"Nobody."

"That is a pity. You are a watch-maker, I think you said?"

"Yes, sir."

"And were improperly accused of stealing a watch?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is very unfortunate indeed, for, look at it yourself from a sensible point of view. Nothing was found on you, therefore nothing could be then proved against you; but your being interested generally in watches might cause further researches to be made which might prejudice you in England where you are known, whereas no one knowing you here, they can do you no harm. My advice to you therefore is, drop this business, which might, after investigation, prove to be a trumped-up story after all: pocket the affront, and go home as quickly as you can."

The man stood silent a minute, then taking his hat with both hands, said: "Thank you, sir; I never saw it in that light before," and departed.

On another occasion a young man, who represented himself as a medical student and a Peruvian, asked for me by name, and informed me that the mail which brought him his monthly remittances from his family in Lima had this time arrived without the usual letter for him, and that he was therefore destitute of all means. Alone and without friends he had bethought himself of a relative and namesake of mine, who was then British Minister in the Peruvian capital, and had ventured to ask me for assistance on the ground that his father was well known to the English envoy.

The appeal was made in so straightforward a manner that I was most anxious inwardly to believe in it, and if possible to answer it.

"How much do you require?"

"Five hundred francs."

The sum staggered my benevolent intentions, for I knew I had not that amount to spare; and if I had, its large figure suggested nearer inquiries into the legitimacy of the request thus suddenly made.

The young man must have read what was passing through my mind, for he at once proceeded to divest an album he had wrapped up in a newspaper, and to

remark that he had not come without a security, though he did not know how I would like its nature.

"This is," he said, "a collection of autographs, and contains all the signatures of the present members of Congress in the United States, besides a great many others which I have had some difficulty in obtaining."

I looked at the book with an interested eye, and asked him whether he considered the members of Congress to be worth £20.

"I have had the book valued," he said, "and that is the sum put upon it."

I relented again, and my thoughts were balancing between duty and extravagance, and they at last arrived at what I believed to be a happy compromise.

"I will not lend you any money."

The poor fellow seemed about to faint.

"But I will have this book valued on my own account."

He seemed quite pleased again, which was a proof to me that he had said true when he declared he had had it valued.

"If," I continued, "it is worth the money you say it is, I will then arrange with you as to its ultimate purchase; but if it is not, I am afraid my means will not allow of my being any great help to you. At any rate, I will not take a book you value as a security."

My Peruvian then asked whether I would, in consideration of the great distress he was in, owing to his rent falling due, lend him £10 now, and arrange for the rest after I had had the autographs valued.

The man seemed so honest in all his behavior that I at last consented, and told him that if the book were valued at £20, I should put £10 in an envelope addressed to him, and leave it with the porter of the Embassy until he called for it. Meanwhile, I lent him the sum he asked for, and he went away as happy a being as ever I beheld.

This was in 1867.

I had the book examined and valued by a professional expert, and it was estimated to be worth £20.

The remaining £10 was therefore duly deposited in an envelope addressed to the Peruvian student, and deposited where I had told him he might find it.

When I left Paris in March 1870 the envelope was still there ; and on my return from the East in 1872, I found that the envelope had successfully weathered the Prussian siege and the days of the Commune.

In 1873, on my way to England from Germany, I saw my envelope again ; but this time I took possession of it, and having the autograph book with me, took it to Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, at whose auction-rooms the members of Congress obtained a very complimentary price set upon their signatures.

To this day I have never heard of my Peruvian friend ; but he cannot owe me a grudge for leaving a £10 note idle for more than six years, when he remembers that, although a total stranger, I spared him a whole month's trouble and anxiety, and stood to him indeed the friend in need he came to seek at the British Embassy.

We were not always so fortunate, and many a scoundrel worked upon our feelings with success, without even allowing us after the generosity was perpetrated to preserve the illusion that we had done what charity commanded.

I cannot, however, dismiss the subject of queer folks without mentioning a very touching little incident related to us by a member of the Austrian Embassy, at the head of which in those last days of the Empire was Prince Richard de Metternich and his clever Princess.

A Hungarian band had got into trouble, and their instruments had to be pawned. In their distress they appealed to their Embassy : produced the pawn-tickets for their instruments, and begged that they might be allowed to borrow the amount necessary to redeem these objects on which their daily bread depended.

A subscription was got up, and the money handed to the master of the band as a loan.

Some months elapsed, and like all such loans it was no longer thought of except as mistaken charity, when Prince and secretaries were suddenly visited with an avalanche of Hungarian sounds, played unmistakably by a band of veritable Hungarians, who were determined to give to their Czardacs the most inspiring effect.

In a moment Europe and its affairs were forgotten, and the Austrian Chancery were at the windows, when presently the bandmaster, in Hungarian costume, advanced and begged for an interview.

When he was let in, he produced a little purse, and with a respectful bow handed it to one of the secretaries as containing the sum which had been generously lent to redeem their instruments, and forthwith proceeded to play the Austrian National Anthem.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE PRINTING AND BINDING OF THE REVISED BIBLE.

In the world of books the great event of the year 1885 has been the publication of the Revised Bible, the printing and binding of which must, we suppose, be allowed to have been the greatest feat of the kind performed in modern times. Of the two Universities, Oxford has taken the larger share of the work, and at the moment of writing the whole machinery of production there is in full activity. An enormous stock of Bibles was stored away at the London warehouse in the early part of the year in anticipation of a great rush on publishing day. But, great as the stock was, it was soon found that it would prove quite inadequate to the demand ;

and Wolvercote paper-mill, the Clarendon Printing Press, and the Oxford Bindery in Aldersgate Street were again set going to the utmost of their powers ; and at the present moment the printing, at least, is going on by night and day, and all other departments of the work are proceeding under the greatest pressure. In America the demand has been very large, our Transatlantic cousins having apparently quite failed to obtain an early copy of the Revised Scriptures so as to get out editions of their own. They put reprints in hand as soon as the new Bible appeared in America, but the enterprise of the University Presses had been beforehand with them. With

great business sagacity, Oxford and Cambridge had sent over a large number of books to New York to be placed "in bond," and the moment the rival editions were announced these bonded Bibles were thrown upon the market, and quite took the wind out of the sails of the American speculation.

Practically the two University Presses are supplying the whole English-speaking world with Revised Bibles, and the work, it need hardly be said, has been a gigantic one. As regards Oxford, the manufacture of Bibles involves a great deal more than printing and binding. The Clarendon Press makes its own paper, casts its own type, does its own electrotyping, repairs its own machinery, makes its own ink, and even the materials of which the ink is made are manufactured on the premises. It has a large bookbinding establishment in Aldersgate Street, London; and at Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, it does its own publishing.

The paper on which all the Oxford Bibles are printed is made at the University's own mill at Wolvercote. Oxford Bible paper is a specialty. There is a great deal of print in the Old and New Testaments, and unless great care were taken the volumes would be thick and "podgy." The thinnest paper that can possibly be made opaque is the desideratum, and rags only are used at Wolvercote. Old sailcloths, being made of linen, are in great request here, and they enter into the composition more or less of all the paper used in Oxford Bibles. There are huge piles of this old material gathered in here after battling with breezes in all the seas under heaven. They come in here to be torn into shreds, and beaten into pulp, and bleached, drawn out into beautiful white sheets, to be presently printed on, wafted off again to all the ends of the earth—certainly rather a quaint and curious metamorphosis. The paper made here, as we shall presently see, is not exclusively used for Bibles, but for this year's issue up to the present time more than 300 tons of paper has been turned out, and of this no less than 120 tons of a specially thin description has been consumed in the printing of the smallest-sized edition. Altogether not less than about 450 tons of rags must have been

consumed in manufacturing the necessary paper for the new Bibles. It has been reckoned that the paper would cover about two and a half square miles. Laid out in a strip six inches wide it would more than go round the world. The sheets piled up in reams as they come from the mill would make a column ten or twelve times the height of St. Paul's Cathedral; and if they were stacked up after folding into books, but without binding, the pile would tower to more than a hundred times the height of the cathedral. The completed copies turned out by Oxford alone, if piled up flat, one upon another, would make a pillar some seventeen miles high, and if piled on end they would rise to the height of something over 2,000 times the height of the Monument.

The ink is made at the Clarendon Press, but there is nothing specially noteworthy in the manufacture here. The production of the lampblack from which it is made, however, is well worthy of a passing notice. This is done at a small factory a short distance from the Press, and standing in as open a position as could be secured, the manufacture in one or two respects being somewhat objectionable. The black is made by burning creosote in specially constructed ovens. The fluid is filled into a tank fixed up on the top of a row of such furnaces. A pipe runs from the creosote tank along the front of the ovens, and at intervals along this pipe the fluid is allowed to fall drop by drop into a row of funnels. The lower end of each funnel passes through the front of the oven, and these drops are thus conducted inside, where they fall into a small blaze of burning creosote, and of course perpetuate the blaze. The creosote burns with a flickering flame, giving off abundance of smoke, which it is necessary to secure as a deposit of soot. In order to do this as effectually as possible it is contrived that a slight draught shall be made to waft the smoke through a series of chambers hung round with blankets, and with blankets also here and there suspended across the current of air, which is thus ingeniously made to turn and twist round as many corners as possible, so that by the time any given volume of air reaches the

chimney at the end of the course as nearly as possible all the smoke shall have been deposited. From the oven to the final exit is a distance of perhaps some eighty feet, but the smoke is made to zigzag about so as to give it an actual course of somewhere about two hundred feet, and throughout the whole distance walls and roof and floor are muffled in thick flakes, to which the rough surfaces of the blankets impart a form singularly like that of snow, only of a dead black instead of white. One can get into these funereal chambers, and extremely curious places they are. The blankets across the draught having been hitched aside, the explorer may make his way through a great part of this horizontal smoke-shaft, and if he takes care to move with something of the delicacy of Agag, he may come out again with no more soot upon him than may easily be blown off. This soot-making is, it must be allowed, a very odd incidental feature of Bible printing.

The Oxford University Press, so far at least as its premises are regarded, is, we suppose, the finest in the kingdom. It is a quadrangular building with a handsome façade fronting one of the northern thoroughfares of Oxford, and enclosing a pleasant square adorned with grass and trees, and a great fountain basin. It has a fine entrance ornamented with Corinthian columns, and over this entrance is the "delegates' room"—what would be called the board-room of an ordinary commercial company—and the various offices of the establishment constitute the rest of the front. On the opposite side of the quadrangle are two ivy-clad dwelling houses, one occupied by the widow of a late manager, the other by the present controller and printer to the University, Mr. Horace Hart. The building on the right-hand side of the quadrangle is the "learned side," and the building on the left is the "Bible side." These are managed as two distinct businesses, but are under one direction.

We are just now chiefly concerned with the "Bible side" of the establishment; but it may be as well perhaps to explain that the Clarendon Press is to a certain extent a "general printing office." Within certain dignified limits

it does miscellaneous book printing for various London publishers and public societies. The establishment will not condescend to light literature, but it prints any works of a religious, scientific, or classical nature, and it is prepared to do this in an astonishing variety of ancient and modern languages, for all of which it casts its own type on the premises. It is on this "learned side" that most of the composing is done, the whole of the two upper floors being devoted to the compositors, who may at almost any time be found to be setting up type in languages of which few of us have any idea.

The printing-off is done on the Bible side of the establishment, in one great room on the ground floor of which there are thirty-nine machines running—powerful, rather slow and antiquated nearly all of them, but splendid machines nevertheless, and, as all the world knows, capable of turning out printing of the very highest class. It is a very noticeable peculiarity of this great machine-room that it has none of the revolving shafting and belting usually to be met with in rooms in which great numbers of machines are driven by one large engine. Instead of this driving gear being all overhead, as is usually the case, it is all in the vaults below. The whole place is built upon arches, the long vistas and complicated groups of which, seen in the dim glimmer of gas jets or hand lamps, and seemingly full of swiftly revolving machinery, constitutes one of the most curious spectacles of the kind imaginable. Their boilers here are over one-hundred-horse power, and the engine which drives the whole machinery is of about thirty-horse power.

It is in this wing of the building that they cast their type, both by hand and by machinery. They have also a stereotyping foundry, and a large array of batteries and baths for electrotyping. They have too a room here in which a man is regularly employed in "pulling proofs" of plates before they are sent on to the machines. They have departments also for photo-lithography, for copper-plate, and lithographic printing, and for what are known as the Woodbury and Collotype processes. They cast their own printing rollers, they have extensive shops for carpentry

and engineering, and this is perhaps the only printing-office in the kingdom which can boast a steam hammer for its own use. Everything that can possibly be done upon the premises is done here, and almost everything is done by steam power. Under its vigorous controller the University Press has the appearance of being decidedly a go-ahead place; yet with all its activity there is a spice of antiquity about it at many points. Its old-fashioned platen machines have just been alluded to. The wetting of the paper previous to printing is performed in quite an antiquated manner, and after the printing is done the sheets are dried by hanging up on lines after a method now at least a generation behind the times. Till recently also the printed sheets were rolled very slowly between steam rollers, or pressed in quite an old-fashioned method. The printing of the new Bibles, however, has compelled the introduction of newer methods. The slow but excellent old "platen" machines have been supplemented by some of the finest and swiftest of modern mechanism, and the pressing and rolling appliances have had added to them two of the newest forms of hot rolling machines.

The daily press recently recalled to mind the achievement of the Oxford and Aldersgate Street establishments on the occasion of the Caxton Quarcentenary, an achievement which at the time Mr. Gladstone pronounced to be "the climax and consummation of the art of printing." At two o'clock on the morning of the day on which a meeting in honor of the memory of Caxton was to be held at South Kensington, a hundred copies of the Bible were commenced. By two o'clock in the afternoon one of the copies was handed up on to the platform at the meeting. It was a volume of 1,052 pages, and it had been printed, dried, pressed, sent up to the bindery in London, collated, sewn, rolled, and bound. Its edges had been gilt, and the cover embossed with an inscription and the University arms, and there it was, a complete and handsome volume which had been entirely produced and had travelled some seventy miles in twelve hours. Certainly a remarkable feat. But affairs have since so advanced that if the establishment were called upon for a similar

performance now there would be plenty of time to make the paper as well as the book.

Of course there was no type to set up; that was all in "formes" ready to hand. Of these formes the Press has an enormous accumulation, and they comprise works of a most miscellaneous character.

The kind of books undertaken on the "learned" side we have spoken of. On the Bible side they do not only print Bibles, but prayer-books, hymn-books, and books of devotion generally. This Press a short time since was at work upon the third half-million of the "Penny Testament," which was being turned out at the rate of ten thousand copies a day. Large numbers of the devotional books of the United States Episcopal Church are printed here, and the Americans appear to have a very decided liking for Bibles emanating from Oxford or Cambridge.

It is very well known that any person discovering a printer's error in an Oxford Bible will be paid a guinea if he will take the trouble to point it out to the Controller of the Press—provided, of course, that it has not been discovered before. The editions of the Sacred Scriptures issued by the University are very numerous, and from one or another of them errors are now and again picked out, and several times during his term of office the present controller has been called upon for the guinea, and has paid it. When the Revised Bibles were about to be issued the question arose as to whether guineas should be paid for printers' errors in this enormous issue of entirely new print. Every edition, of course, is an independent work of the compositors and proof-readers, and in an undertaking of such magnitude it could hardly be doubted that mistakes would in the aggregate be numerous, and prudence seemed to suggest that no undertaking should be entered into until the work had for a time had the benefit of the gratuitous criticism of the public. Up to the moment of our writing, however, after running the gauntlet of public scrutiny for a good month, only three printer's errors have been discovered in all the editions. In the pearl 16mo edition there is an error in Ezekiel xviii. 26, where an "e" is left out of righteous and the word is printed

"righteous." In the parallel 8vo edition there are two mistakes. In Psalms vii. 13, "shafts" appears instead of "shafts," and in Amos v. 24, in the margin, "overflowing" should be "ever-flowing." Of course there may be others to be found yet, but that for a whole month only these should have been brought to the notice of the authorities is astonishing, considering the magnitude of the enterprise.

We have alluded to a soupçon of antiquity belonging to the University Press. It seems only in the fitness of things that this should be so. Oxford was the second place in the kingdom to set up a printing press, if not the very first. There is a book bearing an imprint, "Oxford, MCCCCLXVIII," and if we could be sure that proof-readers were as keen of eye in those days as they are in these, and could rely upon this date, it would show that Oxford printed a book before Caxton set up his press at Westminster. It is believed, however, that an "x" was omitted by mistake, and that the correct date of this early book was 1478, which brings Oxford in second only to Westminster in point of antiquity as a printing centre. It was not, however, till 1585 that the press was permanently established here, when the Earl of Leicester, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, in his capacity as Chancellor of the University, contributed £100—a munificent sum in those days—towards the necessary expenses. It was not then, however, provided with a palatial-looking building with a frontage of 250 feet as it is now. It had to find accommodation where it could, and had several shifts, until Lord Clarendon's "History of the Great Rebellion"—a work of which the University owns the perpetual copyright—yielded a profit which enabled Oxford to set up the "Clarendon Press," now a venerable-looking building, with massive stone pillars before it, standing at the bottom of Broad Street, in the immediate vicinity of the "Schools," the Bodleian Library, and the Sheldonian Theatre. Some fifty years ago the business was transferred to the present building, which is therefore the representative of a press instituted three centuries ago, and which was itself a revival of nearly the oldest press in the kingdom. The type foundry

comprised in the establishment is quite the oldest in this country, and it may be partly due to this fact that the curious arrangement of two distinct businesses being carried on under the same proprietary and management has been perpetuated. For some reason or other the height of the type employed in the "learned press" is different from the height of the type on the Bible side; and this again is higher than the type of other foundries. What was the original cause of this discrepancy nobody knows, but one effect of it has been that each side has been compelled to have its own founts of type for its own work. One cannot borrow of the other, nor can either of them replenish its stores from outside foundries. Whatever may have been the cause, no doubt the peculiarity of the founts of the departments is a relic of times before the typographical world had agreed to a uniform height, and must in itself be regarded as an indication of antiquity. Indeed, in almost every part of the place there are to be met with just such little suggestions of olden times—suggestions which seem to be just about what one ought to expect in a venerable University, but which do not prevent one's fully realizing that the University Press is a splendid modern institution, directed by men of great learning and business ability, managed with consummate skill and energy, and supported by practically unlimited funds.

As regards the directorate, the management, and the capital, the same may be said of the Oxford Bindery, at 120, Aldersgate Street, and curiously enough there is here also just the same spice of antiquity, combined with many of the most modern features of modern manufacturing industry. Huge bales of printed sheets are despatched every day from the Clarendon up to Aldersgate Street for binding. In ordinary times the establishment here does all the best of its books—all that are done in the finer kinds of leather binding, and the cloth binding of the "learned" and classical books published by the University is done here. The Revised Bibles, however, have quite overrun the powers of the establishment, which has lately been obliged to give out its cloth binding and about half its leather books, reserving the other half for its own hands.

They do some of their inferior books here, but the bulk of the work is morocco binding. From the first folding of the sheets to the final gold-lettering and marking, almost everything is done by hand, machinery being employed only for the commoner kinds of books. This, indeed, is the case all over the world; it always has been so and probably always will be. The very best bookbinders are artists, and there are men—more particularly on the Continent—to whom bookbinding is a veritable fine art; men who, if they accept your commission to bind a valuable book, may very likely keep you waiting a twelvemonth for it, and will have their own price too. Any one who will examine the venerable and beautiful old tomes displayed in the cases of the British Museum will perceive that they are distinctly characterised by the individual taste of the binder. They are not the outcome of machinery; they every one of them bear the stamp of the man. This can hardly be said, perhaps, except in a limited sense, of the work of the Aldersgate Street Bindery, where, of course, they are turning out by the thousand books all of the same pattern of binding. But in a limited sense it is true that every one of the morocco-bound Bibles sent from this establishment presents the same individuality of the workman. They are all bound by hand, and the very simplest appliances—bone “folders,” needles and thread, hammers, gluepots, common knives, wooden screws, old-fashioned “ploughs”—all of which would have been found in the bookbinderies of the old monks centuries ago. They have for the best books only two machines here which are at all modern. One is the familiar hydraulic press by which every book is brought under a pressure of many tons, and the other is a tremendously powerful pair of steel rollers, by which the printed sheets are crushed extremely thin, so as to bring the completed volume into the smallest possible bulk. Another point of improvement in the best modern Bible binding is the great flexibility and strength of the back, which is attained in the first place by an ingenious process of sewing; in the next by the use of the smallest possible quantity of glue; and in the third place by the paring away of

the inside of the leather down the back of the book. The result is that the volume opens with the greatest freedom. It may be forcibly doubled back upon itself, and subjected to very rough treatment, without a leaf starting from its place or being loosened.

It is a very interesting place is this University bindery, under the control of Mr. Henry Frowde, and not the least curious feature of the operations here is the marvellous dexterity of the women and girls employed in sewing the sections of the books together. It takes from three to five years for this dexterity to be acquired, though the work itself might be learned by any young person of ordinary intelligence in half an hour. With many of them here the rapidity of hand is such that it is not easy for an onlooker to follow the movements of the needles they are plying. There is one department of the work particularly well worth a passing notice, and that is the preparation of the morocco leather in which the books are bound. There is a considerable warehouse for skins of various kinds on one of the floors here, and in this men are employed in bringing out the natural grain of the goatskins—of which, by the way, it has been computed that the best of the Revised Bibles have required no less than 28,000 for their coverings. They lay the skin down on a bench, face upwards, and fold a corner of it over face to face. The operator takes in his hand a small slab of cork, and by means of this he rubs the two faces of the skin gently together, and thus gradually works up the grain of the leather. Altogether they have here on the premises some 260 people at work, but it has been computed that directly or indirectly the binding of the Revised Bibles must have afforded employment for somewhere about 5,000 persons.

A word or two, perhaps, ought to be said upon the relation of the two great Universities, Oxford and Cambridge, in this stupendous undertaking. The Revisers gave their services gratuitously; but the Universities jointly contributed £20,000 towards the expenses of the two companies, and also, of course, found the capital for the subsequent printing, binding, and publishing. The setting up of the work in type was divided be-

tween the two, Cambridge taking two editions, and Oxford two, and the Parallel Bible being divided between them. Each University did its own electrotyping of the matter it had set up, and then they exchanged the plates thus produced. Each was thus enabled to produce the whole of the five editions, and each then did its own printing and publishing, Mr. Frowde being the official publisher for Oxford, and Messrs. C. J. Clay and Son publishing for Cambridge. The ultimate profit on the whole business will be divided between the two Universities.

As is generally known, an American Committee of Revision was formed for co-operation with the English Revisers, and a subscription list was opened for

the purpose of meeting the necessary expenses of the Committee over there. All subscribers of a certain amount and upwards should, it was arranged, receive a copy of the new Scriptures bound in morocco. Some 900 persons were entitled to these presentation copies, and a special Act of Congress was passed to admit the books into the United States free of duty. They were presented on the 21st of May. According to the "*Jewish Chronicle*," the issue was on the very day—the eve of the Feast of Pentecost—"on which the first edition was published," as it was then that the revelation took place on Mount Sinai. "It is presumably only a coincidence, but it is certainly a very remarkable one."—*Leisure Hour*.

THE STORY OF A SMALL-SWORD.

BY H. SCHUTZ WILSON.

I WAS born in London in or about the year 1700; though, owing to the destruction of the books of the firm to which I owe my birth, I afterwards found it impossible to ascertain the exact date. The point is, however, of but little importance, since I was created not for a brief age, but for a considerable portion of all time. Queen Anne came to the throne in 1702, and Louis XIV. still ruled in France, while Leopold I. was emperor in Germany. Ah! I wish that I could succeed in picturing vividly to your imagination the manners and sentiments, both favorable to the sword, which obtained in old Europe during my early years! The story of a small-sword will, however, illustrate these manners and sentiments, at least to some extent, more particularly as regards the social life of the time; for I was far too delicate and fine for the rough work of war or the rude shock of battle. During the wars of Marlborough I was laid aside, and was comparatively neglected, in favor of a ruder, if stronger weapon. I am above jealousy, but still I must state unequivocally that my then owner's army sword was, when compared with me, coarse and clumsy. I was made by the first and best sword cutler in London, and was fabricated of carburetted

iron; that is to say, I was composed of steel produced from the purest and softest iron, kept red hot, stratified with coal dust and wood ashes, and subjected for hours to the intense heat of a close furnace. I well remember the anxiety with which my maker watched the operation while my metal was being molten! The result was a triumphant success. My steel became susceptible of the greatest degree of hardness after it had become well-tempered; and I may assert with some complacency that, though my temper has been, often and long, sorely tried, it has ever been and still is flawless. Mine was, in truth, essentially equal to the renowned "ice-brook's temper;" nor did I ever break or bend. I was of the last and finest fashion of the small-sword. Indeed, my species reached to the ultimate perfection of the gentleman's walking and duelling sword; and as it was impossible to improve upon us, we became the last of the race, because, since man could devise nothing better, he gave up wearing and using the small-sword when we had culminated in unsurpassable beauty and efficiency. That, at least, is the way in which I prefer to try to account for the disuse of those noble weapons which were, for so long a time, the distinctive symbols of

gentlemen and the stainless types of honor.

Knights were knights then! God mend the age, say I!

After the rapier and the dagger, which Shakespeare uses in Hamlet, came the very long rapier used without the dagger; but the invention of the lunge rendered length unnecessary, and the rapier shrank to more moderate dimensions. Still, for duelling purposes, the rapier was open to the objection that, being a cut and thrust sword, it was superfluously heavy, and men found, as the science of fencing developed rapidly, that the thrust alone is the object to aim at in the duello. The thrust is much quicker than the cut can ever be. It requires more skill, but is much more rapid and effective.

The small-sword was carried in the time of Charles II.; but then, with a view of obtaining a fine balance, the blade, just below the hilt, was thickened, so that the whole weapon was unduly heavy. Then came the time in which I was created, and I am of the latest and most perfect form of the small-sword. I combine the lightness of Ariel with the deadly force of Hercules. Cutting with the sword is useful for cavalry, necessary in battle, and effective for hewing upon armor; but for the finest art of social swordsmanship, I am the flower and type, without a rival, without a peer. No superior weapon is possible. For delicate and skilful use by gentlemen in settling affairs of honor—alas! where is honor now?—I am the paragon of weapons. If I be a partisan, 'tis in a falling cause; if I speak indignantly, 'tis to a degenerate day. A man may be known by the company that he keeps, and, in my day, this was true of the relation between a gentleman and his sword. There is an unconscious sympathy between a cavalier and his familiar weapon; and a fine gentleman was always to be known by wearing a fine sword. They call us cold and hard; but they misjudge us. True steel has been so long and so intimately connected with the ways and works of man in time, that a mysterious sympathy and affinity has sprung up between the sword and its master. Swords are susceptible of strong affections, and they become deeply attached to an owner who is

worthy to wear and to use them. "As true as steel" is a proverb based upon our noble and half-human qualities.

What a fine horse is to a good rider, what a fine ship is to an able captain, that is a fine sword to a skilful swordsman. The instrument should always be worthy of the artist. Men in the present day are too ready to overlook the good which the sword has done in other days. Injuries may be redressed by law; but insults can only be avenged by the sword. In a day in which a keen sense of honor prevails there must always be the duel. The dread of the duel keeps manners fine, preserves courtesy intact, defends the honor of women, and maintains the dignity of man. The sword is, I own, apt sometimes to lay undue stress upon the skill and courage of its wielder, and takes an abstract joy in a scientific combat. We like being well used. *Le devoir d'une impératrice est de s'amuser à la mort.* Those whose doctrines are as thin and hard as egg-shells ascribe to us blood-thirstiness and want of conscience: they are wrong. We sympathise with the right in all duels, and, even though we may have a slight weakness for a man cunning of fence, we yet wish well to the man that hath his quarrel just. For instance, a great friend of mine became the favorite weapon of "bloody Dick Mohun," and this friend was engaged in the fatal affairs with Lord Castlewood and with the noble Hamilton. Often has this sword assured me that, though from a merely professional point of view he sympathised with the fierce expertness of the ruthless and accursed Mohun, he could yet never feel cordially towards his lordship; and that, if it had been possible, he would certainly have spared Castlewood.

In a parenthesis, I may point out that men would seem to have changed physically in connection with their power of resisting wounds. I believe that if to-day you were to run a man through the body you would seriously injure, or probably kill him outright, whereas, in my experience, I have known men run through who suffered only some temporary inconvenience. I have myself several times passed completely through the body of an antagonist, and yet some of these patients have entirely recovered. Were

the constitutions of men stronger? or were surgeons then more skilful in dealing with sword wounds? I know not. Perhaps evolution has something to do with it; but I am not fond of dogmatizing upon points which I have only imperfectly mastered. I prefer Sir Swordsman to Sir Surgeon, and I care not who knows it. I have only mentioned the point as a curious one in connection with duelling—I mean, of course, sword duelling. For a duel with pistols I have but scant respect. I am, I feel, only too apt to lose myself in general moral reflections, and to postpone the telling of my simple story. I was, I may say, so admirable a specimen of my kind, because I was fabricated regardless of expense, as a special commission for one of our splendid young nobles—Lord Starcross. Every care was taken with my blade, and chaste ornamentation was pushed to exhaustion in my elaborate hilt. My white scabbard was elegant, my general style and appearance were captivating, and, indeed, corresponded with my intrinsic virtue and value.

I was proud of myself, and was pleased with my young owner, under whom I looked forward to a life of honorable activity, and of social gaiety. He was handsome, and so, without vanity, was I. He was brave and skilful; I resolved never to disgrace or to fail him. He had learned fencing of Mr. Sanderson and of M. Jacques Lenoir, then two eminent teachers of the noble art; and he could well hold his own with any in the fencing schools. He was impetuous, and a little too fond of attacking when fighting with an adversary; but his parades were strong. He was remarkably rapid, and his lunges were long and well-directed. He was jealous on the point of honor; was of a quick, if generous, temper, and was always ready to fight his enemy. He was, too, frequently in love, and sometimes engaged in intrigue, so that there was every reason for me to reckon confidently upon a long and happy career with such a gay and brave young knight. I may here remark that the majority of the duels in which I have taken part have had a woman for their cause. Lord Starcross was my first wearer, and I look back upon him with an affection which com-

prises, it may be, a touch of tender sentimentalism.

He was a fair man, with a fine figure and bright blue eyes. Ladies looked upon him with favor, and men, generally, with good will. Life opened for him in splendor and in joy. Fortune had done nearly all that she could do for Lord Starcross, and she had certainly provided him with an entirely noble sword. I felt quite worthy of acting as his coadjutor, and, indeed, we had not been long together before an opportunity occurred of proving our metal and our mettle.

At length the ardently desired occasion for my first serious encounter arrived. Oh, how vividly I remember every detail of my first dear duel! The hour was early morning; the season was autumn; and the scene an open space of fairly level greensward in the chase of Northwood Park. The great trees already burned with the brilliant hues of sad decay, and a light mist rose from the chilly ground. There was no sun, no wind, and the air was rather cold. Through different alleys in the woods the two antagonists arrived on the *terrain*, which had been well chosen for the purpose. The seconds, cheerful, but yet serious, conversed apart, and then each one spoke earnestly with his principal. Another figure, which I afterwards found to be that of a surgeon, stood a little apart, and was covered with a cloak. I gathered that there had been, on the previous night, at a ball at Northwood Hall, a quarrel between the two gentlemen, who were rivals in the good graces of Lady Betty Mandeville. She was an exquisite creature, though she was, I fear, a terrible flirt. Love and jealousy were the causes of the duel, and the opponents were fiercely embittered the one against the other. Both were young, both were good swordsmen, and each was angry. My owner was frank, handsome, gay, and joyously eager for the fight. His antagonist was dark and spare, a little taller than my client, and he wore a look of quiet malice and cool resolution. He was a grave, reserved man, and seemed very much in earnest. The duellists lifted their hats to each other with stately and ceremonious courtesies. My length was measured

against that of the inimical blade, which, indeed, very much resembled me—nor was that at all wonderful, for we were near relatives, and came from the same maker. The principals took off their coats and waistcoats, and I contemplated for the first time my bright, hard, thin point, opposed to the fairy breastplate of a fine lawn shirt.

It was my first affair, and I felt, I must admit, a certain natural anxiety, though I was not really nervous. I dreaded no consequences to myself—though I have known a small-sword to be snapped in two in an encounter—but I was then young and careless of danger, and eager for the bubble, reputation. I have found, in my later experience, that nervousness on the part of my client communicated itself to me, but, on the present occasion, my combatant was so elated and so ardent that he kept up my spirits. I was jocund, and anticipated victory.

The two gentlemen were placed in position, and the seconds (both standing by with drawn swords) gave the word for beginning. The rivals engaged by touching blades, and then each retreated a step. They were, however, thoroughly in earnest, and I found my rapid point darting in tempting proximity to the breast of our opponent, who, equally determined, was cooler and more wary and was not so impetuous in attack.

Mr. Pierrepont fought chiefly on the high lines, and seemed anxious to try a *coupé*, or cut over my blade. I essayed to whisper a caution to my dear master, but he was too absorbed to listen to me. For my own part, my blood was up, and I was fiercely ardent for our success. The other sword was (as he afterwards told me) equally excited.

The duellists had now almost forgotten caution, and were fiercely engaged, well within distance. The assault was furious, but skilful. Each man knew his danger, and neither dared to throw away a chance. I tingled from fierce collision and clashing with the other blade; the excitement grew violent. A terrible lunge in *carte* on the part of my master was well parried, with a *contre opposé* by Mr. P., who then tried a return in *seconde*. This attack failed, and I grew too dizzy to count the phrases.

Mr. P. feinted cleverly, but my lord was remarkably rapid in his *ripostes*. At length my master, after a brilliant parry in *carte*, succeeded in a fierce *flanconade*, and I felt myself passing triumphantly through the ribs of Mr. Pierrepont. He fell to the ground, bleeding copiously, and the seconds stopped the duel. Enough had been done for honor, and the surgeon began his work. My master put on hat, coat, and waistcoat, and bowed gravely to his wounded opponent, who feebly returned the salute, and then fainted. My lord was flushed and excited, and as he carefully wiped me and sheathed me he said—and I thrilled with pride as he spoke—"Well, old boy, you have served me like true steel, and I shall always trust you in future." We walked away together, and that night my client danced with Lady Betty.

I have, of course, changed owners many times in the course of my long career. It is the hard fate of swords, to which length of days is granted, to do so; but my first dear lord always has my warm heart. I can scarcely tell you how many times I have been "out." After a time the thing became mechanical, and, unless the circumstances were very striking, I ceased to pay very much attention to an affair. I had my own sense of comfort in the feeling that I often rendered a moral service to society. What can daunt a bully, or deter a villain, like the dread of having to meet me when I was righteously indignant, and wielded by a fine swordsman? I always thought it a duty to inform myself exactly of the causes of a duel in which I might be engaged, and, if I felt that my wearer was in the right, I was actively helpful, whereas, if I thought him in the wrong, I was often merely passive. I was invariably attentive to *la courtoisie de l'épée*, and was ever particular to give and to exact from adversaries the fine conventions of the noble duel. I would never allow to the rapiers their claim to be of a higher school of manners than the small-sword. If the rapier be the type of the days of Elizabeth, the small-sword is the emblem of the time of Queen Anne. Mixing nearly always in the best society, I have met the gentle Addison, the genial Steele, the truculent Swift; and I have been highly admired by the malignant

and deformed Mr. Pope, who did not naturally love the sword. Never shall I forget the splendid presence of the magnificent Marlborough, in his day of glory and of triumph. I always held Sir Charles Grandison to be somewhat of a prig, and I cordially disliked many of those of our then dandies, who were at once effeminate and vicious. Hogarth drew me in one of his pictures—I forget which one—but then I now forget much. I was once used in a disgraceful brawl in a tavern, over cards, when my then wearer, a desperate gambler, drew me upon an army gentleman, one Captain Norris, who was inebriated, and who, when the candles were knocked over, was run through and killed before he was properly on guard. A trial was the result, and I appeared in evidence, at the Old Bailey. I excited, I may say, the greatest admiration by my appearance and conduct, and was complimented by the court. The verdict was “chance medley,” and my scoundrel got off; but I gave him notice, and at once left his service. In 1712 I was instrumental in defeating a gang of Mohocks (several of whom I severely wounded) who had stopped a lady’s chair, and were about to insult her grievously, when I appeared upon the scene. I have also done serious hurt and damage to footpads. In the ‘45 I was, for a time, in Edinburgh, wearing the white cockade, and so doing violence to my political convictions; but a sword, however high-principled, cannot always choose its party. It is in that respect too dependent upon man. A sword of noble race is, however, always at home among wits, poets, fine gentlemen, soldiers,—and, of course, among high-bred beauties.

But I must be brief; the present day might grow weary of too many of my old-world stories. Still, one duel in which I was engaged made an indelible impression upon me, and I must narrate it. It occurred so long ago, that it would be mere affectation now to hide names, and I admit that I allude to the then notorious case of Lady Claridge. Men of fashion were, in my young days sometimes rakes, and Mr. Conyers had the reputation of many *bonnes fortunes*. Lady Claridge was young, lovely, vivacious, and fond of pleasure. Her husband was cold, stern, and haughty.

The wedded pair were unsuited to each other. Lady Claridge was a musician, and she sang divinely—a then uncommon accomplishment among fine ladies. Gradually Mr. Conyers “found her kisses sweeter than her song;” and the proud husband became aware that he was dishonored. He at once forced on a duel. When the adversaries met I could feel that I trembled in the hand of my wielder; nor was that wonderful, for the wronged husband was an embodied fate, and an incarnate revenge. The face was pale and haggard; his lips were firmly set, and his eyes glittered strangely with a baleful expression. He knew no ruth; and, risking his own life in fair fight, he came there to kill his foe. He spoke no word; he gave no greeting. In a white heat of divine wrath, cool, concentrated, implacable, he began the duel which was an irresistible doom of vengeance. Conyers was cowed by conscience, and by the almost infra-human aspect of his terrible antagonist. The duel did not last long. Simple parries and thrusts alone were employed. I felt the blade of the injured husband pass through my guard, and Conyers, run through the heart, fell heavily on the sward. Help there was none. No surgeon could save. I was detached from the stiffening hand of the adulterer, and the husband left the ground without a word. I saw the white face of Conyers as it looked up ghastly, through closing eyes, to the dull sky.

I should perhaps mention that I was at one time very fond of the theatre, and that Mr. Garrick has worn me when playing Hamlet. This is one of my proudest recollections.

I was cursed with prescience, and very early I foresaw the change of manners, the decline of honor, and the coarsening of courtesy. I felt that the day of artificial comedy was over. Towards the end of the last century the vulgar duel with pistols became fashionable, and the small-sword ceased to be used, or even worn, by gentlemen. I omit much. I hurry willingly over a long but melancholy time. I was neglected; even my scabbard grew ragged, and slowly fell into holes. Like a ruined castle, I still remain a monument of the ways of men in by-past days; but my active life is lived, and I

am but a symbol and a memorial. I once fell so low as to be in the hands of a broker, but I was purchased as a perfect specimen of my kind for the great Meynell collection; and when that was broken up, and sold off, I gladly came into the hands of my present owner.

Ay de mi! You have my story, or as much of it as I can, or will, tell. The old order changeth, giving place to new. A life of excitement has sunk into a slough of lethargy. To this complexion must the small-sword come at last!

And now, after so many adventures, after so long a life of honor and dignity, I have found a not wholly unworthy haven of refuge. I have become the property of an author who has been a good and an enthusiastic swordsman, and who respects and cherishes me almost as well as I deserve. True—and this is a melancholy reflection—I am no longer worn or used; I hang idly upon the wall, and feel that rust is a little affecting my iron constitution, which is, however—Heaven be thanked for it!—still vigorous and sound. I am as capable as ever I was of deadly use, nor are my fair proportions curtailed. I still, at times, glance with a certain complacent rapture down my triangular blade, tapering exquisitely till it ceases at my yet fine and insidious point. With me it is a time for thinking, for dreaming, and for musing. I cannot easily get at books, though there are plenty of them in my guardian's lonely rooms. He has a few other swords—three fine Elizabethan rapiers, for instance, which hang near me. I speak frankly and impartially; I have no bashful cunning, no affected reticence, and I am constrained to avow that, much as I esteem the romantic beauty of the rapier, I yet hold him to be a weapon *im Werden*, growing, and one which had not quite attained to my ideal combination of lightness, strength, grace, efficiency. One contemporary of my own—and we are naturally very intimate—is the last sword waved in the front of battle by an English king, that is, the sword which George II. wore and brandished on the day of Dettingen. He—I mean that sword—is heavier than I am; he has a touch of the regimental. On his blade are graven effigies of the twelve Apostles, done after the manner of that day, and

the fine steel bears likewise the device of a crown, and the name of its royal owner. Years ago we had met in society, and had then become good friends. I have leant against the wall, close to that sword, at a card party given by Madame de Walmoden, at which our owners were engaged at play.

Sometimes our present owner, in some idle mood, takes down from the wall me, or the Dettingen blade, and, in conflict with some imaginary opponent, lunges, parries, and passes, with a swordsman's ecstasy. Ah! if he could only know the pleasure that he gives us. I wish that he would do it oftener. To feel myself held once more in a swordsman's grip, and engaged, even in idle play, in the noble exercise which was the delight of my active day, of glorious fighting—why, it

Sends the old blood bounding free
Through pulse and heart and vein.

I throw off the load of years; of later years, joyless and supine, with rust eating into my vitals and lethargy enfeebling my vigor, and I am young and strong once more; I feel the olden thrill of the morning of the duel, of the night of the chance medley, and I glow with half-forgotten ardor, revived in faithful remembrance; I fancy the touch of a vanished hand, the crossings of the angry blades, and the successful lunge which drove me with impulse through the foeman's breast!

Yes, mine is now a death in life, and yet I do not, would not, wholly die. Sappho sings: "Death is evil; the gods have so judged: had it been good, they would die": and I would not pass away before my time. I have lived through much, and I am still a type and record of a time that has passed and gone for ever. I have yet one great delight. I live in memories, in memories that can never fade while I exist. In quiet, long, and lonely hours, as I hang upon the blank, unconscious wall, I think of the brave and of the fair, of the royal and noble, of the handsome and witty, of the generous and knightly, that I have known so well in the olden day. I have seen the court, and Parliament, society, the playhouse, the card-room, the tavern; I have often been in the *boudoir* of beauty, and my (scabbarded) point has been entangled in the ample robes

of the best and loveliest of a vanished time. I have been intimate with honor, love, pleasure, splendor, and I was ever welcome where cavalier and lady met. White hands have twined ribands (*her* colors) round my happy hilt, and bright eyes have looked with admiration, tempered with a little dread, upon my glittering blade, from which the blood had been wiped off. I have been drawn in many an honorable, if sometimes fantastic, quarrel, and I have seldom been sheathed again without honor. My blade no longer glitters; it is dull now, and the brightness has vanished from my life. What will be my fate if my

present owner should separate from me? I know not, and I dare not think. But, torpid and sorrowful as, in this degraded day, and in my lonely age, I am, there is still some life—the fond life of memory—in my tough old steel; and I thus seek to speak to men, even of a generation that I hold in scorn. I have found means of communicating with my most sympathetic owner (who is a person of singular intelligence), and I have conveyed to him all that he could understand of this imperfect and too brief hint and glimpse of THE STORY OF A SMALL-SWORD.
—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

"NOW LITHE AND LISTEN, GENTLEMEN!"

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING.

CHAPTER I.

LAMBERT ET FILS.

THERE used to be a shop on the ground floor and over it in dim, gilt letters—

LAMBERT ET FILS.

Nothing more.

I am speaking of the right-hand corner house in La Cité in Geneva—the right-hand corner as you come up from the Corraterie. You can hardly mistake the house. There is an old fountain right in front of it.

That the signboard bearing the name of Lambert et Fils should have nothing further on it is, perhaps, best accounted for by the fact that it would have been hard to put in one word what Lambert et Fils were. Only a few of their callings are named when it is said that they were vendors of books, ancient and modern, of pictures, of music; that they were stationers, wine-merchants, pianoforte-hirers, tuners, printers, and general agents. These facts they managed to indicate by the mere arrangement of their shop-window; and considering that the latter was not of that class presenting to view one vast sheet of plate-glass, but was the very smallest of possibly small, many-paned casements, one cannot help thinking that the tribute of warm admiration is due to Lambert et Fils. Placed lowest here was a row of bottles, dim and sawdusty enough to

guarantee more than respectable old age. Gaining fine relief from them were the newest things in visiting cards, congratulatory cards, condolence cards—cards to suit life in all its phases; some leaning against, some stuck in between, some peering from behind the bottles. Add a large assortment of pens and pencils and rubbers; add combination affairs consisting of pens and pencils and rubbers in one, arranged in rows on cardboard and looking thus arranged like so many notes of exclamation at their own wondrousness. Add paper of every species, laid about in packets and loose; add copy-books of every size and tint; add puzzle-boxes and a few sober toys (Lambert et Fils's provision for Jack); add tier upon tier of books, most of them rather dilapidated, but a few brand-new, notably some in gleaming Tauchnitz costume; add music in cheap and costly editions, and notice the card laid against a bulky volume of Beethoven: "Music lessons from a German. For terms inquire within of Lambert et Fils."

A similar card is laid against a volume of Dickens—"English lessons from a Lady. For particulars ask within of Lambert et Fils."

A third notice, the affair of Lambert et Fils themselves, is laid against a bottle in the lowest scale, and intimates that this firm has bought up the entire wine-cellar of a certain nobleman, &c., &c.

Let no one think, however, that all the placards in the window of Lambert et Fils are of a petitionary, alias pathetic, nature. One notice states, with a certain flourish in the handwriting, that they have here at their disposal a number of lucrative posts. For instance: "A young man, good linguist, with experience as commercial traveller, will find occupation" (salary not specified) "through Lambert et Fils." "A young lady, well acquainted with English, French, and German, half the sciences and all the arts" (Lambert et Fils give a full enumeration) "will find an engagement" (salary, twenty pounds a year) through Lambert et Fils.

A lucrative post, indeed!

The really remarkable circumstance, meanwhile, in connection with the shop at the corner of La Cité has yet to be mentioned; to wit, that while the sign-board over it implied joint ownership by a father and son, neither father nor son ever appeared in it. Lambert Fils had departed this life a year before the time of which I write, and Lambert Père, as a man of business, might be said to have expired with his son. In a little room behind the dingy shop sits a bowed old man, Lambert Père; more than a year has passed since Lambert Fils was carried out of that room to his last-resting place. Lambert Père still says to any one entering it:—

"What do you want? *Leave my son with me.*"

It had been what we call "death by accident"—sudden, terrible. The boat had gone down before the eyes of Lambert Père. The lake had closed over his son with him standing beside it; and its waters, with him standing beside it, had tumbled over and past each other and played at lap-lap as before. . . .

Folks touched their foreheads when they spoke of Lambert Père.

He rarely entered the shop after that first of May. In all but name the business was carried on by another.

CHAPTER II.

NATALIE LAMBERT.

STEP into the shop of Lambert et Fils and look well about you. When your eyes have got used to the half-dusk, you will see where the shadow is heaviest—the

figure of a woman. As she sits in the gloom were I to tell you that she is sixty, you would say, "A pretty old dame, and how young she looks for her age!" and were she to come out into the half-light (it is nowhere wholly light in the shop of Lambert et Fils), you would add, "Why yes, how remarkably young; something quite girlish about her."

And then, mayhap, you would fall to thinking how pretty she must have been in days gone by, this charming little old dame.

It would make one smile were it not so sad. The old dame, one year ago, was a young bright girl; the old dame has seen only twenty-two summers. Look at her twice—look at her well. It is never wholly light in the shop of Lambert et Fils; but the shadow round Natalie Lambert—the little quiet girl—is more than mere absence of daylight.

A tap at a private door leading into the shop and a gentleman enters.

"You, Doctor? Here is your book."

"Thank you." He seats himself at a desk which in better days was in daily use by Lambert Père, but is now half-hidden behind a screen.

He begins to read.

"About that second volume; I wanted to ask you—ah" (peering through the gloom), "he has gone."

The Doctor has not gone, but is intent on his book. A tinkle of the bell over the door first rouses him.

A subscriber to the library wants the newest novel.

Another tinkle. A lady, this time, and English, to judge from the fact that the seasons are boldly blended in her costume; summer and winter going hand in hand, if one may so say, in a tulle bonnet worn with a fur pelerine.

"There have been no applications," says Natalie, reading the question in her eyes. "The town, alas! is full of Englishwomen ready to give lessons."

There is pain in the smile of the nervous lips as the Englishwoman bends over the counter.

"H'm! yes, I suppose so. This little pencil is very ingenious. Will you wrap it up for me? Only ten centimes? How very cheap! Thank you. Quite a pleasant change in the weather, is it not? I may be passing again to-morrow."

And the tulle bonnet and fur pelerine and face with the pain in its smile pass out of the shop-door.

Another tinkle, and—heaven help us! another would-be Cræsus in the teaching profession. A different type, this. With a swing the door flies open, and a tall, fair young man enters. He seems to bring sunlight and joy with him, and looks curiously out of place amid the gloom of the little shop.

"No offers? I see it in your face, Mademoiselle," he says in a rich, pleasant voice. "It's just my luck. Why, this is something new" (taking up a book of songs). "A pretty air" (whistling it softly).

The girl's face changes. Something in the sunlight and the joy he brings with him; something in the music of his voice is inexpressibly pleasant.

"Go on, please," she says simply, as he stops.

"I cannot." He closes the book abruptly. His voice and face have changed.

CHAPTER III.

BUSINESS.

THE Doctor thinks it time to discover himself to the one who has not seen him.

"Natalie," he says.

"What! you here, Henri?"

"Yes. I'm glad you sometimes slip into calling me by my Christian name."

"I can but do so, if you call me by mine; though after what has passed—"

"Forget the past. Strange girl that you are, Natalie!"

"Never mind my strangeness. Did you notice that young German? He came in like a sunbeam and went out like a thunderbolt. I fancy he thought it presuming in me to ask him to go on whistling. I could not help myself."

"Indeed?"

The Doctor's voice is rather dry.

"I hope he will come again."

"Do you?"

"Yes; I should like to let him know of an opening of which I have heard at Berne for a young musician. Geneva is overstocked with teachers."

"Have you told him so?"

"More than once. He says he has made up his mind not to leave the town, if possible. *Ma foi!* young men are hopeful."

The Doctor smiles despite himself.

"You seem to take a sort of grandmotherly interest in the youth's success," he says. "I happen to know him personally, and shall be happy to bring to his knowledge all the particulars concerning that opening in Berne."

"Would you? Here is the letter I received on the subject" (handing it).

"Wait, Henri: business. In case he decides to apply for the post and obtains it, the fee to us—Lambert et Fils—will be two per cent. on his first year's salary. We would have him make up his mind without delay; as, in case he does not care for the appointment, some one else might."

"You would urge him to accept it, then?"

"H'm!—yes. It would be something, and might lead to better things. I fancy if he gains a footing anywhere he will make a career. Have you heard him on our pianos? He plays superbly—nay, more than that, there is music in his voice, his laugh, his whistle. I sometimes hear him when he is not here at all. Stay! somebody ringing again."

The Doctor watches her attend to the new-comer; then take out a file of accounts and busy herself over them. He returns the letter.

"Your musician will, I fancy, reappear. Perhaps you had better transact the matter yourself."

"Makes one hundred and five exactly. Well, yes; he has come every day for a month past. What an unreliable thing teaching is, to be sure. Did I say one hundred and five or one hundred and six just now?"

"One hundred and five."

This time the Doctor laughs outright.

"Hush!" The girl turns round with a frightened look. Lambert Père cannot endure the sound of laughter.

The Doctor's face darkens. "Really your life is made a second death, Sister Natalie."

As he speaks he carries her hand to his lips.

Another figure draws near.

"It is I, your only sister, Henri," says the new-comer, significantly. "Can you leave us?"

He goes, and the two women are left alone. The Doctor's sister is the first to speak.

"Natalie, what makes you look so happy? You make me tremble. Oh, how wicked men are!" impulsively. "His sister, indeed! I will speak to him myself." And she is gone almost as quickly as come.

CHAPTER IV.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

ANTOINETTE goes straight to the point.

"How dare you trifle with Natalie Lambert, Henri? She is my friend."

The Doctor answers with provoking calm: "What makes you think I trifle with her?"

"I have my eyes. If you are not in love, Natalie is. It is cruel to play at being her brother. You do not know but you are breaking her heart."

"Nay, dear," changing his tone, "I do. I know her to be in love, and loved. What would you say to hear that Natalie Lambert had changed her name to Natalie, Countess Glachen? Compose yourself a little; be seated," placing a chair with rather elaborate politeness. "I know there are two great mysteries to every girl with a brother: the first, how her particular friend can fall in love with any one else but her brother; the second, how her brother can fall in love with any one else but her particular friend. You married us years ago, that goes without saying. Now we avail ourselves of a Protestant privilege, and simultaneously sue for a divorce—the parties not agreeing."

"You mean to say—"

"I mean to say that Natalie Lambert feels towards me very much as she feels towards you, excepting, perhaps, that you come first in her liking: and that I feel towards Natalie Lambert very much as I feel towards you, save and excepting," smiling, "that you certainly come first in my liking. And now to the Glachen romance. You have heard me speak of a Count Glachen and his sister whom I met in Wiesbaden. I rather admired the Countess, a little woman with wonderful eyes—hard-headed, I fancy."

"Strange combination—wonderful eyes and hard head. But never mind your Countess. What about the Count and Natalie?"

"All in good time. To begin with, let me describe the young man. Very tall, very handsome, very talented, very eccentric, and—very music-mad."

"You have omitted *very rich*."

"Advisedly. I fancy, Antoinette, the family Glachen is anything but rich; but that has no special bearing on my story. Some months ago, Count Glachen came to Geneva, and seeing the various notices in the window of Lambert et Fils, conceived the highly original idea of adding one of his own to them. He called himself Herr Galhen. Natalie to this hour believes him to be a struggling music-master. You must have seen the notice: 'Music lessons from a German.'"

Antoinette nods.

"Well, for four weeks past our Count, as Herr Galhen, has himself daily 'inquired within' of Natalie, as Lambert et Fils, how matters stand with offers; and Natalie, as Lambert et Fils, has for that length of time daily broken to him, with more or less delicacy, the fact that the public want none of his music-lessons."

"Poor fellow!—I mean what a blessing! Why, this is simply delicious."

"Don't interrupt me, please," pedantically, "and—would you mind leaving my papers alone?" (Antoinette has been weaving initials—N. G., standing for Natalie Glachen—with a coronet above, and a castle suggestively looming in the distance.) "Haven't you got a bit of crochet or something about you that you could busy your hands with?"

"A bit of crochet, indeed!" with indignant scorn, and ruling a frame round the castle. "When will men cease to think that women are walking work-bags? Go on with your story, there's a dear old fellow, and don't be too ridiculous."

"Where was I? Well, he got no pupils, and now Natalie recommends him to try his fortune at Berne, where she has heard of an opening for a musician."

"Oh!" in a disappointed tone. "I thought we were going to have a romance."

"So we are. The Count is over head and ears in love with Natalie, and—"

"Natalie sends him off to Berne. Now listen to me, Henri. In novels the course of true love never runs

smooth. Folks dart about from place to place and from feeling to feeling, because it fills up so many chapters, and all comes right in the end, because the author has made up his mind that it shall be so; or else the thing ends miserably, but picturesquely, and you call it artistic. All very well in books; but I will never believe that real life can be handled like a novel. We must keep the Count in Geneva."

"We, as it happens, you wretched match-maker, have nothing to do in the matter. Not only does Natalie send the musician to Berne, but she lays stress on the fact that the fee due to her for recommending to him the aforesaid post is, if he obtain it, two per cent on his first year's salary. Commend me to your business women, Antoinette."

"Really, Henri," with a dismayed expression, "I have not common patience with you. Fancy seeing the humorous side to Natalie's throwing away her happiness like that! I can only account for her conduct on my old supposition that she is in love with you; and—"

"Nay, dear; no more of that. She is in love with the *soi-disant* musician, if ever a woman was in love."

"Pooh!—and that two per cent."

"You forget that she represents a firm; that she may not choose to lay her heart bare to one with whom, after all, she has only met on a business footing. Why; supposing even this act of hers causes the young man to declare himself, I am not at all sure that Natalie will give him an unconditional Yes."

"Yet you think she loves him."

"I know she does. But she only knows him as Herr Galhen, a man of talent, engaging in manner, good-looking, in fine—well, all that most women care for in men."

"And that most men," says Antoinette quietly, and gazing studiously into vacancy, "set no store by at all in women; having, 'in fine,' a soul above —. What have I said?"

This with an air of startled innocence, and catching a packet of envelopes which her brother tosses at her. "Proceed, lofty being."

"Do be sensible, Antoinette! Natalie only knows the German as Herr Galhen; however attractive, poor; and about to enter a profession in which

men seldom rise to affluence. She herself as the daughter of miser Lambert is, we know, heiress to a considerable fortune; in fact, one of the richest girls in Geneva. Will she so far act against the traditions of her family as to give herself and her very handsome fortune to a penniless young music-master? I almost fancy her father is not so changed but he would oppose the union."

"But your music-master is a nobleman. She would be a countess. If I know Lambert Père at all, he will not object to his daughter's marrying a count."

"Our German has not yet revealed himself as such. The romance, so far, is a game of hide-and-seek; and to tell you the truth I do not believe that ever answers in real life. I may be wrong, of course, but, as matters stand, I fancy Count Glachen's suit will meet with—No."

"Then I shall believe, as I always have believed, that Natalie, far from loving any other, loves—you."

The Doctor rises.

"Talk of the conceit of men," he exclaims, pacing the room, "the conceit of men's sisters is simply appalling. Do try, Antoinette, to grasp with both hands the fact that, incredible though it seem, Natalie has *rejected* me."

"Then you proposed to her?"

"Yes," flushing. "Some four weeks ago, swayed by your firm conviction that she was in love with me, against all my own heart told me to the contrary—and I never believed that she cared for me other than as I care for her—I was fool enough to propose to her. You, dear, had been in your tragic vein, and had accused me of trifling with one whom I value far too highly ever to trifle with her. Now you know all. I proposed to her. She was pained and surprised, and—"

"I am so sorry, Henri," with quivering lips.

"Never mind; it all sprang from your foolish sister's love. To continue with Natalie's story." So he lightly dismisses the subject, and Antoinette is herself again.

"Don't speak to me, Henri, for a while," she says. "I'm thinking."

The Doctor smiles. His sister "thinking" is an edifying spectacle.

She is leaning forward with both arms on his desk, and the evening sun which is streaming in at the window, streams over her fair bowed head. Being only a brother, the prettiness of the picture is somewhat thrown away on him. He takes out his watch.

"I will bind myself to be silent as the tomb for five minutes. After that no human power shall prevent my speaking."

Antoinette takes no notice of this. Only four minutes have passed when she herself renews the conversation, rather grandiloquently, as follows:

"It comes to this, Henri, that life is a wretched artist."

"I knew you were going to start some world-upsetting theory. A woman always does when she has had on her thinking-cap for two minutes. Be more explicit, my sister."

"In other words, we have in this corner house the elements of romance after romance and nothing comes of them."

"Of the elements?"

"Yes, dear. Try to be serious for once in your life. If there's one thing incenses me in men it is that on occasions of no importance whatever they assume an air of depressing seriousness, and at times really momentous aggravate one by their womanish frivolity."

"Bravo! Much as Sterne said of the gayest nation in the world, that it disappointed him only in being so solemn; so you say of the male sex that it disappoints you only in being so—womanish."

"No doubt Sterne," with indignation, "whose name I never heard before, was a great light; and of course you, Henri, are witty in the extreme; but that is neither here nor there. To return to the point from which I started." A woman worth calling such when she sees herself getting the worst of an argument, always votes for return to the starting-point. "What I call the elements of romance are: first, an uncommonly beautiful girl. You may look as you will; Natalie was never precisely your style; still she *is* uncommonly beautiful, with a beauty that women acknowledge. Men don't know what beauty is."

The Doctor begins to hum the only air he knows, a rather dismal one. Then he says meekly:

"If it would give you any particular

pleasure, I will admit that I regard you as especially plain-looking. You are remarkably unlike Natalie."

"Re-mark-ably," with emphasis. "But no—not plain-looking; there's your extreme again. It would be affectation for me to say that I do not know I am good-looking—pretty, in fact; though there is nothing in my face that a woman would look at beside Natalie's—no soul, no poetry; nothing that any one but a man would consider beauty. In fact, it's just the sort of face I should myself pooh-pooh."

"And do so," laughs the Doctor, vastly amused at these scathing remarks by a woman on her own specially pretty face.

"To keep to Natalie, however," says Antoinette. "As I have said, an uncommonly beautiful girl in the gloom of an old bookshop; father bowed down with grief (one might make much of that in a book), and up in the third story a young doctor, with a sister who is not a dragon—what more do you want for romance? Well, all this material is thrown away. The uncommonly beautiful girl chooses to view in the doctor an estimable young man and pleasant friend, absolutely nothing more. The young doctor, in the same prosy fashion, comes to regard the beautiful girl—"

"Uncommonly beautiful, please!"

"As—don't trip me up, Henri—in her way an admirable young person, much on a par with his good-looking but essentially commonplace sister. The latter in vain pulls every string; nothing comes of the acquaintanceship. So much for romance number one. Take number two: The girl, beautiful as ever, old bookshop, gloom and sad interest of every kind." Antoinette enumerates these features as though she were verily putting up the story for auction. "A discriminating count, posing as music-master, falls in love with her. She, acting on Heaven only knows what unhappy inspiration, sends him off to teach the piano at Berne, while she herself figures as a second Shylock—a pound of flesh or her two per cent."

"The pound of flesh is the outcome of your vivid imagination, Antoinette; otherwise the *résumé* is fairly correct. I confess I too am afraid that romance number two is about to collapse; un-

less, of course," laughing, "that doctor's sister, the good-looking but essentially commonplace young woman, of whom you spoke, can pull the strings a second time and with more success."

Antoinette contemplates her brother pensively. "If you could, Henri," she says, "for one moment restrain your burning desire to be witty, you really would, I think, be passable, as men go. Now listen to what I have to say, and try to follow me."

The Doctor with difficulty keeps from laughing outright. "Medusa, Sibyl, Oracle, Sphinx!" he exclaims with an oratorical wave; "whatever your name be, proceed. I will tax my weak brain to the uttermost to catch your meaning."

"How you do put one out with your childish nonsense," says Antoinette. "Not to go into details, let us take a survey of the case as it stands. Leading personages, a count in love with a girl socially his inferior and of whose wealth he has not the slightest conception. A girl in love with a man who appears in struggling circumstances and of whose rank no suspicion dawns on her mind. Minor personage:—"

"Allow me to continue, Antoinette. Minor personage, a commonplace but essentially good-looking—I beg your pardon—good-looking but essentially commonplace young woman, born match-maker, who knows the between and betwixts of the case and, in the critical moment—what more simple?—enlightens the count as to the state of the girl's finances, the girl as to the state of the struggling music-teacher's genealogical tree, this setting matters right in a twinkling."

Antoinette looks at her brother as though he presented some new and interesting psychological problem to her mind. Then she says, bursting into abstract matter in the style peculiar to herself: "It has always been a marvel in my eyes how men dare take up their pens as novelists."

"Yet a few have done so rather successfully," remarks the Doctor.

This again Antoinette treats as "neither here nor there," proceeding calmly:

"To me there is a clumsiness in their mode of dealing with delicate subjects; a sort of mental lumpishness about even

those who pass for cultivated among them" (the Doctor pretends to wince) "that makes it more than astonishing that they should try to vie with women in a species of literature which must, above all, need subtle handling. What do you say?"

"Mental lumpishness," dear, was good; but 'vie with women' was better," repeats the Doctor, by this time fairly shaking with laughter. "What would you think of returning to the starting-point? The ingrained coarseness of my nature made me fancy that it might be well to make known to the two leading personages in the romance what alone would make their union in the eyes of most rational beings, and certainly in the eyes of their respective relatives, not a *mésalliance*—the rank on the one side, the wealth on the other."

"You are not altogether wrong there," admits Antoinette, looking at the Doctor, much as a small girl sometimes looks at a big boy—in his way no doubt a fine production of nature's, but heavy; decidedly heavy. "In your groping, mannish way, dear, you are stumbling upon the right track. Would 'Countess Glachen, Wiesbaden,' find your hard-headed little countess, do you think? I, for my part, believe in nothing like the general post. Ah, I know" (translating literally her brother's directions), "to the highly well-born Countess of Glachen, Wiesbaden," exquisite German pompousness. Now when I have decided that this Count is in love with Natalie and she with him, which I have not done yet, I will write to the Countess as Natalie's friend, and—"

"Come in!" This very emphatic, but, it may seem, rather irrelevant exclamation on the part of the Doctor, is caused by a repeated knocking at the door.

"You, Count, how odd! We were just talking of you."

CHAPTER V.

THREE QUESTIONS.

SOMETHING in the Count's face made Antoinette feel that it was not the most suitable moment for them to be introduced. She passed into an inner room. The Count came forward.

"Excuse the question, Doctor—think

me a boor, think me a madman, think what you will—do you love Natalie Lambert? You don't! God bless you!" taking the Doctor's hand with German effusiveness; though, certes, the latter had not specially suited the tenor of his feelings to convenience him. "Another question—does Natalie Lambert love you? No! What a fool have I been then!"

The Doctor smiles. "Have you nothing further to ask?"

"Why, yes, if I may. Does Natalie Lambert to your knowledge—love any one?"

"I fancy she does; nay, I will dare to maintain that she loves with all a woman's love—you, Count Glachen."

Now, English reader, prepare to smile. Count Glachen is a German. Putting one hand on each of the Doctor's shoulders, to the considerable astonishment of that gentleman he—kisses him.

"A brother's salute. You have made me happy. I shall win her."

So saying, he is about to leave the room, but stops before an open photograph-case.

"Insatiable that you are," says the Doctor, laughing. "Are you not yet content? Here is the picture; you can have it on one condition; that" (earnestly) "if Natalie Lambert be not Countess Glachen by this day year you will return it to me."

"Agreed! *Ein Mann, ein Wort.*"

CHAPTER VI.

TWO LETTERS.

His letter (rather disjointed):—

"Natalie; I dare not face you. I am not Ernst Galhen, the music-master, but Count Glachen. Your friend the Doctor knows my sister and me.

"You will hate the lie that I have been acting. My darling, did you but know how I have learnt to love you! Dare I ask you to be my wife? Give me a little hope.

"ERNST GLACHEN."

Natalie's answer (very concise):—

"You have won my heart under false pretences, Count Glachen. I will be your wife when your sister intercedes for you. No sooner.

"NATALIE LAMBERT."

"My sister?" The Count bit his lips. Then he looked out writing materials, and wrote a letter to this, it would seem, formidable personage. Having covered three pages, he stopped.

"Too long, too long! and I don't seem to get to the point somehow. Not at all the style for Agnes."

He tore the letter and dashed off another. "Too short! Why, it sounds like a cannon-shot. The way to mad-den Agnes."

Perhaps the reader, from these rather conflicting remarks, can patch together the character of Agnes. One recalls the doctor's description: "a little woman with wonderful eyes—hard-headed, I fancy."

The Count began a third letter: "Pooh! too humble!" A fourth: "Too sentimental!" A fifth: "Absurdly arrogant!" this with parenthetical ejaculations to the effect that Agnes detested humility, would sicken at sentimentality, and bristle all over at arrogance; all of which features, however strange in themselves, are, when you come to think on the matter, perhaps just what might be expected from a little woman with wonderful eyes, but hard-headed. And that is the type of woman that goes to form the backbone of humanity.

"Yes, quite absurdly arrogant," groaned the Count, as he contemplated the opening sentence of his last letter; and, truth to say, besides being rather obscure, it was not of the most conciliatory nature. It ran as follows:—

"Dear Agnes,—To come to the point at once; you may as well put a good face on the matter, and do the thing peaceably, for I won't be thwarted, mind."

"The simplest plan, after all, will be for me to go to her. Stay! I forget; she's at that — Frankfort!" (It seems unnecessary to give the qualifying word used by the Count. It had no special appositeness applied to the good old city of bankers, and merely reflected the mood of the gentleman speaking; a mood of the type by Professor Bain called "explosive.") "Let me see! She will not be back till Thursday, this day week. Time to start on Tuesday."

Two hours later Count Glachen was on his way to Bâle. From Bâle he jour-

neyed to Paris, and from Paris on the Thursday following returned to Wiesbaden. Why he chose the above peculiar route I cannot say.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEWS IS BROKEN TO AGNES.

A LOW-CEILED, small, square room, with gray-blue paper, gray-blue window sash, gray-blue window-curtains, gray-blue furniture. The owner of it likes things light. The very books on the book-shelves are most of them in light bindings; the pictures, consisting of much hanging-material, much frame, much setting, and (truth to say) very little picture, are light. *Æstheticism* reigns supreme here. We are in Wiesbaden. Where we have no pictures we have plaques; where we have no plaques we have vases; where we have no vases we have figures, miniature figures most of them, not of gods and goddesses (their day has past); not of men famed for mind nor of women for grace; not works of art telling of a world of heroism, of intellect; not things of beauty. Their day has past. Here you may see a misshapen horse with monstrous legs (Egyptian); a cow with a canine head and general appearance anything but bovine (Japanese). Shepherds and shepherdesses abound. Add a Noahsarkian collection of birds, notably those of the owl and parrot family. *En passant* notice one or two miniature tables, a couch, and one or two chairs. Not a surplus of the useful, certainly. One tries to think with Michelet: "*Le sublime, c'est l'inutile.*"

"Well, *mon ami*," says the Countess, entering. Yes, we are in Wiesbaden, where ladies of rank speak a mixture of French and German. As she sits down we may as well take a look at the Count's sister. She has eyes like the sea, neither green nor blue, nor grey. She herself maintains that in this respect they harmonize with her window-curtains and the general tone of her room; green-grey-blue. This is a point which might be disputed; they are darkly-fringed, and suggest a few ideas that the window-curtains and general tone of the room do not. The rest of her face may

be quickly summarised:—a truthful forehead, a small firm mouth (perhaps a trifle too small and firm), little white teeth and a piquant nose. Her hair is some shade of brown, tightly braided behind (*die englische Frisur*, they call this in Germany), but cut in front and brushed back—a fringe in disguise. She has small feet and a perfect figure; she dresses with studied taste.

So much for the little woman of the Doctor's description.

As she sits facing her brother, she slides a ring up and down her finger (a trick she has) and her color comes and goes; facts hard to reconcile with the firmness of her mouth, the steady gaze of her eyes.

The Count draws a photograph from his pocket.

"That is she," he says, as though he had been talking to his sister on the subject of Natalie for an hour past.

The Countess smiles.

"You are specially lucid; but never mind. Which do you mean? The blonde? Is it possible, Ernst, you have not noticed that there are two girls on the picture?"

"Why, yes." The Count looks rather foolish. "But she is of course the dark one; the one with the finer face; the one with the eyes."

"Thank you. I may as well say in passing that they have both of them eyes. Still you are right; the dark one has the finer face; nay, her face is more than fine, it is lovely. So this is my sister-in-law that is to be."

So far all goes well. The Count thinks of the corner shop and groans.

Neither speak for a while.

"What is her name?" asks the Countess at last.

"Lambert."

"I mean her Christian name."

"Natalie." The Count begins to doubt that he is in his right mind. "I cannot understand that you do not ask *what* she is," he exclaims at last.

"Well, *what* is she?" lightly. "Not a—*a* dressmaker, I hope."

"No! not a—*a* dressmaker," with considerable emphasis.

"A governess?"

"No, indeed!" vehemently; then the irrationality of this tone perhaps striking

himself, more meekly, "at least, no—not a governess."

"I give it up."

"Well, the fact is, there's no good mincing matters; as far as I can make out, she's a little of everything: wine-merchant, book-seller, lending-librarian, pianoforte-hirer, tuner, stationer, printer, agent. Don't look so bewildered, Agnes."

That lady has carried her hand to the seat of reason and looks as mystified as ever mortal woman looked.

"You mean all these callings are pursued by her family, I suppose," she says at last, "and you want to bring on us the wine-merchant, the bookseller, the pianoforte-tuner, the printer and—the rest," this with the spasmodic grimace which boys call gulp.

"No, no" (the Count visibly writhes). "She is all these things herself, dear; at least her father is, and he, as well as I know, is mad, and—it does sound dreadful, certainly—but if you could only see the girl. As it is, you're taking it better than I fancied you would."

The Countess tries to suppress a smile. He speaks as though "it" were a dose of cod-liver oil at the least.

"The simplest plan, I fancy," she says, "will be for me to go back to Geneva with you. What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Only—what have you been doing yourself, Agnes, while I have been away?"

"At this question the Countess bursts into such a peal of laughter, that one all but marvels at its not upsetting the gravity of the Japanese cow and the Egyptian horse, not to mention the various other melancholy-looking bipeds and quadrupeds with which she has surrounded herself.

"I?" she says. "Well, I, in your absence, have become engaged to a man in my own walk of life, and with just enough money for us, I fancy, to vegetate together in orthodox style to the end of our days."

"Count Reichen?"

"Yes. There's a certain lack of poetry about the thing, I admit. If he represented some half-dozen trades at once——"

"Spare me, Agnes," says the Count, almost shuddering at this picture. "How illogical you women are!"

CHAPTER VIII.

END.

Two days later Count and Countess Glachen are in Geneva, and a note is brought to the corner house of La Cité. It is from Countess Glachen to Natalie, and runs as follows:—

"In the eyes of the world, Mademoiselle Lambert, you might act more wisely than to ally yourself to a nobleman of no fortune whatever. I fail to see on what grounds I could, in my brother's interest, oppose your union with him. Believe me ready at any moment to greet you as a sister.

"AGNES GLACHEN."

What need to tell the rest?

"I never regret," says Antoinette, some months afterwards when Count and Countess Natalie Glachen are on their honeymoon, "I never regret that I wrote that letter to Countess Agnes, mentioning all the sad and strange interest in the life of our friend Natalie, the beautiful, motherless heiress. Did she ever tell you, Henri, the way her brother broke the news to her? Oh, you men!"

Henri takes no notice of this apostrophe to the sex.

"The best of the story to me is," he says thoughtfully, "that the Count never gained an inkling of Natalie's wealth till quite the last thing. I am sure the news of her money came on him quite like a shock."

"Yes, I think it did. But that, you know, is a kind of shock I feel certain a man lives down."

"If you are not the veriest cynic, Antoinette! One never knows what sarcasm may be coming."

"Nay;" Antoinette lays her hand on his arm. "Yet it does indeed sound cynical; so many true things do. If you knew, dear, how happy I am for Natalie! How you can say she is not the loveliest woman in the world I cannot conceive. Now did she not look a beautiful bride?"

"Somebody whispered to me that one of the bridesmaids looked quite as beautiful."

"Bah!—you need not speak a word in that 'somebody's' favor. If I've told him once, I've told him twenty

times that I am not going to marry till I'm forty."

"Then you must go to England." With Henri, as with most Frenchmen, it is an ineradicable conviction that it is more common than not for ladies in England to marry between forty and sixty; women in their fifth and sixth decade being, among us, regarded as in the pride of girlhood.

One more peep at Count Ernst and Countess Natalie. A year has passed and Lambert Père has been gathered to his fathers. The young couple have built a villa in the Sonnenberg Strasse in Wiesbaden. No one knows what the Countess's fortune is; but no Glachen of the generation has lived, or lives, in such style as Count Ernst. The world of Wiesbaden found a good many spiteful things to say in the Franco-German

tongue, in which the "world" there speaks, while the villa in the Sonnenberg Strasse was in the process of building, but when the Count appeared on the scene with the Countess, its remarks dwindled down into this: that the introduction among them of a Countess, *née* Lambert—especially one so young, so lovely (so "apart" said a certain serene highness, using the favorite Wiesbaden word) was not so "compromettirend," so "blamirend," and divers other curious things ending in "irend," but that, with the exception of some individuals themselves only lately ennobled, and consequently "penibel," the grandees of the gay little *Cur-Stadt* might cordially welcome among them Natalie, Countess Glachen.

Do you happen to know the Sonnenberg Strasse in Wiesbaden? The Villa is called "Villa Natalie."—*Belgravia*.

THE BIRTH OF MOUNTAINS.

PRETENDERS to longevity usually turn out upon strict inquiry to be hoary impostors: they are not half so aged in reality as they make themselves out to be. Mountains themselves, for all their show of antiquity, form no exception to this almost universal rule of evidence. The eternal hills have no proper claim to the honors of eternity; some of them, indeed, which now hold their heads very high in the world, and go in for coronets of snow or diadems of ice, and so forth (for particulars of which see the poets), are really of very modern origin, and cannot show half so good a pedigree after all as many an unobtrusive little granite knoll, upon which they now look down with sublime scorn from the proud height of their *parvenu* complacency. "As old as the hills" seems to most of us the extreme limit of possible age; and yet, since all created things must needs at some time have had a beginning, it is immediately obvious to the meaneast capacity—and much more, then, to the courteous reader—that even the eternal hills themselves must in their own time have slowly passed through the various stages of infancy, childhood, adolescence, and full maturity. Old as they are, they have yet once been young and

foolish; grey as they are, they have yet once been green and grassy; solemn as they are, they have yet once indulged in a boisterous, noisy, and even skittish youth, before settling down by slow degrees into the sober respectability of middle age. Every dog has his day, and the eternal hills have had theirs. As little hills they have skipped audaciously; they have grown and grown by slow increment; they have passed gradually from a state of youthful activity and mobility and life to a state of discreet and immovable senile solidity. Yet many of them are young at heart even now, and some of them, that look demure enough on ordinary occasions, are still distracted by fiery passions within, which rend and tear them from time to time with fierce convulsions in their inmost bowels.

Yes, the eternal hills have had a beginning, and the beginning was often far more modern than most people usually imagine. There are small hillocks in these islands of Britain that were already great mountains while the Alps and the Himalayas still lay slumbering sweetly beneath half-a-mile of superincumbent ocean. Indeed, as a general rule, it may be said that the biggest mountains

are very new, and that the oldest mountains are very small. Size is here no criterion of age; for when once a mountain has ceased growing and attained maturity, it begins to grow down again, by mere wear and tear, until at last wind and weather, rain and river, have slowly beaten it back to the level of the plain from which it sprang. Let us look briefly at the whole life-history of an adult mountain, thus regarded as an organic unity, from the time when it first begins to raise its young head timidly from the mother ocean, to the time when, decrepit and worn-out, a broken remnant, it loses individuality altogether in the broad expanse of the surrounding lowlands.

Everybody in these days knows, of course, that every mountain worth speaking of (bar the inevitable exceptions that "prove the rule") has once been a portion of the sea-bottom. Unless it be a volcano or self-made mountain, the rocks and stones of which it is composed have been laid down, some time or other, on the bed of some forgotten and primæval ocean. So much all the world has long known, ever since geology as a science first fought its way against severe odds into general recognition; but, strange to say, it has only been in very recent years indeed that any real progress has been made in the comprehension of the life-history of mountains. They had once lain *perdu* at the bottom of the sea; they now soar away among the moist, cold, and uncomfortable clouds:—that was all that science could tell us about them; but how they got there or what pushed them up was for many years an insoluble mystery.

Your volcano, indeed, may at once be put out of court in this respect, because every one can see at a glance the *modus operandi* of the common volcano. Like a clumsy conjuror it does the trick openly before your eyes; it lets you see it in the very act of tossing out great showers of stones and ashes, which fall symmetrically on every side, and produce the well-known regular cone that one sees exemplified in the sugar-loaf outline of Etna or Fusi Yama, or in the topmost summit of Vesuvius itself. Or again, in some other cases, your volcano works by squirting up a

mass of viscid lava through a fissure in the earth, and allowing it to cool slowly into dome-shaped mountains like the Puys of Auvergne, or the odd-looking Mamelors of the African islands. Either of these cheap and easy ways of forming a mountain is simple enough to understand; but then, they only explain themselves; they cast no light at all upon that other and vastly larger group of mountains which have been slowly raised by secular action from the bottom of deep and ancient oceans. We don't, most of us, come across many active or even extinct volcanoes in the course of a lifetime. I could count, myself, on the fingers of one hand, the total number of confirmed smokers of this description that I have ever met with in all my wanderings. Teneriffe and Pico, Hecla and Cotopaxi do not fall in everybody's way casually during the average spell of a summer holiday. The mountain with whose personal peculiarities we are most of us most familiar—the average Swiss, or Scotch, or Welsh specimen—consists mainly or entirely of sedimentary material from the sea-bottom, and is only very remotely connected in any way with volcanic action. How did such an eternal hill as this begin to be, and what power raised it from abysmal degradation to its present proud and lofty position in the world of mountains?

I don't suppose that, to answer this question, we could possibly do better than take the life-history of the Alps themselves, as expounded for us in very choice geological English by Professor Judd and other observers, whose remarks I shall humbly endeavor to the best of my ability to translate here into the vernacular dialect.

Once upon a time there were no Alps—indeed, during the whole vast primary period of geology (embracing in all probability four-fifths of the duration of life upon this planet) there is every reason to believe that central Europe lay consistently and persistently beneath the depths of the sea. The German Ocean was then really conterminous with the whole of Germany, and the Sea of Rome embraced the greater part of Catholic Europe. It was only at the opening of the secondary period—the age of the great marine lizards—that the first faint embryo of the baby Alps began

to be formed. Now, the origin of a mountain chain is not really due, as most people used once to imagine, to a direct vertical up-thrust from below, as when you push a handkerchief up with a pencil—the old lecture illustration; its causes and conditions are far more complex and varied than that; it is, in fact, strange as it may sound to say so, a result of subsidence rather than of upheaval—a symptom rather of general shrinkage than of local eruption. For nothing can shrink without wrinkling and corrugating its surface; a result which one commonly sees alike in a withered apple, an old man's hand, and a dry pond cracked and fissured all over by the hot sun. The Alps are thus ultimately due to the shrinkage of the earth upon its own centre; they are dislocations of the crust at a weak point, where it finally collapsed, and threw up in collapsing a huge heap of tangled and contorted rubbish.

The beginning of the Alps, in fact, was due to the development in Permian times—everybody is, of course, quite familiarly acquainted with the Permian period—of a line of weakness in the earth's crust, right along the very centre of what is now Switzerland, but what was then probably nowhere in particular. The line of weakness thus produced showed itself overtly by the opening of a number of fissures in the solid crust, like cracks in a ceiling—not, indeed, visible to the naked eye of any inquiring saurian who may have chanced to investigate the phenomena in person, but manifesting their existence none the less by the outburst along their line of volcanic vents, hot springs, geysers, and all the other outer and visible signs of direct communication with the heated regions beneath the earth. From these fissures masses of lava, tuff, and other volcanic materials rapidly poured forth, some of which still form the core of the Alpine system, though most of them are buried at the present day under other layers of later deposition.

"Aha," you say, "so after all, in spite of promises to the contrary, the Alps themselves turn out to be at bottom of volcanic origin." Not a bit of it: let us suspend judgment for the present. The actual Alps as we know them to-day are of far later and more modern

date. The very next thing the volcanoes did after bursting out frantically into action was to disappear bodily beneath the bed of the ocean. This is a very common and natural proceeding on the part of extensive volcanic ranges. First they pop up and then they pop down again. You see, the line of weakness had resulted in the pouring out of immense quantities of molten lava, in some places twelve or fifteen thousand feet thick; and that necessarily left a hole below, besides piling up a lot of very heavy matter on top of the hole thus occasioned. The natural consequence was a general collapse; the age of great volcanic outbursts was followed by an age of gradual subsidence. Of course the young Alps, already a very sturdy infant range, didn't sink all in a moment beneath the engulfing waters of the Triassic sea. All through the Triassic period—the age of the English salt beds—smaller volcanoes went on pushing themselves up more or less feebly from time to time, and doing their level best to frighten the big lizards with their molten ejections; but still the support was steadily removed from below this portion of the earth's crust, and the weight above made it sink slowly, slowly, slowly beneath the waters of the sea, just as southern Sweden is now sinking, an inch at a time, under the brackish waves of the encroaching Baltic. Streets in Swedish towns, originally built, no doubt (like most other streets), above high-water mark, now lie below the tide (which must be very uncomfortable for their owners), with other earlier and still lower streets beneath and beyond them. The whole peninsula, in fact, is gradually disappearing beneath the waters of the Baltic, as regardless as Mr. George himself of the vested interests of the landed proprietors. Just so, in all probability, by very slow degrees the Triassic volcanoes sank and sank, till at last the blue Triassic sea flowed uninteruptedly over the whole of Switzerland. During all the Triassic time, indeed, the igneous forces were getting gradually exhausted, and by the close of that long period they had fallen into a pitiable state of complete extinction.

Year after year and age after age the buried core of the future Alps went on sinking further and yet further under

the deepening waters of an ever profounder and profounder ocean. One kind of sediment after another was deposited on top of it, and these sediments, of very diverse hardnesses and thicknesses, form the mass of the rocks of which the existing Alps are now composed. The line of weakness occupied most probably the centre of the great Mediterranean thus produced; for the sediments lie far thicker in the Alps themselves than round the shallow edges of the sea, in whose midst they were laid down. In fact, many of the strata which, away from the Alpine axis, measure only hundreds of feet thick, increase along that central line till their thickness may rather be measured by thousands. The united depth of all the sediments accumulated along the sinking line during the whole secondary age amounts to about ten miles. In other words, the core of the Alps must have sunk from fifteen thousand feet above the sea to at least ten miles below it. Not, of course, that the sea itself was ever ten miles deep, for the sediment went on accumulating all the time, and sinking and sinking as fast as it accumulated; but the volcanic core, which was once perhaps nearly a mile above sea level, must at last have sunk far beneath it, with not less than ten miles of accumulated rubbish lying on its top.

With the setting in of the tertiary period—the age of the great extinct mammals—opens the third chapter in the history of the origin and rise of the Alps. The troughlike hollow, filled with thick layers of sediment, which then covered the line of weakness in the earth's surface, began to be pressed, and crushed, and pushed sideways by the lateral strain of the subsiding crust. Naturally, as the crust falls in slowly by its own weight upon the cooling centre, it thrusts from either side against the weakest points, and in so doing it twists, contorts, and crumples the layers of rock about the lines of weakness in the most extraordinary and almost incredible fashion. To put it quite simply, if a solid shell big enough to cover a globe of so many miles in diameter is compelled to fall in, so as to accommodate itself to the shrunken circumference of a globe so many miles less in diameter, it must necessarily form folds

every here and there, in which the various layers of which it is composed will be doubled over one another in picturesque confusion. Such a fold or doubling of the layers are the Alps and the Jura. Our world is growing old and growing cold; and as it waxes older and colder it shrinks and shrinks, and shakes and quivers, so that its coat is perpetually getting a little too big for it, and has to be taken in at the seams from time to time. The taking in is done by the simple and primitive method of making a bulging tuck. The Alps are situated just above a seam, and are themselves one of the huge bulging tucks in question.

The inner hot nucleus of the globe (which is not liquid, as the old-fashioned geologists did vainly hold, but solid and rigid) contracts faster than the cooler outside. The cold upper shell therefore falls in upon it more or less continually, and thus, occupying less horizontal space, must necessarily cause great lateral pressure. Imagine for a moment a solid weight of millions upon millions and millions of tons all falling in towards a common centre, and all squeezing sideways the parts about the crack at which the crust of the earth is weakest. The present structure of the Alps shows us admirably how enormous is the force thus exerted. The solid rocks which compose their surface are twisted and contorted in the most extraordinary way, great groups of strata, once horizontal, being folded over and over each other, exactly as one might fold a carpet in several layers. Professor Heim, of Zurich, has shown by careful measurements that the strata of rock which now go to make up the northern half of the central Alps alone once occupied just twice as much horizontal space as they do at present. The crushing and folding due to the lateral pressure has been powerful enough to wrinkle up the different layers, and throw them back upon one another like a blanket doubled over and over, in huge folds, that often reach from base to summit of lofty mountains, and stretch over whole square miles of the surface of Switzerland. According to Professor Heim, the folding of the crust has been so enormous, that points originally far apart have been brought seventy-four

miles nearer one another than they were at the beginning of the movement of pressure. In fact, Switzerland must have been originally quite a large country, with some natural pretensions to be regarded in the light of a first-rate European power; but its outside has been folded over and over so often that there is now very little of it left upon the surface. What it once possessed in area it has nowadays to take out in elevation only.

Of course, if you make such colossal folds as these in solid rocks and other comparatively incompressible materials, you must necessarily raise them a great deal above the original level. You must put the extra material somewhere, and to heap it up in huge folds is the simplest and easiest thing to do with it. At the same time the compression is so immense that it succeeds in hardening and altering the composition of the rocks themselves, so much so that even if you pick out a single small piece of the stone you will find it puckered and crumpled in the most intricate manner by the enormous side-thrust of half a continent. Masses of soft clay, like that sticky stuff thrown up in laying down London gas-pipes, have been pressed close into the condition of hard roofing slates by the lateral pressure. Soft muds have been hardened and thickened into crystalline rock, and sands converted into solid masses as dense as granite. The whole great fold of crumpled, hardened, and distorted strata, thus piled confusedly one on top of the other, is the modern Alps, and the minor folds that lead up to it compose the lesser parallel ranges, like the Jura, that run quietly along their foot. In some parts of the Jura these folds follow one another in regular undulations, exactly like so many thicknesses of cloth, puckered up into ridges and hollows by side pressure.

That, put briefly, is just how the Alps came to be raised visibly above the earth's surface. They are there, not because they were pushed up from below, but because they were crushed up sideways by the collapsing earth-crust: they represent not vertical thrust, but lateral pressure. How terrific, says everybody, must have been the grand convulsion of nature to which so enormous a mass of

mountains was originally due! Not a bit of it. The convulsion of nature was probably not in the least terrific. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that it continues its slow, quiet, and unobtrusive action uninterruptedly even down to the present day. The Alps are still being built up yet higher by the selfsame side-thrust, and the occasional earthquakes to which they have always been subject are good evidence that the work of mountain-making still proceeds slowly within them. What a comfort to reflect, when one's hotel is rudely shaken on the Lake of Geneva or at Interlaken, that the shake has probably added half an inch to the stature of Mont Blanc or the Bernese Oberland! For aught we mortals know to the contrary, the Matterhorn itself may still be regarded in cosmical circles as a rising mountain. To be sure, during the period of greatest movement there may have been from time to time occasional paroxysms far more violent than any that have occurred in Switzerland during historical ages—terrific pangs of Mother Earth in labor—but on the other hand there may not. Slow and steady pressure long exerted would amply suffice to account for all the twists and folds, the distortions and dislocations, of the Swiss Alps as we see them at present.

But the existing contour of the various chains is not, of course, the contour due to the original upheaval or folding process. Nature is a very perverse goddess: the first thing she does is to heave up a mountain-range, and the very next thing she tries to do is to knock it down again as fast as possible. No sooner is a ridge raised to an appreciable height above the surrounding plain than wind and rainfall, torrent and glacier, do their best to wear it down once more to indistinguishable uniformity with the neighboring country. Water, as we all know, is the great leveller, the most democratic among the forces of nature; it brings down the mountain from its lofty height, and fills up lake and valley and estuary and ocean with the powdered detritus it has slowly worn from the disintegrated summit. As rain, it washes away soil and crumbles rocks; as river or torrent, it cuts itself deep ravines and precipitous gorges; as ice,

it grinds down hills, and wears profound glens among the solid strata; as snow, it equalizes all the rugged surfaces with its deceptive covering of virgin white. So, even while the upward movement of the Alps was still in active and constant progress, the reverse process of disintegration must have been steadily going on, side by side with it, in a thousand unobtrusive minor ways. The whole existing contour of dome and *aiguille*, peak and valley, gorge and scarp, chasm and corrie, is due to the continuous close interaction of these two forces—the upheaving and the disintegrating, the building and the unbuilding.

If the force which raised the mountains had acted all at once, and no disintegrating action had afterwards taken place, the Alps would have consisted on the whole of one great folded mass, led up to by a number of lesser undulations, and rising at the centre into a huge boss or elongated hog's back, which might, perhaps, be more or less broken here and there by an occasional dislocation. They would have formed, not a varied range of mountains, but a continuous ridge. From the picturesque point of view, such an Alp as this would be practically worthless; it would be nothing more than one gigantic down, without any variety, romance, or mystery—a mere dome of swelling rock, covered on the summit by a curved sheet of monotonous, dull, and uninteresting snow. Fortunately for the British tourist and the canny Swiss hotel-keeper, nature managed the thing in a different way. Frost and rain scarped out the range, as fast as it rose, into jagged peaks like those of Chamouni, or precipitous cliffs like those of Grindelwald. Rivers carved out for themselves deep glens like that of the Valais, and glaciers wore themselves profound beds like that of the Mer de Glace, or round lake basins like those of the Grimsel. The softer parts were cut away by this ceaseless action of wind and rain and frost and ice-sheet; the harder and more crystalline portions alone were left behind, scarred and weathered into fantastic shapes as jagged peak or craggy summit. The final outcome of the whole process is the modern Alps, as we actually see them—rising here into snow-clad bosses, jutting out there in naked

needles; traversed at one spot by deeply-cut torrents, sculptured at another into beautiful valleys. "They remain," says Professor Geikie, "a marvellous monument of stupendous earth-throes, followed by a prolonged gigantic denudation." The whole mass is not, in short, nearly so high as it would have been had erosion never kept pace with elevation; but it is a thousand times more picturesque, more varied, more wonderful, and more dangerous. I add the last epithet advisedly, out of compliment to the genius of the Alpine Club.

Professor Judd has well shown how great is the amount of wear and tear to which mountains are thus subjected, and how enormous is the loss of material they undergo, in the case of the extinct volcano of Mull, which rose during the not very remote Miocene period to a height of some ten or twelve thousand feet above the sea level. It had a diameter of thirty miles at its base, and its great cone rose gigantic like that of Etna, or of Fusi on a Japanese fan, far into the sky, unseen by any eye save that of the half-human, ape-like creatures whose rude fire-marked flint flakes the Abbé Bourgeois has disinterred from contemporary strata in the north of France. Since the Miocene days, rain and frost and wind and weather have wreaked their will unchecked upon the poor old broken-down, ruined volcano, till now, in its feeble old age, its youthful fires long since extinguished, it stands a mere worn stump, consisting of a few scattered hills, none of which exceeds three thousand feet in height above sea level. All the rest—cone and ashes, lava and débris—has been washed away by the pitiless rain, or split and destroyed by the powerful ice-wedges, leaving only the central core of harder matter, with a few outlying weather-beaten patches of solid basalt and volcanic conglomerate.

All the other great mountain chains of the earth have been produced in the same way as the Alps, and have passed through exactly parallel phases. But many isolated mountains and lesser hills have a somewhat different and simpler origin, being really nothing more than harder masses of a once continuous upland plain, which have resisted the disintegrating action of rain and wind far

longer than the softer and more friable surrounding portions. It should be remembered, too, that all the great existing chains are of very recent origin indeed. There do exist in Europe many very ancient mountain ranges; but these consist for the most part of worn-down and degraded relics of far higher original masses—the central core of now disintegrated Alps and Himalayas. The older a range, the lower it must be; the higher a range, the newer its origin.

I cannot better close this brief *résumé* of the life-history of an eternal hill than by quoting the lucid summing-up of Professor Judd on the origin and progress of a young mountain. "It will be seen," he says, "that mountain chains may be regarded as cicatrised wounds in the earth's solid crust. A line of weakness first betrays itself at a certain part of the earth's surface by fissures, from which volcanic outbursts take

place; and thus the position of the future mountain chain is determined. Next, subsidence during many millions of years permits of the accumulation of the raw materials out of which the mountain range is to be formed; subsequent earth-movements cause these raw materials to be elaborated into the hardest and most crystalline rock-masses, and place them in elevated and favorable positions; and, lastly, denudation sculptures from these hardened rock-masses all the varied mountain forms. Thus the work of mountain-making is not, as was formerly supposed by geologists, the result of a simple upheaving force, but is the outcome of a long and complicated series of operations." That is the last word of modern science on the birth, the babyhood, and the maturity of mountains.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE THRUSH IN FEBRUARY.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

I know him, February's thrush,
And loud at eve he valentines
On sprays that paw the naked bush
Where soon will sprout the thorns and bines.

Now ere the foreign singer thrills
Our vale his plain-song pipe he pours,
A herald of the million bills;
And heed him not, the loss is yours.

My study, flanked with ivied fir
And budded beech with dry leaves curled,
Perched over yew and juniper,
He neighbors, piping to his world:

The wooded pathways dank on brown,
The branches on grey cloud a web,
The long green roller of the down,
An image of the deluge-ebb:

And farther, they may hear along
The stream beneath the poplar row.
By fits, like welling rocks, the song
Spouts of a blushful Spring in flow.

But most he loves to front the vale
When waves of warm South-western rains
Have left our heavens clear in pale,
With faintest beck of moist red vanes:

Vermilion wings, by distance held
To pause aflight while fleeting swift :
And high aloft the pearl inshelled
Her lucid glow in glow will lift :

A little south of colored sky ;
Directing, gravely amorous,
The human of a tender eye
Through pure celestial on us.

Remote, not alien ; still, not cold ;
Unraying yet, more pearl than star ;
She seems a while the vale to hold
In trance, and homelier makes the far.

Then Earth her sweet unscented breathes ;
An orb of lustre quits the height ;
And like broad iris-flags, in wreaths
The sky takes darkness, long ere quite.

His Island voice then shall you hear,
Nor ever after separate
From such a twilight of the year
Advancing to the vernal gate.

He sings me, out of Winter's throat,
The young time with the life ahead ;
And my young time his leaping note
Recalls to spirit-mirth from dead.

Imbedded in a land of greed,
Of mammon-quakings dire as Earth's,
My care was but to soothe my need ;
At peace among the littleworths.

To light and song my yearning aimed ;
To that deep breast of song and light
Which men have barrenest proclaimed ;
As 'tis to senses pricked with fright.

So mine are these new fruitings rich
The simple to the common brings ;
I keep the youth of souls who pitch
Their joy in this old heart of things :

Who feel the Coming young as aye,
Thrice hopeful on the ground we plough ;
Alive for life, awake to die ;
One voice to cheer the seedling Now.

Full lasting is the song, though he,
The singer, passes : lasting too,
For souls not lent in usury,
The rapture of the forward view.

With that I bear my senses fraught
Till what I am fast shoreward drives.
They are the vessel of the Thought.
The vessel splits, the Thought survives.

Naught else are we when sailing brave
Save husks to raise and bid it burn.
Glimpse of its livingness will wave
A light the senses can discern

Across the river of the death,
Their close. Meanwhile, O twilight bird
Of promise! bird of happy breath!
I hear, I would the City heard.

The City of the smoky fray;
A prodded ox, it drags and moans:
Its Morrow no man's child; its Day
A vulture's morsel beaked to bones.

It strives without a mark for strife;
It feasts beside a famished host:
The loose restraint of wanton life,
That threatened penance in the ghost!

Yet there our battle urges; there
Spring heroes many: issuing thence,
Names that should leave no vacant air
For fresh delight in confidence.

Life was to them the bag of grain,
And Death the weedy harrow's tooth.
Those warriors of the sighting brain
Give worn Humanity new youth.

Our song and star are they to lead
The tidal multitude and blind
From bestial to the higher breed
By fighting souls of love divined.

They scorned the ventral dream of peace,
Unknown in nature. This they knew:
That life begets with fair increase
Beyond the flesh, if life be true.

Just reason based on valiant blood
The instinct bred afield would match
To pipe thereof a swelling flood,
Were men of Earth made wise in watch.

Though now the numbers count as drops
An urn might bear, they father Time.
She shapes anew her dusty crops;
Her quick in their own likeness climb.

Of their own force do they create;
They climb to light, in her their root.
Your brutish cry at muffled fate
She smites with pangs of worse than brute.

She, judged of shrinking nerves, appears
A Mother whom no cry can melt;
But read her past desires and fears,
The letters on her breast are spelt.

A slayer, yea, as when she pressed
Her savage to the slaughter-heaps,
To sacrifice she prompts her best :
She reaps them as the sower reaps.

But read her thought to speed the race,
And stars rush forth of blackest night :
You chill not at a cold embrace
To come, nor dread a dubious might.

Her double visage, double voice,
In oneness rise to quench the doubt.
This breath, her gift, has only choice
Of service, breathe we in or out.

Since Pain and Pleasure on each hand
Led our wild steps from slimy rock
To yonder sweeps of gardenland,
We breathe but to be sword or block.

The sighting brain her good decree
Accepts ; obeys these guides, in faith,
By reason hourly fed, that she,
To some the clod, to some the wraith,

Is more, no mask ; a flame, a stream.
Flame, stream, are we, in mid career
From torrent source, delirious dream,
To heaven-reflecting currents clear.

And why the sons of Strength have been
Her cherished offspring ever ; how
The Spirit served by her is seen
Through Law ; perusing love will show.

Love born of knowledge, love that gains
Vitality as Earth it mates,
The meaning of the Pleasures, Pains,
The Life, the Death, illuminates.

For love we Earth, then serve we all ;
Her mystic secret then is ours :
We fall, or view our treasures fall,
Unclouded, as beholds her flowers.

Earth, from a night of frosty wreck,
Enrobed in morning's mounted fire,
When lowly, with a broken neck,
The crocus lays her cheek to mire.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

ARISTOCRACY IN AMERICA.

BY MATTHEW M. TRUMBULL.

THE recent controversy between the House of Lords and the House of Commons has invaded the Capitol at Washington, and is echoed back to England in some jealous threatenings made by the American House of Representatives against the Senate. The inflammation of Parliament has extended by sympathy to Congress, and the contest between the "Two Houses," which is almost at an end in England, is just beginning in the United States. It is a continuation of the same old English quarrel, an outburst of the same old spirit, the ineradicable jealousy of aristocracy, prerogative, and caste.

The forms and manners of the social aristocracy in the old country are closely imitated in the new, even to the cockades on the hats of liveried servants. Social aristocracy is a little more nervous and sensitive in America than in England, because it lacks the quality of ancient possession and hereditary right. American aristocracy, being necessarily of the upstart, mushroom kind, and theoretically illegal, is never quite at ease; it has not that graceful, easy confidence that centuries of practice gives. It is always afraid that it is not doing things just exactly as they are done in England. An awkward boor of low rank might tread on the toes of the Duke of Somerset without insulting him, because the aristocracy of the Duke is of such ancient lineage, and so thoroughly established, that he can decline to be insulted by people of small heraldry; while Mr. Plutus, of New York, although a richer man than the Duke of Somerset, would be compelled to resent the treading on his toes, because his grandfather was a pedlar.

It is commonly believed by many Americans, that, because they have no titled nobility, nor any hereditary privileged orders, that therefore they have no aristocracy; this is a mistake. Aristocracy is not only legal in the United States, but it has been deliberately established in the Constitution. A social aristocracy will develop itself in any country where wealth is unequally

distributed. It springs out of the freedom that belongs to us all to form ourselves into exclusive sets if we choose to do so. Perhaps no great crimes can be charged against it. In excess it may produce vanity, false pretension, and show; but it does not work oppression until it obtains a political foundation on which to rest. Such a foundation is provided for it in the Constitution of the United States. The kingly powers of the President, the equal representation of unequal States in the American Senate, the small number of Senators, the select persons who appoint them, the mode of their election, their long tenure of office, and the greatness of their prerogatives, make a broad and strong foundation for an American aristocracy.

The word aristocracy is used here, not in its technical or dictionary meaning, but according to the sense in which it is generally understood by the people of the United States—not as the old Greeks used it, to express the class composed of the best people; not as the European nations use it, to express the titled classes; but as the Americans use it, to describe a class of pretenders who would be titled people if they could, and a class who assume superior importance on account of money. So the word democracy is not used here in its partisan meaning, but to express, first, the great body of the American people, and, secondly, their *form* of government. It is not easy to treat this subject intelligently without comparing the Constitution of the United States with the Constitution of England, because, as one is founded on the other, we can study its operations better by contrasting them with the parallel history of its prototype and model.

It is worthy the deep thought of the student of history that, during the ninety-five years of the American Constitution, the English Constitution on which it is founded has been radically changed, until now the Government of Great Britain, while preserving its monarchical and aristocratic form, has become in practice a representative democracy, while the

Government of the United States, preserving all this time its republican form, has become in practice what might be called a constitutional monarchy. The reasons for this apparent anomaly are not hard to find.

The men who framed the American Constitution were lawyers. They knew nothing practically of any law except the English law; they had no practical knowledge of the workings of any constitution except the English Constitution, and they were afraid to trust themselves too far away from the ancient landmarks with which they were familiar. They therefore proposed for the new nation in the western world the English trinity of government—kings, lords, and commons. They made the king elective for four years, not by the people at large, but by a select body of citizens called Electors; they made the House of Lords elective for six years, also by a select body called the State Legislatures; the House of Commons they adopted nearly in the shape they found it in the English Constitution. The king they called the President; the House of Lords they called the Senate; the House of Commons they called the House of Representatives. In this way they transplanted to the fertile political soil of the new Continent a part of the feudal system of Europe, curiously enough, just at the very time when that system was about to be overthrown by a violent revolution in France, and by a peaceful revolution in England.

A few years before the Constitutional Convention met at Philadelphia, Blackstone gave to the world his *Commentaries on the Laws of England*. A careful reading of the Constitution and the *Commentaries* will show that the Constitution is greatly indebted to Blackstone both for its form and substance. It will also be seen that the eloquent praises of the Constitution which are continually on the lips of American orators and statesmen, praises of its admirable system of checks and balances, its equal distribution of powers, its blending of diverse and conflicting interests into one harmonious whole, and all the rest of it, are borrowed from Blackstone's eulogies on the Constitution of England. Following their pattern closely, the framers of the Constitution gave

to the three branches of the new government, as nearly as circumstances would permit, the powers and prerogatives of the corresponding branches in the English Government. They made the President, like the king, the fountain of honor, whence flowed the offices and dignities of the Government; they made him, like the king, the fountain of justice, and gave him the appointment of all the judges; they made him, like the king, the fountain of mercy, and clothed him with the power to pardon; they made him, like the king, commander-in-chief of the army and the navy; and they gave him the royal veto when, in practice, that power had utterly ceased in England. When the framers of the Constitution invested the President with the power to veto Acts of Congress, no King of England had exercised it against Parliament for ninety-seven years; it has never been exercised in England since, and under the reformed constitution of Britain it can never be exercised again.

Not satisfied with depriving the king of the veto power, the Commons of England did not stop until they had deprived him of all political power whatsoever, until now the Queen "reigns, but does not govern." The government is carried on in her name, and her signature is necessary to give validity to Acts of Parliament, but her political action is directed by the advice of ministers who are responsible to the House of Commons. The impression of the Great Seal is necessary to give validity to certain documents, but the Great Seal itself is only a piece of brass. Its acts are mechanical, and so are the governmental acts of the Queen.

The king being shorn of political power, the House of Lords was at last brought into subjection to the House of Commons. The struggle between the two Houses for supremacy had lasted for centuries, but it ended in 1832 by the unconditional surrender of the House of Lords. For fifty years it has been little more than a debating society, a revising Committee for the House of Commons. In theory it has the same legislative prerogatives that it ever had; but as an independent branch of the legislature its authority is at an end. It can obstruct the measures of the House of Commons

for a month or two, or perhaps for a session, but recent experience demonstrates that, if the House of Commons insists upon its will, the House of Lords must yield.

Sir Erskine May, in his *Constitutional History of England*, expresses the belief that if the House of Lords had stood firmly by its prerogatives in 1832, and had compelled Lord Grey to carry out his threat of creating peers enough to carry the Reform Bill, although beaten on that measure, it would still have preserved its power and independence, but Earl Russell was of a different opinion. He says in his *Recollections* that, no matter what the House of Lords might have done, it could not have averted its fate. The Commons had become supreme, the paramount authority in Parliament. A contest which had continued with varying fortune for about 600 years has ended in the victory of the English democracy over the aristocracy and the king. Great Britain is practically a republic with a machinery of government instantly responsive and obedient to the will of the voters expressed at the polls.

In striking contrast to the past ninety-five years of the history of the English monarchy, is the ninety-five years' history of the American republic. During that time, the United States has, by the vast increase of its territory, its population, and its wealth, multiplied the influence of the Senate, relatively decreased that of the House of Representatives, and by investing the President with the character of a party leader, armed with the veto, has made him a real political power equal to two-thirds of both Houses of Congress. Thus, while preserving the republican form, it has reached in practice very nearly the shape and character of the English monarchy of old time. Since the English people cut off the head of King Charles, and dethroned his son, they have not had a king who possessed or exercised one half the royal prerogatives and powers that are enjoyed by the President of the United States to-day.

Next to monarchy, the most offensive political institution to Americans is hereditary aristocracy. But if they have an aristocracy, it is of little consequence with what adjectives they qualify it. It may be ill-mannered and offensive, but

it is only injurious to the people in proportion to its political power, and its distance from popular control. An elective aristocracy may be as expensive and mischievous as any other. A senator in the American Congress has twenty times more political power than a peer of England. The House of Lords cannot obstruct measures of Legislation for more than a single session, the American Senate may stand for years an immovable obstacle in the way of popular advancement and reform.

A social democracy cannot flourish in any country that recognizes and maintains a political aristocracy. The American Senate is the most important political aristocracy that has existed in the modern world. A Roman senator never possessed as much political authority and social influence as an American Senator has to-day. Although Rome was as large in territory as the United States, and had a larger population subject to her dominion, she never had under her control so much wealth for power to act upon. Other aristocracies have existed with larger personal privileges than the American Senators have, but none with so much legislative power. An American Senator may by a single vote give away a million acres of land. He may by another vote bestow a franchise worth a million dollars, a franchise too that the Supreme Court will decide no other Congress may reclaim or take away. Think of the vast interests of the United States under the legislative control of seventy-six men, not one of them elected by the people. Imagine the partnership of Illinois in the National Government represented in one branch of the legislature by only two men, responsible to nobody. Let it be borne in mind that the members of the United States Senate will in personal wealth average the ownership of more than a million dollars each, and it becomes at once apparent that such an important aristocracy was never known before.

The main source of American aristocracy is in the Senate, and there it gets its chief support. The tree of aristocracy has its roots in the Senate; and the great trunk of it, and the branches of it, grow and flourish from unlimited taxation. Social reformers tire themselves

out, lopping off a leave here and a twig there, but never until they cut the roots of it will the tree wither and die. They must abolish the Senate, or make it democratic, before any important political reforms will be achieved in America. If the Senate cannot be abolished, it can be reformed. It can be made elective by the people; its term of office can be reduced to two years, and it can be made to represent the States in proportion to their population. If it is protected by the Constitution from any changes not made by its own consent, then, in that case, the House of Representatives will be compelled to assert its power, and, by virtue of its pre-eminent right to control the revenues of the nation, establish the supremacy of the people. Then will the Americans have a government not only democratic in form, but in substance also.

All the branches of the American Government, except one, are jealously guarded by the Constitution against the democratic element. Not only the prerogatives of those branches but also the manner of their appointment show this. The framers of the Constitution were careful to protect the great office of President from the profane touch of the people. They provided that the President should be elected by an intermediate aristocracy consisting of a few men from each State, chosen in such manner as the States might themselves provide. This exclusion of the democracy from any direct agency in the choice of the President has been evaded by an ingenious device known as a nominating convention. This, however, is but a precarious substitute, and the democracy is not quite satisfied with it. From time to time it makes an angry demand that the Presidency shall be its property, and awarded by its ballot without the intervention of any middlemen whatever.

The judicial branch of the American Government was made exclusively aristocratic beyond any taint of popular control. The English plan of appointing judges was adopted by the fathers, and embalmed in the Constitution, without any change or amendment. The judges must be appointed by the President, and their term runs during good behavior as in England. The theory is that the people are not wise enough nor

virtuous enough to be entrusted with the selection of the judges, and therefore they must be appointed by the President. He is, *ex officio*, both wise and virtuous too. In this way the judges are supposed to be raised above party influences and the clamor of the mob. The life tenure is attached to the judicial office that the judges may be independent of executive interference and dictation. The result has been to create a caste, sitting in black cassocks at Washington; luxurious men, deciding by the precedents, except on political questions, and then always according to party lines. The Supreme Court of the United States has itself decided that the American judiciary is not a subordinate but a co-ordinate branch of the government.

The "omnipotence of Parliament" is a phrase never heard in America. The tremendous quality of omnipotence has been appropriated by the Supreme Court, and by force of this extravagant claim of right it scrutinises Acts of Congress, construes them, amends them, and repeals them. How long would the people of England permit nine judges to pass sentence upon Acts of Parliament, and declare them null? Not an hour; and yet this is the constant practice of the American Supreme Court. The people patiently endure it under the belief that such is the prerogative of the Court. Very frequently, trade, commerce, manufactures, and all kinds of business, are kept in a nervous and excited condition for months, and even years, waiting for the decision of the Supreme Court as to the validity of some important Act of Congress. In the reign of President Grant, the Supreme Court, by a majority of one vote only, declared the Legal Tender Act unconstitutional and void. The Legal Tender Act had been in operation for many years, and all the business of the country had adapted itself to the conditions of paper money. The decision therefore affected every living contract in the country, and in order to avert the consequences of it two new members were appointed to the Supreme Court by President Grant, with the understanding that they would make a majority of one the other way, and reverse the decision.

The Court being thus "reconstruct-

ed," the Attorney-General moved for a re-hearing of the Legal Tender case. The re-hearing was granted, and the former decision was reversed. At the former trial the Court consisted of seven judges, and they held the Act to be unconstitutional by four to three. At the rehearing the Court consisted of nine judges, and they decided by five to four that the Act was valid. The Legal Tender Act was part of the financial policy devised and carried out by Mr. Chase when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had been transferred from that office to the position of Chief Justice of the United States, and in his capacity of Chief Justice he actually decided that his own acts and policy as Chancellor of the Exchequer, although solemnly made into laws by Act of Congress, were unconstitutional and void.

The Toryism of the American Supreme Court would comfort the soul of Lord Eldon. Its conservative jealousy of political changes, and its denial of the power of Congress to interfere with "vested rights," have drawn praises from Lord Salisbury, as, indeed, they naturally would, for his lordship knows very well that such a body sitting in Westminster Hall would paralyse Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party. It would make waste paper of Land Acts and Acts of Disestablishment. It would declare the Irish Church Bill unconstitutional for encroaching upon "vested rights," and the Irish Land Act void for impairing the obligation of contracts. It once decided that neither Congress nor the Territorial Legislatures had any power to abolish slavery in the territories of the United States. It parodied the dictum of Lord Mansfield that no slave can breathe the air of England, by almost deciding that no free man could breathe the air of the United States.

The American Legislature is well protected by the Constitution against the people. The Senate is made the aristocratic branch of Congress by a term of office three times as long as that of the House of Representatives, and the Senators are chosen by an intermediate body that stands between them and the citizens. In addition to their legislative authority, they have the sole power to try impeachments, they have the treaty-

making power, and they possess a veto on all the appointments of the President. There were men in the Convention that framed the Constitution who thought that the Senators in Congress ought to be a wealthy aristocracy holding their offices for life. Mr. Gouverneur Morris, a delegate from New York, said, "He wished to make the Senate a permanent body." He said, "It must have great personal property; it must have the aristocratic spirit; and therefore its tenure of office should be for life."

The House of Representatives is the only branch of the American Government conceded to the democracy by the Constitution. Among all the national officers only representatives in Congress are elected by the people. Even the independence of the House of Representatives itself has been surrendered to the President and the Senate in return for official patronage. The power to appoint and remove all the Federal officers in his district is the chief reliance of the representative for a re-nomination, and as he must obtain that power from the President, he cannot be independent of executive influence and ambition. Only those members of the House of Representatives who are opposed to the President in politics can possibly be independent, so long as party machinery in America remains as it is now. Only twice in the past thirty years has the House of Representatives even threatened to exercise its prerogative of stopping the supplies, and in both cases the President was of the opposite political party to the majority in that House.

Is there any power short of a violent revolution by which the people of the United States can arrest the prerogative of the President, curb the encroachments of the Senate, and give to the House of Representatives a controlling influence in the Government like that possessed by the English democracy in the House of Commons? The Senate is firmly entrenched in the citadel of the Constitution; it cannot be swamped, like the House of Lords, by the creation of new Senators, nor can the Constitution be amended except three-fourths of the Senate agree thereto. As a small minority of the people choose a large majority of the Senate, it is vain

to expect that three-fourths of that body will voluntarily consent to diminish their own privileges and power. One course remains within the Constitution, and that is the withholding the supplies. Anticipating the same necessity, the founders of the American Government borrowed the English principle, and embodied it in the Constitution in the following words, "All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives, but the Senate may propose or concur with amendments as on other bills."

It is worthy of special note that this invincible weapon of the House of Commons was transplanted and set in the Constitution of the United States, not by accident, nor even by common consent, but by compromise. The Tory element in the Convention opposed it, but the Liberal element, anticipating the usurpations of the Senate, resisted the creation of an Upper House with aristocratic prerogatives, nor would that element agree to be a Senate unless accompanied by the English antidote, the surrender to the House of Representatives of the exclusive power to impose taxes, and the right to stop the supplies. By virtue of that compromise the crea-

tion of an aristocratic Chamber was agreed to.

There, quietly slumbering in the Constitution, and occupying but three lines of it, lies the power that will some day revolutionise the American Government without bloodshed, that will blunt the edge of the President's prerogative, that will make the House of Representatives the chief power in the government, and reduce the Senate to a secondary and inferior position. What has been done in England will be done in America; the conditions are the same, the people are alike, with a common lineage and a common history, the motive powers are the same, and the results will be the same. The real conflict between the antagonistic forces of the American Government is hardly yet begun. It will burst into a storm when the President and the Senate, banded together in defence of the prerogative, shall resist a resolute House of Representatives fresh from the people, and bearing from the people a message of reform. In that contest the stopping of the supplies will be the conquering weapon, and prerogative must yield, as it had to yield in England.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE RIEL REBELLION IN NORTHWEST CANADA.

BY R. MACHRAY, C.

DURING the winter of 1869-70, there took place in the upper valley of the Red River, which lies north of the International Boundary between the United States and Canada, that rising of the Métis or French Half-breeds against the Dominion Government which is known as the Red River Rebellion. The scene of that episode now forms the most important and populous portion of Manitoba, which was subsequently organised as a province of the Dominion upon the collapse of the rebellion. The flourishing city of Winnipeg now extends for a considerable distance on all sides from what were the rebel headquarters, Fort Garry, at one time the chief post of the Hudson's Bay Company. In the general prosperity of that part of Canada, the whole affair had well-nigh passed

away from the public memory, but the events which have recently occurred in the district of Saskatchewan bring it back vividly. It is hardly possible to understand the rebellion which has just been suppressed by General Middleton, without a glance at the former rising of the Métis.

In 1869, Louis Riel appeared at the head of an armed band of the Métis to compel the Dominion to give them what they considered their just rights. After a lapse of fifteen years, and five hundred miles from the scene of the former disturbance, this is exactly what has taken place again. The only absolutely new feature of the recent rebellion, and one that is not without a dark hint of terrible possibilities, was the fact that it was aided by Indians from reserves in the

vicinity of the disaffected district. It is also the case that various tribes, mainly belonging to the Cree family, throughout the north-west territories, have been stirred up to an ominous restlessness unknown before. One band of Indians, under a turbulent chief called Pound-maker, who had already given trouble to the authorities, actually broke out and went on the warpath. It was the terror felt in presence of a threatened Indian war, far more than any fear inspired by the movement under Riel, which roused Canada from Halifax to Winnipeg.

To understand the position of the Half-breed and the nature of his claims, it is necessary to go back. By the British North America Act, the Dominion of Canada, whose western frontier was then Lake Superior, acquired from the Imperial Government the enormous area of territory generally known at that time as Rupert's Land, or the Hudson Bay Company's territories. This vast region, lying between the province of Ontario on the east and the Rocky Mountains on the west, which will probably in time come to be known by the appropriate name of Central Canada, has been divided off into the province of Manitoba, and the districts of Keewatin, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Athabasca. With the exception of Keewatin, they are wholly or partially situated in what is sometimes designated the "Fertile Belt." The soil is, for the most part, rich and capable of supporting an immense population; and though the country labors under the great disadvantage of a severe winter climate, there can be no reasonable doubt but that Canada gains enormously by the possession of this splendid territory.

When the Dominion entered upon its occupation, there were sundry prior claims which had to be considered. There was first of all the Hudson's Bay Company, which held certain ill-defined rights over the whole region. What these rights exactly were was a matter of dispute, but an agreement was made by which they were handed over to the Canadian Government on the payment of 300,000*l.* sterling to the company, which at the same time received a large and valuable grant of lands.

Then came the claims of the Indian

population; and it was proposed to deal fairly and generously with them. Various treaties have from time to time been made with the different tribes, and until recently it was believed that the Indians were satisfied with the treatment they had received. This illusion has been rudely dispelled by the occurrences of the past few months. It has been the custom of Canadians to point with a pride which took a keener edge as they looked southwards across the "Line," to the loyalty and contentment of their Indians. Loyal most of them still are, but whether they will remain so must be regarded as uncertain. Discontented many of them certainly are.

But in addition to the claims of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Indians, there had to be taken into account the fact that some parts of the newly acquired country were settled; and the settlers desired to be confirmed in the possession of their lands. These settlers, for the most part, were to be found along the banks of the Red River and its chief tributary, the Assiniboine. At the time of the transfer, as the cession of Rupert's Land to the Dominion is usually called, there were upwards of 12,000 people in the Red River Settlement, of which Fort Garry was the centre both of government and trade. Half this number were French Half-breeds or Métis, and a majority of the other half were English or Scotch Half-breeds. There was only a sprinkling of pure whites, mostly retired officers and *employés* of the Hudson's Bay Company. At Kildonan, three or four miles from Fort Garry, there existed and still exists a considerable settlement, which was originally established by the Earl of Selkirk some seventy years ago, and which consisted of Scotch families of pure descent. The people lived together quietly and peacefully a life of almost patriarchal simplicity. Many of them were intelligent and educated; every parish had its church and school. The government was in the hands of a council of local magnates, the nominees of the Hudson's Bay Company, but who fairly represented the population.

In 1869 it looked as if the Dominion were going to ignore the existence of the settlement by the precipitate action it took. Without any reference to the

wishes of the settlers, it drew up a scheme of government from which they appeared to be excluded. Before the country had actually come into its possession, surveyors were sent to examine the land, and it can hardly be a matter of surprise that their presence excited suspicion. By the manner in which they dealt with the unoccupied lands close to the existing holdings it seemed not only as if they were about to allot them according to their pleasure, but as if they intended to deny the old settlers any room for growth and expansion in the future.

The Half-breed advanced a double claim upon the Dominion. Not only did he ask that the land upon which he had squatted should be made over to him, but he demanded also that the title which came to him from his Indian ancestry should be acknowledged and an adequate compensation made for it. At first it appeared as if this claim were going to be completely passed over; and the rebellion of 1869 was the result. Another, though secondary, cause was the desire for a local representative legislature, which it was feared was to be withheld. The situation was further complicated by differences of race and religion. The English Half-breed, though sympathizing to some degree with the French, did not go so far as to join in the rebellion.

The insurgents held possession of Fort Garry, where were the central depot and warehouses of the Hudson's Bay Company during the winter. In the following spring an expedition, composed of a British battalion, some artillery, and two regiments of Canadian militia, was equipped and sent to suppress the rebellion. When Lord (then Sir Garnet) Wolseley, who was in command, marched into Fort Garry, he found that it had been abandoned. The insurrection had melted away, but the victory lay with the rebels, as all their demands were conceded. It has even been maintained that a general amnesty was promised them, but this the Canadian Government denied, and Riel and the other leaders were subsequently condemned to various punishments. Riel was outlawed from the Dominion, and has since become a citizen of the United States. The claims of the Métis and of other Half-breeds, however, were satisfied by

grants of land or its equivalent. Every head of family received so much land for himself and each of his children; and patents were issued for such lands as were already occupied.

With a little forethought all the difficulties might have been arranged before Canada had taken possession of the north-west territories. It was afterwards contended by the Dominion that all claims upon it made by residents in the territories would have been satisfied had there been no rebellion in '69, but with what has just passed before our eyes in the Saskatchewan it is idle to say that all such matters would have been equitably adjusted "in due course." It is impossible to imagine that the Dominion desired them to withhold justice from any of its citizens any more than it desires to withhold it now; but the wheels of government move but slowly unless there is some extraordinary force brought to bear upon them. The arguments which appeal to governments have various degrees of influence; and the Métis were not likely to forget what kind of argument had greatest weight on the former occasion. Whether their grievances were such as to justify their rising in open rebellion then is another thing, but its result was so favorable to them that they could not regret it. The genuine success which attended it no doubt contributed greatly to encourage that rebellion which has just been crushed.

The district of Saskatchewan, which has been the theatre of the rebellion, lies nearly in the middle of Central Canada. Its boundaries have been made by lines drawn by the surveyor and are not marked out by any great natural features. On the south it touches Assiniboia and Manitoba, on the west Alberta, and on the east Keewatin—names, with the exception of Manitoba, little known to the world. It takes its name from the Saskatchewan River, the two main branches of which, known as the North and South Saskatchewan, meet at a point within the district a little above the Hudson's Bay Company's trading-post of Fort à la Corne. The sources of the two rivers lie at no great distance from each other in the Rocky Mountains; but on leaving the mountains the North Saskatchewan curves

away with a grand sweep in a northerly direction, while the South Saskatchewan, a rapid-running stream, bends southwards for several hundred miles, and then, after a sharp turn at a point known as The Elbow, flows almost due north till it joins the other stream. When united they form a broad and sometimes splendid river, which ultimately empties itself into Lake Winnipeg. For the greater part of their course both of the Saskatchewan flow through a prairie country of which the soil is described as excellent. Both rivers are navigable by steamers of the usual Western type—flat-bottomed stern-propellers, but navigation is rendered difficult by shifting sand-bars. Where yesterday a steamer found a clear channel may to-day be choked up with sand. Although several places of interest connected with the Riel rebellion, such as Prince Albert, Battleford and Edmonton, are on the North River, the scene of the recent military movements was chiefly laid in the small wedged-shaped piece of land lying between the forks—at the junction of the two streams. The Métis settlement, where the insurgents met and were defeated and dispersed by the Dominion troops, is on the south river.

The part of the district of Saskatchewan more immediately affected by the recent disturbances is, roughly speaking, about 500 miles north-west of Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba. The nearest railway station, Qu'Appelle, 325 miles west of Winnipeg on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is about 200 miles south-east of Fort Carlton, which lay—it was destroyed during the rebellion—about the centre of the scene of the troubles. A stage road runs across the prairies from the railway to the settlements on the Saskatchewan. The journey from Qu'Appelle to Carlton is in the spring of the year difficult and tedious, but in summer it is a pleasant enough trip across the plains. Leaving the station the trail goes northward to a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company called Fort Qu'Appelle, at the head of a region famous for its beautiful lakes. Here there is a considerable settlement, with a mixed population of whites and Half-breeds, but beyond it, with the exception of a few homesteads thinly scattered over the

Touchwood Hills, some thirty miles from Fort Qu'Appelle, the long lines of the prairie are only broken at wide intervals by the solitary shanties at which the Saskatchewan stages stop on their way northwards. The country is, for the most part, a rich rolling prairie, with wavelike undulations, interspersed here and there with bluffs of poplar. There are very few streams of any size, but there are numerous lakes and pools which in spring and autumn are alive with great quantities of water-fowl of all kinds. The prairie chicken (pinnated grouse) is found in abundance. The soil is a uniform black loam, not so deep as that of Manitoba, but fertile and well suited for the growth of cereals, until the Salt Plains lying between Touchwood Hills' district and the stage stopping-place at Humboldt are reached. These plains are an alkaline desert about thirty miles across from north to south, and of varying width. They are covered with grass, but no trees are to be seen—only a few stunted bushes. They are the home of innumerable pelicans, swans, geese and cranes, and other wild fowl. Humboldt, which is some seventy miles from Carlton, is the point on the road from which the different trails going to various crossings of the South Saskatchewan diverge. That called Clark's Crossing, which General Middleton made the basis of his operations against the rebels under Riel, lies some miles south of the Métis settlement. The two principal crossings "Batoche's" (a half-breed nickname), where the insurgents made their final stand and were dispersed, and "Gabrielle's" are in the midst of the disaffected district.

The Métis settlement consists of a long, continuous row of farms lying on both sides of the South Saskatchewan, and the most important part of it is called the parish of St. Laurent. It is entirely settled by French Half-breeds to the numbers of 2,000, many of whom have been in the country for a long time, others have more recently come from Manitoba and elsewhere. It is difficult to say how many men were in arms belonging to the Métis proper, as there is an Indian reserve close by, most of whose braves under their chief Beardy aided the rebels. But it is doubtful if more than 700 or 800 men bore arms on

the insurgent side; and the whole Riel rebellion, properly speaking—for the attitude of the Indians elsewhere should be viewed separately, was made by this comparatively insignificant body of men. The settlement of St. Laurent is of the same general character as other Métis settlements in the United States and Canada. The Métis occupy long narrow belts of land having what they consider an essential, some frontage on the river bank. All the older settlements along the Red River and the Assiniboine in Manitoba are of similar description. These holdings are in their shape quite contrary to the plan pursued by the Government surveyors in laying out new lands, and consequently are not regarded with favor. The cottage of the Métis, usually an unpretending white-washed log-hut of two compartments, stands on the edge of the river; and generally one or two small fields near the house are cultivated. But the Métis is no farmer. His habits and traditions are alike against it. So he is not very desirable as a settler in an agricultural country, if the likelihood of his adding to its wealth be considered. In St. Laurent some very simple farming was done. Formerly its inhabitants were buffalo-hunters, but the buffalo has forever disappeared from these regions. Now they depend almost entirely for their subsistence on "freighting" merchandise across the plains for the Hudson's Bay Company or other traders. The goods are drawn by native ponies in "Red River carts"—light wagons on a single pair of heavy wheels entirely made of wood, held together by *shagganappi*, i.e. deerskin, and without any iron being used in their construction. In the earlier pioneer days of Minnesota, Dakota, and Manitoba a procession of these carts was a familiar sight, but, of course, they have been replaced by superior wagons. A specimen of the Red River cart is preserved in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. But in the north-western plains of Canada, where there is no steamboat transportation available, they are still used. They carry from six to eight hundred pounds, and the usual charge for "freightage" is a cent per mile for a hundred pounds. The wealth of the Métis really consisted

in the number of ponies and carts he possessed.

Twelve miles north of St. Laurent stood the Hudson's Bay Company's post of Fort Carlton, formerly an important distributing depot for a great extent of country. It lay in a hollow on the South Bank of the South Saskatchewan, and immediately behind it there rises a thickly wooded hill 200 feet in height. Here the mounted police concentrated at the beginning of the rebellion, but it was occupied by them for a short time only. Upon their withdrawal the fort was burned. The police retired northwards to Prince Albert, by far the most important settlement in the district of Saskatchewan. This settlement is at the extreme north of the disturbed country, and though its people to some extent sympathised with the rebels it remained loyal. One reason for that was that the settlers are chiefly English or English Half-breeds; the antipathy of race came in to separate them from their French brethren. Prince Albert is situated on the north branch of the Saskatchewan, and consists of a succession of farms extending for about ten miles along the south bank of the river. The Hudson's Bay Company have one of their chief trading-posts at the eastern extremity of the settlement. There are, besides, numerous stores, several churches, Emmanuel College of the Church of England Diocese of Saskatchewan, and several schools. In this settlement the valley of the Saskatchewan is very picturesque and beautiful. The river is about 300 yards wide, with its northern side high and thickly wooded; on the south side the country is open and rises away with a gradual slope from the river. Prince Albert, from its centre, is about forty miles from Fort Carlton, and thirty-five miles from the junction of the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan. This settlement has been in existence for many years, but recently it has grown very considerably.

For twelve or thirteen years back the settlers in the district of Saskatchewan have urged upon the Dominion Government the consideration of certain grievances. Deputations were sent to the heads of Departments, and various representations were made, but without suc-

cess. The distance from the seat of the Federal Government, the imperfect information possessed by it, and the comparative insignificance in number of those pressing their claims upon it, perhaps account for the extraordinary and fatal dilatoriness there was in the investigation of the demands made. However good a case the Dominion may make out, the result of its conduct—policy is not the word—in regard to the Saskatchewan, can hardly be said, even by its friends, to be other than unfortunate. Proceeding upon the basis furnished by the unsettled land questions, the restless character of the Métis was worked upon until the rebellion was brought about. Then not only will the cost of its suppression be a heavy tax upon the resources of Canada—already somewhat tried by the expenditure which it has incurred in the construction of its great national and necessary undertaking, the Canadian Pacific Railway—but the attitude of the Indians will henceforth have to be closely watched, and always will give some ground for uneasiness.

The grievances of the settlers may be classified under two heads—those of the old settlers, and those of the Métis. The former complained that patents for the holdings on which they have squatted had not been issued to them; the latter made certain demands for land *quâ* Half-breeds.

In the case of the old settlers, who are not Half-breeds, some patents had been granted prior to the rebellion. And no one can doubt for a moment but that patents would have been given eventually to all who were in actual occupation of the lands they claimed. But the delay has been fatally, ruinously long, resulting in bad feeling, and in some instances in a heavy loss in money. Two or three years ago there was a violent "boom" in land and property throughout the whole north-west of Canada. Farms at Prince Albert and elsewhere in the Saskatchewan were sold and transferred, but no sales were valid unless a clear title to the property—such as the patents of course give—existed. The absence of such indisputable titles clouded the transactions and led to serious losses. It appears that many of these unsettled claims are of very old date—that is, old, when the newness of

the country is considered. Some of the holdings were taken up twenty years ago—five years before Canada acquired the north-west. Last year a commission was sent from Ottawa to investigate the claims advanced, and in the report made by the head of that commission it was stated that nothing could have been done earlier in regard to giving patents for lands, as only a few of the holdings had been surveyed. There is nothing said as to why surveys were not made long before; nor does any notice appear to have been taken of the exasperated feeling there was in the settlement on account of the tardy working of the land department. Though the old settlers did not actually aid the rebels, and even supplied volunteers to fight against them, they participated in the agitation which immediately preceded the armed rising.

The demands made by the Half-breeds, *quâ* Half-breeds, were precisely similar to those advanced by the Half-breeds of Manitoba in 1869.

About the beginning of last winter a petition was forwarded to the Governor-General of Canada setting forth the grievances of the whole settlement. The following is the pith of it. It begins by noticing a point to which we shall return later, viz., that the Indians are so destitute in many localities that settlers are compelled to furnish them with food to keep them from starving, and to preserve the settlements from the acts of men made desperate by famine. Then comes one of the chief demands—that the Half-breeds of the district of Saskatchewan receive 240 acres of land each, as did the Manitoba Half-breeds after the Red River rebellion. Next it is stated that the Half-breeds in possession of tracts of land have not been given patents for their holdings, nor have the old settlers of the north-west territories received the same treatment as the old settlers in Manitoba. Some of the other grievances are that settlers are charged dues on timber, rails, and firewood required for home use, and that customs are levied on the necessities of life. It is complained that contracts for the public supplies and works, and positions in the public service, are not given as far as possible to residents in the district. Voting by ballot at elections i

also demanded. Then it is asked that the district of Saskatchewan be organised as a province, with its own local representative legislature. At present the control of affairs in the territories is vested in a lieutenant-governor, assisted by a council, some of the members of which are elected by the people, and the rest are officials of the Government. This council, styled the North-West Council, meets at Regina, in the district of Assiniboia, and, with the exception of Manitoba and Keewatin, has the administration of the whole of Central Canada, that is, as far as the Dominion Government has delegated it the powers of administration. With all questions relating to land settlement the North-West Council has nothing to do, as the public lands are managed entirely from Ottawa by a cabinet minister. It is a far cry from Prince Albert in the Saskatchewan to Ottawa in Ontario; and it may be doubted if this system of centralisation works smoothly and efficiently. Still it may be fairly urged that the district of Saskatchewan is not ripe for local government. It is not yet thickly settled, and could ill bear the expense of supporting the necessary machinery of government.

With the exception of the demand for a local parliament, it is evident that the claims and grievances advanced by the Half-breeds were all connected with land questions. Claims and grievances almost identical led to the Red River rebellion; and after that episode, and as a result of it, the demands of the Métis were granted. The policy pursued then by the Dominion Government of the day in satisfying these demands gave a good basis for pressing similar claims upon its attention and for expecting similar compensation. Prior to the recent rebellion the Dominion Government were not prepared to give the Métis of the Saskatchewan the same treatment as was given to the Métis of Manitoba, if the following statement made in the Canadian House of Commons by Sir John A. Macdonald, the premier, and who until a short time ago was himself minister of the interior, is accurately reported:—

"The Half-breeds," he said, "have been told that if they desire to be considered as Indians, a most liberal reserve

will be set apart for them. If they desire to be considered white men, they can get 160 acres of land as homesteads. But they are not satisfied with that. They want to get upwards of 200 acres and then get their homesteads as well." In other words, the Métis did not regard their being treated as Indians, or simply being confirmed in their holdings, as sufficient compensation for the title they claim to the lands of the territories which comes to them both by right of descent and by right of possession. But it should be said, in justice to the Dominion Government, that its action was embarrassed by the fact that many of the Métis of the Saskatchewan had already been treated with when resident in Manitoba. Of course the Half-breed who had eaten his cake in Red River could not expect to have it to eat over again in the Saskatchewan. The sense of the injustice, however, of any arrangement which did not fully compensate those who had received no acknowledgment of their claims, was worked upon by Riel and others until the rebellion was brought about. When the gravity of the situation was at length grasped by the Canadian authorities, a commission was at once appointed and sent in hot haste to the various settlements of the Métis. The main business of this commission has been to grant what the Métis asked—the same compensation that the Métis of Manitoba obtained fifteen years ago. But promptly as the commission went about its work, the mischief had already been done. The Métis of St. Laurent were in open insurrection, had organised a provisional government, and had even met and defeated a force of police. It then became necessary to put down the rebellion by force of arms.

The Métis of the Saskatchewan were led in their revolt by Louis Riel, who was at the head of the Red River rebellion in 1869. For the part he played in that episode the Métis regard him as their patriot leader. Sir John Macdonald referred to him in the Canadian Commons as the "Mahdi of the Métis." Riel is a man of some education, and he has been described as the equal in ability of the average public man of Canada. In his own language he is a fluent and powerful orator, and his speeches

have a great effect upon his countrymen. By some he is regarded as a mere mischief-maker, and an adventurer whose business is insurrection and disturbance; by others he is considered something of a "crank," who believes that his mission is to procure for the Métis their full rights, as he understands them. He is now about forty years of age; is in person short and stout; he is energetic and has plenty of pluck, but his mind is wanting in balance. Since his capture by the Dominion troops he has played the rôle of a religious enthusiast. His manner in ordinary conversation is pleasant, but during the time of the Red River rebellion, when he was in power, he assumed an air of great importance. He has a good deal of restless vanity, which in the old Red River days showed itself in his fine black *capote* and the brilliant colors of his *L'Assomption* belt—characteristic features of the Métis costume. Riel is a man who thinks he has a personal grievance against the Dominion. He maintains that he was outlawed, notwithstanding that a solemn pledge had been made him that he would share in the general amnesty to be granted to those who took part in the Red River Rebellion. This may or may not be the case, as there is a conflict of testimony on the subject, but such is the contention of the rebel leader.

Some time ago Riel became a citizen of the United States, and settled in Montana. While residing there he states that a delegation of the Métis of the Saskatchewan came to him last summer to invite him to take part in pressing their claims on the Dominion Government. He went to St. Laurent, where he found several of those who had been concerned with him in the rising of 1869. Many meetings were held throughout the settlements in the district, and the Métis were inflamed by his speeches. At the outset he disclaimed any intention of inciting the people to rebel, and this secured the sympathy of the "whites" who, as already stated, had grievances against the Government. All winter the agitation went on, until about the middle of March rumors reached Winnipeg that an armed rising was imminent. Winnipeg, as the nearest large town, has always had a considerable intercourse with the settlements

in the Saskatchewan; and to those acquainted with the country and the agitation which had been developing, the rebellion occasioned little surprise; but upon the people of Eastern Canada, to whom the Saskatchewan was a far-off, little-known district, marked only on the newer maps of the Dominion, it came with a sudden shock. Nor was the fact that there was a rebellion at all grasped until blood had been shed.

So far as can be gathered from the imperfect information at present open to the public, the following are the chief occurrences of the rebellion.

About the beginning of last March a great meeting of the Métis was held in the parish church of St. Laurent; and a Bill of Rights, drawn up by Riel, was read and adopted. (This Bill of Rights simply recapitulates the statements made in the petition addressed to the Governor-General, which is mentioned above, so it need not be given here.) It was thereupon resolved that a provisional government should be formed, based upon the principles enunciated in the Bill of Rights. Riel, on being nominated president of the Saskatchewan, announced that no hostile movement would be made unless the Dominion Government persisted in refusing to grant the demands of the Métis. It was even stated that if reasonable guarantees were given that their grievances would be immediately investigated, the provisional government would be forthwith dissolved. In the mean time, however, the authority of the Dominion was repudiated, some of its officials and others were made prisoners, and supplies were collected, *i.e.* seized, from the stores of traders in the vicinity, to provide against the emergency of war. A band of Cree Indians, under their chief, Beardy, many of whom were kinsmen of the insurgents, joined Riel.

The administration of most of the civil and criminal affairs of ordinary recurrence in the territories is in the hands of local magistrates, whose authority is maintained by the North-West mounted police, a semi-military force. At the time of the outbreak there were five hundred of these police stationed at various important centres, and two detachments, amounting in all to seventy-five men, were in the disturbed district.

As soon as it was seen that there was to be serious trouble, an additional force with artillery was despatched from Regina, the head-quarters of the police, to Carlton, under their chief commissioner, an officer who had been with General Wolseley in the Red River expedition in 1869. Immediately before this force reached Carlton, an encounter took place between the rebels and the police at Duck Lake, in which the latter were worsted and compelled to retire, with a loss of twenty-four killed and wounded. A day or two later the mounted police retreated from Fort Carlton northward to Prince Albert. Immediately on their withdrawal the fort was burned, but whether by accident or design is uncertain.

The news of these events created the wildest excitement in Canada. And when intelligence was received that bands of Indians at Battleford, Fort Pitt, and elsewhere on the north branch of the Saskatchewan had risen in revolt, this excitement became a fever. In addition, the spectre which haunts the thoughts of Canada, a Fenian invasion, was conjured up by an alarmed people. Rumors flew about that Riel had been in communication with well-known Fenian leaders in the United States, and that they had promised him men, arms and money. It was even said that preparations had been made by them in Chicago and St. Paul in aid of the rebellion. Meanwhile, the Canadian Government acted with the greatest promptness. Two batteries of artillery—almost the only "regular" force at the disposal of the Dominion—were sent on by the Canadian Pacific Railway *via* the north shore of Lake Superior to Winnipeg. General Middleton, an experienced officer, who had seen active service in the British army, and who held the chief command of the Canadian militia, was hurriedly despatched to that city to organise an expedition to suppress the rising. Various militia regiments were called out, and the call to go to the "front" was everywhere throughout Canada responded to with the utmost enthusiasm. All parties combined in presence of a common danger. Whoever was to blame, all agreed that now one thing was to be done. When Mrs. Blake, the wife of

the leader of the Opposition in the Canadian House of Commons, presented the Toronto regiment, the "Queen's Own," on its departure with a flag, the act was typical of the universal Canadian sentiment. The rebellion had to be put down, and put down thoroughly.

In less than a month the Canadian Government had put upwards of 4,000 citizen soldiers into the field. The main division under General Middleton, after a terrible march amid snow and frost and mud, from Qu'Appelle to Clark's Crossing of the South Saskatchewan, was in the district which was the chief scene of the Métis rebellion by the third week in April. A second division relieved Battleford, which had been closely invested by the Cree chief, Poundmaker, about the end of the same month. A third division proceeded to the extreme west, and overawed the Indians of Calgary, and then going north to the Saskatchewan river, occupied the important Métis settlement of St. Albert (not to be confounded with Prince Albert) near Fort Edmonton. The speed with which all this was done—considering how entirely unprepared Canada was for anything of the kind—is simply wonderful. Some of the troops had to be sent a distance of 2,000 miles; they were for the most part local volunteer regiments, whose members were in business; the transport service had to be organised from the beginning; and it must be said that the whole North-West field force proved splendidly efficient.

The main interest centres around the movements of General Middleton's command. Advancing from Clark's Crossing, the general met the rebel forces under Gabriel Dumont, Riel's lieutenant, an able and determined man, on the 24th of April, at Fish Creek. Though the Dominion forces were victorious, and compelled the Métis to retire, their success was somewhat dearly purchased with a loss of fifty killed and wounded. The rebel leader had placed his men with great skill in an almost impregnable position—a deep, thickly-wooded ravine, a natural rifle pit; and the nature of the ground made it difficult for the troops to use their artillery to much advantage. The fight lasted for several hours, and was hotly contested throughout. Both in this en-

counter and at Batoche the rebels fought well, taking advantage of every inch of cover. The Dominion troops, most of them raw soldiers, behaved splendidly, and received the warm praise of the general.

After the battle of Fish Creek, the rebels withdrew to Batoche's Crossing, where they had determined to make their final stand. Meanwhile General Middleton halted for a few days to await supplies of men and ammunition which were being sent to him by steamboat down the South Saskatchewan now open for navigation.

The expected reinforcements having arrived, General Middleton advanced upon Batoche on the 9th of May. The rebels held a strongly entrenched position and made a determined resistance. The fighting went on for four days. In the afternoon of the 12th, the rebel position was, in a magnificent charge, captured at the point of the bayonet. The loss of the Dominion troops was slight compared with that of the rebels, who had many killed and wounded. Riel surrendered a day later with some of his prominent supporters, and the rebellion was practically at an end.

The prisoners he had made at the beginning of the rising were set free by the troops, and everywhere the Métis hastened in to make their peace with the general. Riel was sent to Regina to be tried for treason, but his lieutenant, Dumont, succeeded in making his escape into American territory.

Meanwhile another division of Canadian troops had met and beaten Poundmaker and his braves. However, this engagement would not have been decisive, but the news of the fall of Batoche and the surrender of Riel disheartened the Indians. So when General Middleton, after a hurried visit to Prince Albert, went down the North Saskatchewan to Battleford, Poundmaker and his band about the end of May gave themselves up to him unconditionally. Another chief, Big Bear, who took Fort Pitt, and who had committed some horrible outrages in the usual style of Indian warfare, is the only Indian at present in arms against the Government, and the reckoning with him will no doubt be short and severe.

This paper may now be fitly closed

with some remarks on the position of the Indians in the Dominion.

The Indians are the "wards" of the Government, and as such have received special treatment. In the past, the title of the Indians to the lands they hunted over has been "extinguished" by the payment of a trifling perpetual annuity, usually five dollars per head. The different bands have been located on reserves set apart for them, which are poor and insignificant compared with the magnificent area of their ancestral hunting grounds. On these reserves 160 acres are allotted to a family of four. Some attempts have been made to instruct the Indians in the cultivation of their reserves, and farm-implements, cattle and seed have been furnished them. Men have been sent to teach them how to farm, but their efforts have not been particularly successful. It is hardly to be expected that they would be. The Indian is by his instincts and traditions a hunter and not a tiller of the soil. Since the time that the red man has been known to the white his main subsistence has been the buffalo—and the buffalo, alas for the Indian! will soon be as extinct as the dodo. At one time, indeed, vast herds of buffalo were to be found as far south as the lower valley of the Mississippi. But the advance of settlement in the West, and the construction of the Union and Northern Pacific Railways confined them between the Missouri and the Saskatchewan. When Canada acquired the north-west territories fifteen years ago, the larger part of the herds were found north of the international frontier. Now the buffalo is hardly to be seen south of the "line," and they are rapidly disappearing in Canada. Soon, fatally soon for the Indian, will the western prairies no more resound with the thunderous tread of the mighty herds. Then, not only is the buffalo failing, but other kinds of game are getting scarce. On many of the reserves in North-West Canada the misery of the Indians is said to be pitiable. There seems to be little doubt but that the recent outrages at Battleford, Frog Lake, and Fort Pitt, perpetrated during the last few months, are the desperate deeds of men madened by famine. That they were incited to rebel by Riel is no doubt true,

but their chief grievance is the want of food. There does not seem any reason for suspecting the Indian agents of cheating the Indians, whose cry against the paternal government is that they are not able to live on the allowance made them, and that their reserves are insufficient, not that they do not receive what was promised them. When the Dominion took over the north-west from the Hudson's Bay Company the Indians everywhere were contented, loyal, happy. But the situation now is entirely changed. Then the whites lived in

an Indian country, now the Indians are in a white country; and it is more than possible in these circumstances that the Indian is being ungenerously dealt with. One effect of the recent troubles will be a thorough examination of the whole Indian question. It may be hoped that a more liberal policy will be inaugurated, otherwise the Indian may suspect that it is the intention of the white to starve him out, and his suspicions once thoroughly roused will be hard to set at rest.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE PRINCESSE DE LAMBALLE.

In passing through the gallery of the Royal Palace at Turin, one's attention is arrested by the portrait of a young girl, whose face wears an expression half-arch, half-wistful. Her long fair hair, drawn high off her forehead, is crowned by a diadem, from beneath which it flows down over either shoulder in a sunny stream. This is a likeness of Marie Louise Thérèse de Savoie-Carignan, afterwards Princesse de Lamballe, the most interesting among the many victims of French revolutionary fury.

She was a daughter of Prince Louis Victor Joseph de Savoie-Carignan, fourth in descent from Charles Emmanuel I., Duke of Savoy; she was also first cousin, on her mother's side, of Victor Amadeus III., King of Sardinia. It may be further stated, for the benefit of those who dislike the fatigue of climbing genealogical trees, that she was great-grandaunt of *Il Re Galantuomo*, Victor Emmanuel II., first King of United Italy. Born in September 1749, she received, as she grew up, a careful education. Before she had completed her seventeenth year, it had been arranged between the Courts of Versailles and Turin that she should marry the Prince de Lamballe, a great-grandson of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan.

The Duc de Penthièvre, father of the Prince de Lamballe, was the richest subject in France, his yearly income amounting to five millions of francs. He was now a widower with two children, a son and a daughter. His disposition

was grave almost to melancholy. The pleasures of the world were distasteful to him, and though holding the office of Great Admiral of France, he seldom appeared at Court. His time seems to have been spent in attending to his religious duties, and assisting the needy on his numerous estates, which he visited in regular succession. A more confirmed rake than his son was not to be found; it was with a view to steadying him, if possible, that he persuaded him to marry. The monotony of domestic life, however, soon wearied the Prince de Lamballe, and he returned to his old habits. The vicious example of his relative, the Duc de Chartres, encouraged him in this course, until death cut short his disreputable career.

After a short time spent in retirement at the Abbaye de Saint Antoine, the young widow joined her father-in-law, and his daughter, at the Château de Rambouillet. Here she threw herself with zest into the simple amusements of country life, gardening with Mademoiselle de Penthièvre, reading with the poet Florian (a member of the household), and seconding the Duke in his deeds of benevolence. She contributed all the life and gaiety to the party, for Mademoiselle de Penthièvre, though younger, was more thoughtful.* The Duke used to address his Italian daughter-in-law, sometimes, as *Marie-la-folle*, so exuberant were her spirits.

* In 1769, Mademoiselle de Penthièvre married the Duc de Chartres, who, on the death of his father, became Duc d'Orléans.

The marriage of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI., with the Austrian Archduchess Marie Antoinette, took place in May, 1770. The Dauphine was frank, lively, and affectionate. Her beauty and charm of manner appeared at first to win all hearts, yet her position was not enviable. A mere girl in years, a foreigner, conscious of prejudice surrounding her, she sought sympathy and friendship. She found both in the Princesse de Lamballe. It was a welcome surprise to meet this good, sweet-tempered, sprightly companion, in a society at once formal and corrupt. On becoming Queen she revived, in favor of the Princess, the lucrative office of *Surintendante de la Maison de la Reine*. This post had, as a piece of State economy, been abolished some years before. Its revival was the cause of much grumbling amongst envious courtiers.

Madame Campan gives a pleasing description of the sledge-driving, which was the mania at Versailles one exceptionally hard winter, when deep snow lay for weeks on the ground, and shrub and tree were hung with sparkling icicles. A brilliant sight it must have been to see a number of these equipages dashing along beneath the rays of a winter sun. They varied in size and shape, but were all carved and gilt; while the prancing horses that drew them were decked with white head-plumes, and had their harness covered with merry bells. In the most splendid sat the Queen with her invariable companion the Princesse de Lamballe, who used to appear, says Madame Campan, "in all the radiant freshness of her twenty years. Wrapped as she was in heavy furs, one might have taken her for Spring itself, peeping from beneath sable and ermine." When too, in the long summer evenings, the Queen betook herself to Petit Trianon, there to enjoy some freedom and repose, it was with the same friend that she rambled through the grounds, or fed the swans that glided toward her over the placid lake. There arose, at one time, a coolness between the Queen and Madame de Lamballe; but it never amounted to a serious misunderstanding, far less to a quarrel. The cause of this was the sudden fancy which her Majesty conceived for the Comtesse Jules de Polignac, a lady who, till then,

had been living in needy obscurity. Singularly attractive in appearance and manner, the new favorite was not long in turning her influence to account. She obtained for herself the important post of *Gouvernante des Enfants de France*; her husband was created a Duke, and appointed *Directeur Général des Postes*; other members of her family were given places and pensions for no merits of their own. Supplanted in some degree by Madame de Polignac, and afflicted by the death of both her parents within a short time of each other, the Princesse de Lamballe retired from Court, and for three years lived entirely with her father-in-law, in the country—at Rambouillet, Vernon, Sceaux, or Crécy. She appeared though with the Queen, whenever her duties as *surintendante* obliged her. When, in 1782, the Imperial Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Russia (with the travelling titles of Comte and Comtesse du Nord) came to Versailles, we find her bearing her share in their entertainment. In the memoirs of Madame d'Oberkirch, a lady-in-waiting on the Comtesse du Nord, there is a description, which we take to be a true one, of the subject of this sketch:—

"The Princesse de Lamballe is very pretty, although her features are not regular. She is lively and playful; but without, I should say, much wit. She avoids discussions, and agrees with you at once rather than embark on an argument. She is a sweet, kind, obliging woman, incapable of an evil thought. The shaft of calumny has always failed to reach her. A widow at nineteen, she has since devoted herself entirely to her father-in-law and the Queen. She gives immensely in charity, more than she can afford, often depriving herself of many things that she may the more effectually assist the poor. She is called the 'good angel' by the people on the different estates of the Duc de Penthièvre."

In the summer of 1787, Madame de Lamballe came over to England. The following rather pompous record of her doings, taken from the "Gentleman's Magazine," shows what marked attention she received:—

"July 21st.—The Princesse de Lamballe with her suite, accompanied by the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Duncannon, and other ladies of distinction, conducted by his Grace the Duke of Richmond, the principal officers of the Artillery and others of high rank, and attended by Sir Peter Burrell, and other gentlemen of fortune known to her Highness abroad, visited the Royal Academy at Woolwich, and was

present at a field day of the Royal Artillery. After seeing manœuvres with guns, small arms, mortars, &c., they visited the *Prince*, 90 guns, a new man-of-war, just completed, and ready to launch. Her Highness expressed the utmost admiration at everything shown her on that magnificent ship."

She also dined with the Duke of Queensberry at his villa at Richmond, inspected the Herschel telescope at Slough, drank the waters of Bath, and took sea-baths at Brighton, where she was often seen on the Steyne in company with the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert.

But all this time the Revolution was approaching. The mutterings of the coming storm, long heard in the distance, were now sounding louder and nearer. The convocation of the States-General, in May 1789, gave the first blow to the Royal authority. In July there were fearful disturbances in the capital, ending in the overthrow of the Bastille; and on this followed the events of the 5th and 6th October, when an armed mob invaded the palace of Versailles, attempted to murder the Queen, and insisted on the removal of the Court to Paris. Emigration had already begun; the Comte d'Artois, in spite of his blustering, found it prudent to decamp. Other Princes of the Blood followed his example. The Polignacs escaped to the frontier under a feigned name.

Looking around them at the Tuileries, the King and Queen beheld a diminished Court indeed; yet they still had devoted adherents prepared to stand by them to the last. First among these was Madame de Lamballe, who at once hastened to the Queen's side. Related closely as she was to the Duke of Orleans—the bitterest enemy of the Court—she did her best to promote a reconciliation in that quarter. Her effort proved fruitless. That it had been made, though, was no secret. On the same evening that Louis XVI. attempted to escape with his family to Montmédy, she set out for Aumâle, where the Duc de Penthièvre and his daughter then were.* Quickly explaining what had taken place, she urged them to accompany her in her flight; but as they were

not to be persuaded, she was off again as soon as her horses had been changed. She reached Boulogne the following morning, and finding an English ship about to sail for Dover, embarked immediately.

There was published at Paris, in 1801, a work entitled, "*Mémoires historiques de la Princesse de Lamballe, par Madame Guénard.*" In this mendacious and altogether worthless production, it is asserted that the Princess now proceeded to London, and had several interviews with George III. and Pitt, with the view of securing their assistance in stemming the torrent of the Revolution. That she did nothing of the kind is proved by the letters of Madame de Lâge, her lady-in-waiting and companion on this journey. She really remained but two days at Dover; and then sailed for Ostend, whence she travelled via Brussels to Aix-la-Chapelle. It was at Brussels that she received from Count Fersen, whom she found there, the distressing intelligence of the King's capture at Varennes.* Her first impulse was to go back to France without delay; but those about her recommended her remaining at a distance and watching events.

Coblentz was the point to which the *émigrés* were all hurrying. The Comte de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.) was established at Schloss Schönborn-lust. Crowds of nobles, escaped from France, poured in incessantly. Plots for the invasion of their country were here laid, and applications made to the various European Powers for assistance in their cause. Many of the great French ladies assembled at Coblentz tried to persuade Madame de Lamballe to leave Aix and join them, but she decided on not doing so. She knew, and possibly shared, the distrust which the Queen had always felt in the Comte de Provence, who already aspired to the dignity of Regent of France. She knew, too, that the intrigues of the *émigrés* only irritated the Revolutionists, and added to the difficulties of the King, now little better than a prisoner at the Tuileries. A more tempting proposal

* The Duchess of Orleans had at this time obtained a divorce from her husband, and returned to live with her father.

* It will be remembered that Count Fersen, who planned the flight, had himself driven the fugitives from Paris to Bondy, where, at the King's express desire, he left them.

reached her from her nephew, the Prince de Carignan. He urged her to come and stay with him at Turin; but this offer was also declined.

As time went on, the news from Paris grew blacker and blacker, the tone of the Queen's letters more hopeless. Her Majesty continued to adjure her friend to remain out of harm's way, yet occasionally a cry escaped her which proved that she yearned for her presence. There is the ring of real despair in the following lines which the Princess received on the 13th of October:—

"I am broken-hearted at what I see passing around me, and can only entreat you not to come back. The present moment is too terrible. Although I have courage enough on my own account, I cannot help feeling uneasy for my friends, more especially for one so precious as you. I do not, therefore, wish you to expose yourself uselessly to danger. It is already as much as I can do to face circumstances calmly at the side of the King and my children. Farewell, then, dear heart! Give me your pity, since, from the very love I bear you, your absence is perhaps a greater trial to me than it is to you."^{*}

If Madame de Lamballe had hesitated before, hesitation was now at an end. On the 15th she made her will; on the 16th she set out for France. Four months had elapsed since she and the Queen had parted, and in that brief space what a change had come over Marie Antoinette! She looked ten years older; her bright color had fled; her hair was gray. She had prepared a gift for the Princess, which she presented to her on their meeting. It was a ring containing some of her hair, with the inscription, *Blanchis par le malheur*.

Recently arrived from Germany (where it was erroneously supposed that she had been in close communication with the *émigrés*), Madame de Lamballe at once became an object of suspicion to the Republican party. Everything she did was watched and misrepresented. Newspaper attacks on her were frequent. In one of these it was asserted that, while absent from France, she had made her servants sport the white cockade, the "badge of the tyrant." Another denounced her as an instigator and leader in a plot to "assassinate all the patriots in the Assembly, and set up a British Constitution with two Chambers." A

rumor got about, too, that a mysterious "Austrian Committee," pledged to oppose the march of liberty, met in her rooms in the Pavillon de Flore at the Tuileries. She was able to pay but two short visits to the Duc de Penthièvre after her return to France, the first lasting four days, the second six. The Duke was naturally averse to her continuing in Paris; but there, she conceived, was her proper post, and thither she returned. When she had left him for the last time, he observed to one of his attendants, "My daughter's devotion to the Queen is most praiseworthy; but in going back to her, she is making a great sacrifice. *Je tremble qu'elle n'en soit victime*."

In all the humiliations and dangers, to which the King and Queen were henceforth exposed, she shared. When, on the 20th of June 1792, a rabble army of men and women carrying pikes, hatchets and knives, broke into the palace, we find her at the Queen's side, enduring for two long hours their threats and insults. Throughout the anxious night of the 9th of August, when an attack on the Tuileries was hourly expected, she remained with the Queen and Madame Élisabeth in the cabinet adjoining the council-chamber. With them she listened, as there broke forth from the church-towers, far and near, the sound of the tocsin—the death-knell of the Monarchy. After watching the sun rise in a sky ominously red, she repaired to her own rooms, where her attendants were collected, awaiting events. She stood a moment at a window overlooking the Pont Royal, and gazed at the excited crowds hurrying along the quays. One of her ladies now, for the first time, observed a cloud on the Princess's usually cheerful face, and, thinking to encourage her, said, "Let us hope that the day of our deliverance has at last come; the King's adherents are more numerous than you think"—and she pointed to the soldiers guarding the bridge, picked men from the loyal Bataillon des Filles Saint Thomas. But the other's eyes were filled with tears as she answered, "No, no; nothing can save us now. I feel that we are lost."^{*}

^{*} From letter in collection of M. Feuillet de Conches.

^{*} "Souvenirs d'Émigration," by Madame de Lâgé.

As daylight increased, the beating of drums and rumble of cannon announced the approach of the insurgents. About seven o'clock, Louis XVI. yielded to the advice of those around him, and quitted the palace with his family, to seek the treacherous protection of the Assembly. Madame de Lamballe and Madame de Tourzel* were the only two ladies permitted to go with them. On entering the Assembly, the King took his seat beside the President. The Queen and Princesses were conducted to the benches reserved for foreign Ministers. But one of the deputies objecting to the presence of the Sovereign during a debate, they were all removed to the *loge du logographe*, or reporter's box—a sort of cage, ten feet square, railed off from the hall. Hardly had this change been made, when the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry proved that the conflict at the palace had begun. The din increased each moment. The walls and roof of the Assembly were struck by bullets; the doors were assailed with violence; there was a panic among the deputies, many of whom sprang from their seats in alarm. Presently, cries of victory were heard from without. A messenger burst in to announce that the palace was in the hands of the people, and that the Swiss Guards were flying. Thereupon from the hall itself and from the galleries, closely packed with rabid Revolutionists, arose shouts of "Vive la liberté! Vive la nation!"

The heat in the *loge du logographe* was suffocating; the space so confined that its occupants could scarcely move. They remained there for sixteen hours, during which the decree was passed suspending the King from his authority. It was not till one o'clock on the morning of the 11th that they were taken to an adjacent building, where four small rooms had been prepared for them. Here they passed a restless interval. Madame de Tourzel was in the greatest anxiety about her daughter Pauline,† a girl of seventeen, whom she had been obliged to leave behind at the Tuileries. But she soon had the joy of hearing that her child was safe; and later on, Pauline herself appeared, having obtained leave

to join and remain with her mother. By nine o'clock, they were all back again in the *loge du logographe*. Three hours later, Dr. John Moore, a Scotch physician and author, who happened to be in Paris at this eventful period, obtained a seat in the House. We seem to see with his eyes, as we read the following sentences in his journal:—

"My attention was naturally directed to the box in which the Royal Family were. From the place in which I sat I could not see the King, but I had a full view of the Queen. Her beauty is gone! No wonder. She seemed to listen with an undisturbed air to the speakers. Sometimes she whispered to her sister-in-law, or to the Princesse de Lamballe; once or twice she stood up, and, leaning forward, surveyed every part of the hall. A person near me remarked that her face indicated rage and the most provoking arrogance. I perceived nothing of that nature, although the turn of the debate, as well as the remarks made by some of the members, must have appeared to her highly insolent. On the whole, her behavior in this trying situation was full of propriety and dignified composure."

The following day (Sunday) they spent in like manner. On Monday, the 13th, it was decided that they should be transferred to the Temple.† A heavy Court carriage conveyed them. In it were the Royal party, eight in number: Pétion the Mayor, Manuel the Procureur de la Commune, and a municipal officer named Colonges, got in as well. The King, Queen, and their children, occupied the back seat; opposite them were Madame Elisabeth, the Princesse de Lamballe, and Pétion: on one *banquette de portière* were Madame de Tourzel and her daughter, on the other Manuel and Colonges. The streets were densely thronged. The carriage, preceded by a number of pikemen, and surrounded by an escort of mounted National Guards, advanced at a foot's pace till it reached the Place Vendôme, where it was stopped for a time, that those inside might see the overthrown statue of Louis XIV. At dusk they reached the Temple which, prison though it was, seemed

* "Moore's Journal in France during August and September 1792."

† We learn from the *Memoirs of Madame de Tourzel* (published in 1883) that the Queen, on hearing this decision, earnestly implored Madame de Lamballe to leave her, and seek an asylum from existing troubles either with the Duc de Penthièvre, or in England; but that the other, consistent in her devotion, refused.

* She had succeeded the Duchesse de Polignac as *gouvernante* of the King's children.

† Afterwards Comtesse de Béarn.

to them a welcome refuge from the storm outside.

Shortly before midnight on the 19th, while at rest in the Temple tower, the prisoners were aroused by a great commotion below. This was caused by the arrival of some municipal officers, commissioned to remove all except the actual members of the Royal Family, and bring them to the Hôtel de Ville, to undergo an examination respecting a "secret correspondence," which they were suspected of carrying on. In vain did the Queen oppose the departure of Madame de Lamballe, on the score of her being a relation. The moment of separation had arrived. Marie Antoinette and Madame Élisabeth stood locked in the embrace of the friends who had shared alike their prosperity and adversity. "They clung together," says Hue (a valet of the Kings, who witnessed this painful scene) "with arms intertwined, uttering *de tendres et déchirants adieux*."

The Princesse de Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel, and Pauline, were then driven to the Hôtel de Ville, where they were interrogated in turn in the principal hall. The Princess answered briefly and guardedly the string of petty questions asked her. Madame de Tourzel was next examined; then Pauline, who informs us with refreshing candor, "I took care to tell them nothing but what I chose they should know, for I was not the least frightened." She adds, "I felt as though supported by an invisible hand."* From the Hôtel de Ville they were taken to the prison of La Force. This prison, the last traces of which have long since been swept away, consisted of two separate buildings in one inclosure, called respectively Grande and Petite Force. In the former were confined prisoners of both sexes; in the latter only women, principally debtors and thieves. It was in Petite Force that the Princess and her companions were incarcerated. They were placed in different cells at first; but next day, on Manuel's visiting the prison, he yielded to their joint entreaties, and reunited them in one good-sized room. Here they passed ten days together.

* "Souvenirs de quarante ans," by Madame de Béarn.

On the 26th of the month, news of the surrender of Longwy to the Allied Armies reached Paris. This intelligence produced indescribable consternation. A few days at most, it was supposed, would bring the Duke of Brunswick and his hosts to the very gates of the capital—and what Revolutionists might expect when that happened, the Duke's violent Manifesto, bristling with menaces, had already shown. While the Assembly was decreeing the formation of a fresh army to oppose the invaders, Danton, Marat, and other leading members of the Commune, seized the opportunity to effect the destruction of all Royalists within reach. A story was therefore circulated that, as soon as the army now forming had left, the prisons were to be thrown open by "certain concealed traitors," the prisoners armed, and the friends of liberty, together with the wives and children of those who had marched against the enemy, put to death *en masse*. This monstrous invention, placarded everywhere, duly roused the passions of the mob. Ingress and egress, to and from Paris, were suspended for two days and two nights, during which domiciliary visits were made and arms seized. All those suspected, or related to those suspected, of Royalist tendencies, were arrested. The prisons were filled to overflowing. The Assembly, silenced by the very audacity of the Commune, neither objected nor remonstrated.

The last letter which the Duc de Penhièvre had received from his daughter-in-law was written in pencil from the *loge du logographe* in the Assembly. He next heard of her having been taken to the Temple with the Royal Family. Later on came the account of her removal to La Force. He had been, from the first, in perpetual alarm about her. Immediate action was now imperative. He despatched a messenger to Manuel, offering him any sum he chose to name for her release. Manuel did promise to procure her release, and is said to have accepted, in return, one hundred and fifty thousand francs (£6000). Overtures of a like nature, in favor of the two Tourzels, are believed to have been made by members of their family.

At midnight on Saturday the 1st September, as the prisoners were asleep, the

door of their room was opened, and a voice said, "Mademoiselle de Tourzel, get up at once and follow me." It was no time to ask questions. Pauline rose and, having dressed with all speed, went out. She found a member of the Commune, named Hardy, awaiting her. He took her to a room below, gave her a peasant's costume, which she slipped over her own clothes, and led her away.

"You may imagine whether I slept again, or not, after Pauline had gone," writes Madame de Tourzel, in a letter describing these events.* "I anxiously awaited the hour when our breakfast was usually brought to us. When it came, we were told that Paris had been in a state of commotion since the previous evening, that massacres were expected, that the prisons were threatened, indeed that many had been broken into already. I then felt sure it must have been in order to save Pauline that they had removed her, and my only remaining regret was at not knowing whither she had been taken. I saw plainly enough the fate in store for the Princesse de Lamballe and myself. I will not say that I saw it without dread; but I was able to endure the idea at least with resignation. It seemed to me that presence of mind alone would enable me to surmount the dangers before me, and I ceased to think of anything except how to preserve it. This was by no means easy, for the extreme agitation of my unhappy companion, the questions she kept asking me, the terrible conjectures she formed, almost deprived me of what heart I had. I strove to reassure and calm her; but finding that impossible, I proposed that we should cease talking, since we only increased our fears by exchanging them."

Toward evening the two were suddenly summoned and taken down into a courtyard where, says Madame de Tourzel, "were many other prisoners, and a multitude of shabbily-clad, savage-looking people, most of them drunk." As they stood there bewildered, a man with a more respectable air than the rest approached Madame de Tourzel, and let drop the words, "Your daughter is saved." The speaker was none other than Hardy, who had rescued Pauline the night before. In replying to questions from him and other bystanders, Madame de Tourzel had her attention occupied for some time. When at last she was able to look around, the Princess had disappeared! . . . The courtyard was getting emptier by degrees. The prisoners, she was told, were being taken one by one to undergo a trial, after which

they were either let off, or killed by the people stationed outside. At length she was herself called, and led before the judges. The knowledge that Pauline was safe, and that her own rescue was intended (for so Hardy had informed her) gave her courage. Her interrogation over, Hardy and ten others surrounded her, and conducted her into the street, where the ruffians employed to butcher the defenceless prisoners were collected. A cry was raised that an aristocrat was being allowed to escape; but thanks to the boldness of her escort, she was dragged unharmed through the mob, and hurried forward till a *fiacre* was obtained. Into this she was pushed, her deliverers mounting after her, some inside, some out. They were then driven, at full speed, to the house in which Pauline had taken refuge. On the way there, Madame de Tourzel made eager inquiries as to what had become of the Princesse de Lamballe; but at mention of that name, Hardy shook his head and was silent—adding, after a moment, that he would have saved her too, "if it had lain in his power."

By night, the prison of Petite Force stood empty. Of those shut up there, many had been slain, many liberated, and a few transferred to Grande Force, to be dealt with later. Among these was the Princess, who, when Madame de Tourzel lost sight of her in the courtyard, was already on the way to her new cell. Her removal from one part of the building to another, just when many of her fellow-captives were set free, shows that the Council of the Commune had determined to sacrifice her. That Manuel himself wished to save her, seems not unlikely; yet to have pleaded with his ferocious colleagues for the life of this particular prisoner—this friend of Marie Antoinette, branded with the odious name of Bourbon—might have brought suspicion and ruin on himself. He was therefore content with directing some of the hired assassins to assist in her rescue, if occasion offered.

On this same Sunday night, in this same prison of La Force, there was an elderly lawyer named Maton, who survived to write an account of the hours he passed there. He, and several companions confined in the same ward,

* Addressed to an elder daughter, Madame de Sainte Aldegonde, then at Brussels.

could hear the cries of those being assassinated in the street. Not only the turnkeys, but at times the murderers themselves, burst into the ward. One of them, whose arm and coat-sleeve up to the very shoulder, as well as his sabre, were covered with blood, was heard to say that "for two hours he had been despatching right and left, and was wearier than a hodman who had been beating plaster for two days."

"One prisoner after another," continues Maton, "was torn from my part of the prison to meet his fate. At every opening of the grate, I expected to hear them call my name. At length all the chambers on our corridor had been emptied except our own. We were four together, and seemed to have been forgotten. We addressed our prayers in common to the Eternal to be delivered from this great peril. Our situation was a thousand times more horrible than death."*

An agony still more intense than Maton's must have been that of the Princesse de Lamballe in her solitary cell. The commotion within and without the prison, the hurrying of feet along the corridor, the grating of locks and muttering of hoarse voices, must have been heard by her with such acuteness as terror alone can impart.

Soon after six o'clock on Monday morning—about which time Maton was led before the tribunal and acquitted—there came a lull. The slaughterers had gone to refresh themselves with wine, and receive payment at the Commune for their night's work.

Worn out with fatigue, and already half dead from fright, the Princess flung herself on her pallet, and possibly yielded to a hope that the worst was over. But she had not long lain there awake and trembling, when the door of her cell was thrown open, and two rough-looking men, in the uniform of the National Guard, entered. They told her to get up and come with them directly, as it was intended to remove her to the Abbaye. She replied that, as all prisons were alike to her, she was as ready to remain in her present one as go to another; she entreated them, therefore, to leave her where she was. Upon this they departed, but only to reappear, after a short absence, and inform her that obey she must, for her life depend-

ed on it. At the same moment, the noise outside the prison recommenced, and loud cries of "La Lamballe! La Lamballe!" reached her ears.

Leaning on the arm of one of the guards—she was too weak to walk alone—she descended to the prison-hall, where the men acting as judges were seated, with the jail-register open before them.* The hall was filled with armed executioners, whose hands, faces, and clothes were stained with blood, while from the gateway came the roars of the mob calling for a fresh victim. On entering this scene of horror, the Princess fainted away, and remained in that state several minutes, upheld by her two conductors. She regained her senses presently, but the awful reality to which she woke made her swoon afresh. At length she seemed to have revived sufficiently to undergo her interrogation. The following, according to Peltier (who obtained the particulars from an eye-witness), were the questions asked her and the answers she gave—

"Your name?"

"Maria Louisa, Princess of Savoy."

"Your condition?"

"Superintendent of the Queen's household."

"Were you aware of the conspiracies at Court on the 10th of August?"

"If there were any conspiracies on the 10th of August, I had no knowledge of them."

"Then swear to love liberty and equality, and to hate the King, Queen, and Royalty."

"I will take the first oath, but not the last. It is not in my heart."

Here somebody standing by—probably one of Manuel's emissaries—muttered in her ear, "Swear then, or you're a dead woman!"

The prisoner made no reply; but raising both her hands, pressed them against her eyes, as though to shut out some hateful vision. At the same time, one of the judges gave the usual signal of dismissal, saying, "Let Madame be set at liberty." This sentence, like "Take her to the Abbaye," meant that she was condemned. The Princess, no

* "Ma résurrection," by P. A. Maton, reprinted in "Histoire Parlementaire."

* It is not known for certain who these wretches were. The statement that Hébert (Père Duchêne) was one of them has been satisfactorily disproved.

doubt, interpreted the words literally, for, on hearing them, she turned and made a step toward the gate. Thereupon two of the murderers caught hold of her by either arm and led her out between them, with the intention, it may be, of saving her if they could. But on getting outside among the tigers in human form surging around her, on seeing the ground strewn with corpses, on hearing the savage yells that greeted her appearance, her senses again forsook her, and she fell backwards between the men, who continued to bear her along. Instantly she received on the head a blow from a bludgeon; this was followed by a stroke from a sabre, and then a rain of pike-thrusts brought her stunned and bleeding to the ground. But her martyrdom was not yet complete. Before death came to her release, she had undergone tortures and indignities from which we willingly avert our eyes.

After the removal of the Princess and Madame de Tourzel from the Temple, the Dauphin had been taught by his mother a prayer for each, which he repeated nightly at her knee. The first question the King and Queen always put to Manuel when he came, as he often did, to visit the Temple, was how it fared with the prisoners at La Force, his answer being usually that they were "*en sûreté*," or else "*tranquilles*." The latter was his report at eleven o'clock on this third day of September, at which time the Princess had ceased to breathe, as he well knew. Perhaps he had not the heart to say what had really happened.

The King's personal attendant, Cléry, vividly describes what took place in the afternoon :

"While the King and Queen were at dinner, the beating of drums and cries of the populace were distinctly heard. The Royal Family quitted the dining-room in considerable alarm, and assembled in the Queen's room, while I went down to dine with Tison and his wife, who were in service at the Temple. We had hardly taken our seats when a head, on the point of a pike, was held up to the window. Tison's wife gave a loud scream. The barbarians outside evidently thought it was the Queen's voice, for we heard them laughing immoderately. Imagining that her Majesty must be still at table, they held their trophy in such a position that, had she been in the room, she could not

have helped seeing it : it was the head of the Princesse de Lamballe. Although marked with blood, it was not disfigured ; her fair hair, still in curl, waved around the end of the pike. I rushed off at once to the King. Terror had so altered my expression that the Queen observed it ; but it was important to hide from her the cause. All I wanted was to warn the King or Madame Elisabeth. However, there were two municipal officers in the room. The Queen inquired why I was not at dinner. I told her I was not feeling well. Just then, another municipal officer entered, and began conferring mysteriously with his colleagues. The King begged of them to let him know if the lives of his family were in danger. 'The report has got about,' replied they, 'that you and your family are no longer in the Temple, and therefore the people are calling for you to show yourselves at the window. But this we are not going to allow. Good citizens should display more confidence in their officers.' All this time, the uproar without went on increasing, and we could hear a volley of abusive language levelled at the Queen. Another municipal officer then walked in, followed by four men deputed by the people to certify to the presence of the prisoners. One of these last, who wore the uniform of a National Guard, with epaulettes on his shoulders, and a long sabre in his hand, insisted that their Majesties should appear at the window. The municipal officers, however, still objecting, he thus brutally addressed the Queen : 'They only want to prevent your seeing Lamballe's head, which has been brought you to let you see how the people revenge themselves on their tyrants. I advise you to appear then, unless you wish the people to come up here.' On hearing these words, the Queen sank down in a fainting-fit. I flew to her assistance, and with the aid of Madame Elisabeth placed her in a chair, while her children, bursting into tears, strove by her caresses to bring her to herself. As the man who had spoken seemed disposed to linger in the room, the King said to him sternly, 'We are prepared for anything, sir ; but you might have spared the Queen the knowledge of this terrible calamity.' The fellow then departed with his comrades. Their object in coming was accomplished."*

There were other hearts to be wrung besides those of the captives at the Temple. Intelligence of the crime committed at La Force reached Vernon at midnight on the 3d ; but the Duc de Penthièvre was not told of it. It was broken very gently to the Duchess of Orleans next morning ; and she, stifling her own anguish as best she could, had to decide how the cruel truth should be conveyed to her father, his state of health being such that it was thought dangerous to cause him too sudden a shock. The following plan was at last agreed upon and adopted. It was early

* "Journal de Cléry," pp. 41-43.

—not seven o'clock—and the Duke still slept. On awaking, he found his daughter, his chaplain, physician, and secretary, with others of his household, seated in his bedroom. He looked inquiringly from face to face, but no one smiled, no one spoke. There was a deep, significant silence, broken at length by the sobs of the Duchess, who had hidden her face in her hands. Then the truth dawned on him. His

worst fears had been realized ; his cherished daughter-in-law was no more ! Raising his clasped hands heavenwards, he exclaimed, " Mon Dieu ! vous le savez—je crois n'avoir rien à me reprocher ! "

His first emotion over, he became calm ; but from that day he drooped and declined. Six months afterwards, he was carried to his grave.—*Temple Bar.*

PESSIMISM ON THE STAGE.

HAMLET.

BY EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

FROM Schlegel's Commentaries to Professor Dowden's, J. Feis's, and George Macdonald's recent studies, what multitudes of explanations and analyses have been given of the tragedy of "Hamlet" ! It has been said that a fresh one is published almost yearly. I hope, therefore, I shall not be considered presumptuous in attempting a little sketch in which I shall endeavor to explain Hamlet's character from a sociologic standpoint. I know this will be by no means an easy task ; I recollect reading in a book of Mr. Frank Marshall's, who had devoted fourteen years to the study of "Hamlet," that he had found out how little he knew about it.

I was studying "Hamlet" at the time of the "Coup d'État" of 1852. This event dismayed me. Before the year 1848 I looked forward with confidence to a general disarmament, to peaceful progress, and to the coming triumph of liberty in the world ; and, a little later, when Lamartine addressed words of affection and friendship, in the name of Republican France, to all other nations, he seemed to me to be realizing the Utopia of poets and prophets. A new era was commencing ; as Beranger writes :—

" La paix descendait sur la terre
Semant de l'or, des fleurs et des épis ; "

and the swords would be turned into ploughshares. Democracy would become established without violence or bloodshed, as the result of a regular and apparently irresistible movement. The

sovereignty of the people seemed to be assured, and St. Simon's programme of the moral, intellectual, and material amelioration of the masses appeared likely to be set on foot. But alas ! these bright dreams were visionary ! The days of June partly marred their splendor, and soon afterwards, on a dark winter's night, an adventurer, armed only with the power borrowed from the memory of an odious despot, drives out the people's representatives, shoots those who resist, stifles liberty, and reinstates absolute and autocratic government. This unexpected triumph of evil was a great blow to me, and a cause of deep anguish.

I could not help questioning whether justice was to be found at all in the world. I said to myself : A perverse man rules supreme. The just and the true friends of the people and of liberty are exiled and imprisoned. How can God permit such violation of His equitable laws ?

In reading "Hamlet" I found the expression of similar sentiments. It seemed to me that his mind was troubled by sight of the triumph of evil over good, by the distressing enigma ever meeting us in human societies where, as in Nature, happiness is not reserved to the deserving, and trouble to sinners. I found Louis Napoleon marching to the Tuileries, through the pools of blood of December, in Hamlet's imprecation, when speaking to his mother of his father's assassin, her husband, he says :—

"A murderer and a villain,
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!"—Act. iii. sc. 4.

Under the empire of these feelings of indignation and despair I attained a better conception of Shakespeare's drama.

Hamlet is an accomplished prince, to whom all the pleasures of life are apparently reserved. He is young and handsome, and a throne awaits him. He is a philosopher and a poet, and well versed in sword-craft. He has studied at the Wittenberg University, and his thoughtful and reflective mind penetrates to the depths of the great problem of human life. As becomes his age, the young philosopher loves a maiden whose charm and whose very name are poetry personified. As Ophelia says, he has a noble mind:—

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye,
tongue, sword:

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers."—Act. iii. sc. 1.

When the ghost of his father appears to him and reveals the abominable crime committed by his uncle, his mother's husband, the usurper of the throne, the spectacle of triumphant and unpunished crime so overwhelms him that his mental faculties are in danger. Suffering not only affects Hamlet, like most men, in his sentiments, but it completely upsets his metaphysical theories, and attacks his reason.

"Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records;
All saws of books, all forms, all pleasures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter; yes, by heaven!
Oh! most pernicious woman!
Oh, villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables, meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a
villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark."—
Act i. sc. 5.

Crime smiling and remorseless—this is what disturbs and confuses all his notions of justice. Agony, doubt, and despair take hold on Hamlet, and he is haunted by the idea of suicide. His faith in the universal order of things is attacked more severely than his love for his father. Henceforth, buried in the

bitterest reflections, he must commence a fresh existence. Good-by, dear studies; good-by, pleasure; good-by, love; good-by, Ophelia. He bursts all the bands which bind him to life, and buries himself completely in his one dominant thought; and how admirably Shakespeare describes the effect of this on the young prince:—

Ophelia.

"My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each
other;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loos'd out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

* * * * *
He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shelter all his bulk,
And end his being."—Act ii. sc. 1.

He very soon reaches a despairing state of pessimism. In his sight the most beautiful aspects of Nature are darkened by evil. All is going wrong:—

"I have of late lost all my mirth, foregone
all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes
so heavily with my disposition that this goodly
frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promon-
tory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look
you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this
majestical roof, fretted with golden fire,—why
it appears no other thing to me than a foul and
pestilential congregation of vapors. What a
piece of work is a man! how noble in reason!
how infinite in faculty! in form and moving
how express and admirable! in action, how like
an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!
the beauty of the world! the paragon of ani-
mals! And yet, to me, what is this quintes-
sence of dust? Man delights not me; no, nor
woman either."—Act ii. sc. 2.

One of the most eloquent singers of modern pessimism, Madame Ackermann, designates man as "that summary of all miseries," and uses terms so bitter that Hamlet would not have disowned them. The poetess thus addresses Nature:—

"Oui, je souffre, et c'est toi, Mère, qui m'ex-
termine,
Tantôt frappant mes flancs, tantôt blessant
mon cœur.
Mon être tout entier, par toutes ses racines,
Plonge sans fond dans la douleur.

J'offre sous la ciel un lugubre spectacle,
Ne naissant, ne vivant, que pour agoniser.
L'abîme s'ouvre ici, là se dresse l'obstacle ;

Ou m'engloutir, ou me briser.

Mais jusque sous le coup du désastre suprême,
Moi, l'homme, je t'accuse à la face des cieux.
Créatrice, en plein front reçois donc l'anathème
De cet atôme audacieux.

* * * * *

Qu'envahissant les cieux, l'immobilité morne
Sous un voile funèbre éteigne tout flambeau,
Puisque d'un univers magnifique et sans borne
Tu n'as su faire qu'un tombeau."

In Leopardi we find the same state of absolute and complete despair, but there it is resigned and without revolt. In Hamlet's case it is more thrilling from the fact of its being more human, more life-like, more varied in its expression.

It has always been a subject of astonishment that Hamlet was so long before avenging the death of his father. The reason for this is apparent. The creed of the philosopher, who believed in the triumph of the good and the punishment of the wicked, has received a more severe shock than the filial affection of the son. These general thoughts and reflections trouble him and weigh on his mind far more than the mere personal desire for revenge. Will the death of the murderer re-establish an order of justice in society? "The world's a goodly prison, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one of the worst" (act ii. sc. 2). "To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand" (act ii. sc. 2). "How very stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world" (act i. sc. 2). "Oh, cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right" (act i. sc. 5). "For in the fatness of these pury times, virtue itself of vice must pardon beg" (act iii. sc. 4). Does not this last quotation resume the whole moral situation under the Second Empire in France? How well Hamlet paints the perversity which has invaded everything when he says to Ophelia, "If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry,—be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." "To a nunnery, and quickly too." "What should such fellows as I do, crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves all, believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery." "Why shouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?"

I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me" (act iii. sc. 1).

Here Shakespeare expresses exactly the sentiments of the early Christians, of the millennarians, and of the ascetic school. The corruptions of the world by which they were surrounded filled them with horror. They longed for the kingdom of God, for justice to reign universally, and for the perfect happiness of the faithful; but how is this to be established? By the end of the world—that is to say, by a cosmic revolution, when fire from heaven is to descend and purify all things. As these eschatological hopes failed to be realized, and the world continued as perverted as heretofore, but one course was left open to those persons who longed for purity and holiness, to flee to the desert and cry out with Hamlet, "To a nunnery, to a nunnery." This was the feeling which peopled the Thebaides in the first centuries after Christ, and later on, the convents and monasteries, especially as the year 1,000 approached, which was considered to be the date of the long-expected end of the world.

The nothingness of human life was the dominant idea of Middle-age Christian asceticism. The art of this period often depicted the horrible realities of death and the grave, in the most striking and powerful manner; for instance, the death's head in the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, on the Piazza del Popolo at Rome, says to the living: *Hodie mihi cras tibi*. At the Campo Santo at Pisa, Orcagna's frescoes show us brilliant cavalcades of ladies and gentlemen, whose horses suddenly stop, startled at the sight of putrefying corpses! Hamlet's dark thoughts call up similar imageries:—

"The King.—Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?"

Hamlet.—At supper.

King.—At supper! Where?

Hamlet.—Not where he eats, but where he is eaten. A certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service—two dishes, but to one table: that's the end."—Act iv. sc. 3.

Longfellow's "Grave," from the

Anglo-Saxon, dwells on the same morbid idea :—

"Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within;
There thou art fast detained,
And Death has the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell.
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee."

At the cemetery, Hamlet is interested in handling the skulls dug up by the grave-diggers and in indulging in reflections as to the persons to whom they belonged—"Alas! poor Yorick;" and, addressing the skull of a courtier, he says—"This might be my lord such-a-one . . . and now my lady worms" (act v. sc. 1). In what admirable language he depicts the nothingness of man: "Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?"

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's
flaw!"—Act v. sc. 1.

In Holy Writ, Ecclesiastes offers another type of pessimism. He also bears witness that this world is given up to evil; but, instead of despairing about it until his mind wanders, he draws the conclusion that he had best take life as it is and rejoice, while it lasts, as there is no to-morrow. "There is a vanity which is done upon the earth; that there be just men, unto whom it happeneth according to the work of the wicked; again, there be wicked men, to whom it happeneth according to the work of the righteous. I said that this also is vanity. Then I commended mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry" (Ecclesiastes viii. 14, 15). Hamlet, also, is in a state of despair, but he would disdain to take refuge in epicurism, which he considers degrading: "What is a man, if his chief good and market of his time be but to sleep and feed? A beast; no more" (act iv. sc. 5).

Occasionally he reproaches himself for not having revenged the death of his father. This thought takes possession of him when he sees the army of Fortinbras marching to battle and death, without motive, while he does not act,

though he have "cause, and will, and strength, and means, to do't" (act iv. sc. 5). But his horror of iniquity, his disgust of the world tempt him rather to suicide than to ideas of vengeance. His pessimism and his despair might be called impersonal :—

"Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or, that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter."—Act i. sc. 2.

And again after his interview with Polonius :—

"Polonius. My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

"Hamlet. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal—except my life, except my life, except my life."—Act ii. sc. 2.

Thus, almost decided to have done with life, hanging, as it were, at the verge of the abyss, he pronounces the famous monologue, "To be, or not to be," so full of bitter meaning and pessimist views :—

"By a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."—

Act iii. sc. 1.

It has been questioned whether Hamlet had really lost his reason, or whether he acted madness to be able the better to prepare his vengeance. Neither of these suppositions is correct, in my opinion. The words of the king, his uncle, are, I think, a true indication as to the state of mind of the disconsolate philosopher :—

"What he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something
in his soul

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood."—Act iii. sc. 2.

This problem which so disturbs Hamlet's reason is none other than the one which troubled Job. How is it, if God

be just, that the wicked triumph, while the righteous suffer? As Renan explains, the old-world theory that each one here below is treated according to his merits was all very well in patriarchal times, when nobility, virtue, and riches went generally hand-in-hand. In the extreme simplicity of a wandering existence, the only really miserable ones were those who deserved such a lot, by refusing to work or otherwise grossly misconducting themselves! But as soon as the Shemites became acquainted with the resources of trade and commerce, the accumulation of capital, and the monopolization of the soil, the whole state of society became completely transformed. Scoundrels and villains lived in comfort and plenty, tyrants were rewarded, and brigands borne with honors to the grave, while the deserving were but too often despoiled and reduced to beg their bread. Job, the primitive wanderer, faithful to the customs of his fathers, complained bitterly of this cruel injustice introduced by a complicated civilization, of which he could understand neither the aim nor the extent. "The cry of the poor, hitherto unknown—for the poor existed only in the inferior races, scarcely worthy of the name of men—began to make itself heard, and spoke in accents full of passion and eloquence." The sight of the existing social iniquities, of men's miseries, of that inexplicable injustice of death which strikes indiscriminately the just and the unjust; in a word, the spectacle of society and of Nature as they are, filled Job with despair. Like Hamlet, life and the world were most distasteful to him. "If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me, I would despise my life. There is one thing, therefore, I said it, He destroyeth the perfect and the wicked. The earth is given into the hand of the wicked" (Job ix. 20, 21, 22, 24). "My soul is weary of my life" (x. 7). "Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power? How oft is the candle of the wicked put out! and how oft cometh their destruction upon them" (Job xxi. 7, 17, 18)! For the Christian, the solution of this agonizing enigma is to be found in the life to come, when all will be as it should be, and when each will receive reward

or punishment according to his deserts, but the primitive Shemite possessed but a very vague idea of any such future existence; we read, therefore, that amends are made to Job in this world; that he again becomes rich and powerful, and lives in peace and comfort to a good old age. "After this lived Job an hundred and forty years, and saw his sons, and his sons' sons, even four generations" (Job xlii. 16).

In Shakespeare, on the contrary, Hamlet and Ophelia die as miserably as the King and Queen. Implacable destiny smites alike the innocent and the guilty, and our feelings of justice are unsatisfied.

The debate between pessimism and optimism, so eloquently commenced by Job, and continued in Greece, between Heraclitus and Democritus, is again reopened by Voltaire and Rousseau, in two celebrated writings, which are well worth reperusal. Voltaire, deeply moved by the terrible disasters resulting from the earthquake of Lisbon in 1755, writes some verses which are a sort of indictment of Nature and Providence, showing how wretched is man's condition:—

"Éléments, animaux, humains, tout est en guerre;
Il le faut avouer, le mal est sur la terre."

And of man he says:

"Il rampe, il souffre, il meurt; tout ce qui naît expire.
De la destruction la nature est l'empire."

"Ainsi du monde entier tous les membres gémissent;
Nés tous pour les tourments, l'un par l'autre ils périssent;
Et vous composerez, dans ce chaos fatal,
Des malheurs de chaque être un bonheur général!
Leibnitz ne m'apprend point par quels nœuds invisibles,
Dans le mieux ordonné des univers possibles,
Un désordre éternel, un chaos de malheurs,
Mêle à nos vains plaisirs de réelles douleurs,
Ni pourquoi l'innocent, ainsi que le coupable,
Subit également ce mal inévitable.
Je ne conçois pas plus comment tout serait bien:
Je suis comme un docteur; hélas! je ne sais rien."

Voltaire further illustrates the same idea in his well-known novel, "Candide."

On August 17, 1756, Rousseau replied to Voltaire justifying optimism. His letter is a little vague and declamatory;

but it contains an excellent maxim and a touching passage which I will quote. The maxim is borrowed from Cato, and is as follows: *Nec me vixisse pœnitet, quoniam ita vixi ut frustra me natum non existem*—"I do not regret to have lived, because I have so lived as to be persuaded that my life has not been in vain." The passage is as follows:—

"Rassasié de gloire et désabusé des vaines grandeurs, vous vivez libre au sein de l'abondance; bien sûr de votre immortalité, vous philosophez paisiblement sur la nature de l'âme et si le corps ou le cœur souffre. Vous avez Tronchin pour médecin et pour ami. Vous ne trouvez pourtant que mal sur la terre. Et moi, homme obscur, pauvre et tourmenté d'un mal sans remède, je médite avec plaisir dans ma retraite et trouve que tout est bien. D'où viennent ces contradictions apparentes? Vous l'avez vous-même expliqué: vous jouissez, moi, j'espère et l'espérance embellit tout."

In order firmly to become convinced that Shakespeare intended to paint in Hamlet a man in despair about the iniquities of the world, and not merely a son avenging the death of his father, one need but study in ancient drama a precisely similar subject, but where mere vengeance is depicted as it was understood in primitive ages. Egisthus has killed Agamemnon with the assistance of Clytemnestra, whom he has married. They are reigning in Argos, happy and powerful, like the King and Gertrude in Denmark, when Orestes is urged by the oracle of Apollo to avenge the death of his father. This drama has been treated by the three great tragic writers. In Æschylus and Sophocles the thirst for revenge stifles every other feeling; in Euripides, pity has a voice also in the heart of the avenger. In Æschylus, Orestes, after having slain Egisthus, advances towards his mother, and, addressing Pylades, says:—

"Dare I to shrink and spare? Speak, Pylades.
Pylad. Where then would fall the heat at Delphi, given yet unfulfilled?
Where then thine oath sworn true?
Choose thou the hate of all men, not of gods.
Orest. Thou dost prevail; I hold thy counsel good: (*To Clytemnestra.*)
Follow; I will slay thee at his side,
With him whom in his life thou loved'st more
Than Agamemnon. Sleep the sleep of death,
Be that thy doom,
For hate when love, and love where hate was due!"

Clytemnestra implores his clemency, but

he is inflexible, and exclaims, as he drives her out before him—

"My father's fate ordains this doom for thee."

In Sophocles' "Electra" the vengeance is no less summary, but at least we do not see on the stage a mother slain by her own son, in spite of her prayers and supplications. Electra shows forth, with even more savage energy than Orestes, that it was the general opinion in ancient Greece that to slay the guilty is a sacred duty. Electra, like Judith, is the instrument of justice, and this is why the Greeks admire her when she is planning her mother's assassination. "Let us perish if needs be," she says to her sister, "but we will avenge our father's death." As at the present day, in Corsica, or among the Albanians, vengeance was considered in the time of Sophocles as the most glorious of duties. The words of the chorus in "Electra" are—

"Justice straight shall come,
Thy sovereign seer, by whom I see,
Crowned with the might of a righteous deed—
Shall come, my child, and make no tarrying;
So is my heart grown strong
Since this fair dream made
Music in mine ears."

Electra is ready to die, when she has assured her vengeance; she says to her sister—

"Bethink thee too what honorable report
For thee and me, consenting thou shalt win,
Who countryman or stranger seeing us,
Shall not with such like praises honor us:
'Behold ye these two sisters, O my friends,
Who wrought deliverance for their father's home,
Who against foes firm-planted in their pride
Drew swords the foremost, sparing not their lives:
These ye should love, these twain should all
revere:
Yea, in all feasts and high solemnities
These women, brave as men, let all men
praise."

* * * * *

Thus speaks a daughter "worthy of her noble blood."

In Sophocles, Orestes hesitates no more than in Æschylus' "Choephores." He enters the palace for the purpose of killing his mother, and on his passage bows to the tutelary deities who guard the entrance. As he smites Clytemnestra, Electra calls out, "Strike harder still." Her conduct reminds one of Charlotte Corday; she might also be

called "l'ange de l'assassinat," as says Lamartine.

In Euripides, as in Hamlet, two feelings struggle for the mastery: the thirst for vengeance is fought against by filial affection. One feels that a fresh phase of civilization is entered upon. New sentiments have sprung into life. Æschylus' Orestes represents man in barbarous ages, dominated by one single thought. There is no inward conflict whatever; he hurries on to action, unhesitatingly and without any deliberation. Professor Lombroso, in his curious work entitled "L'Uomo delinquente," explains that criminals by instinct and nature act in the same way, and they are wholly different from those who may be called "chance" criminals. The first may be likened to the tiger killing its prey, without the smallest spark of pity or remorse, whereas the moral and cultivated man is agitated by conflicting feelings. His passions and instincts are frequently at variance with his principles and belief. His heart, in which the brute survives, would often lead him to commit acts which his ideas of duty forbid. When about to act, he feels himself urged to continue and at the same time to draw back—there is a struggle. Here, then, the scene changes, and the strife is no longer, as at Æschylus' time, depicted as abroad in the world, against tangible obstacles, men or things, but it is transferred to the hearts and minds of individuals. This difference is very clearly perceptible in the "Electra" of Euripides. In Æschylus and Sophocles Orestes kills his mother unhesitatingly. In Euripides he endeavors to escape from the performance of a duty which horrifies him. He even goes so far as to doubt the word of the oracle who commanded him to accomplish the vengeance. Clytemnestra appears on her chariot, in all the pomp of royalty, surrounded by her Trojan slaves. Electra and Orestes are lying in wait to destroy her:—

Orest. What shall we do? Our mother shall we kill?

Elect. On seeing her, hath pity seiz'd thy heart?

Orest. She bore me, bred me. Her how shall I slay?

Elect. As she thy noble father slew and mine.

Orest. Oh, Phœbus, wild and rash the charge thou gav'st!

Elect. Who then are sage, if Phœbus be unwise?

Orest. The charge to kill my mother: impious deed!

Elect. What guilt were thine t' avenge thy father's death?

Orest. Now pure, my mother's murderer I should fly.

Elect. Will vengeance for thy father be a crime?

Orest. But I shall suffer for my mother's blood.

Elect. To whom thy father's vengeance then assign?

Orest. Like to the god, perchance, some demon spoke.

Elect. What, from the sacred tripod! Vain surmise.

Orest. Ne'er can my reason deem this answer just.

Elect. Sink not, unmann'd, to weak and timorous thoughts.

Orest. For her, then, shall I spread the fatal net?

Elect. In which her husband caught by thee was slain.

Orest. The house I enter. Dreadful the intent:

Dreadful shall be my deeds. If such your will,

Ye heavenly Powers, so let it be; to me
A bitter, yet a pleasing task assign'd."

In Euripides, Orestes hesitates an instant, but ends by killing his mother; in Shakespeare, Hamlet, who has also a father's death to revenge, shudders at the idea of parricide, and finishes even by forgiving:—

"Soft! now to my mother.

Oh! heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

The soul of hero enter this firm bosom;

Let me be cruel, not unnatural;

I will speak daggers to her, but

Use none."—Act iii. sc. 2.

He then reminds her of her crime, with so much violence that the guilty woman is overcome at the thought of her sin and asks her son's pardon. At this moment the ghost of the murdered monarch appears, not, as Agamemnon in the tragedy of Æschylus, to urge the son to slay his mother; on the contrary, to plead for her; he says to his son, "Oh step between her and her fighting soul" (act iii. sc. 4). Hamlet obeys this injunction and at once urges his mother to repent, asks pardon of her for his bitter reproaches, and concludes by these words, in which the merciful spirit of modern days is admirably reflected:—

"Once more, good night:

And when you are desirous to be blessed,

I'll blessing beg of you!"—Act iii. sc. 4.

What delicacy is here expressed! What depth of filial feeling! What confidence in the power of repentance to change the heart! What a contrast with the bloodthirsty cry of Electra, in Sophocles, "Strike yet again, double your blows!" The spirit of heroic times was a spirit of violence and vengeance, and the key-note of antique drama was terror. The spirit of modern times is the Christian spirit, which is made up of tenderness and pardon. The divine words, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," were not pronounced in vain. The spirit of the Gospel has penetrated our civilization even to our theatre, and places our stage far above that of antique times, where primitive ferocity and barbarity held their sway.

Hamlet is essentially misanthropic; he says "man delights not me, no, nor woman neither;" but how different from the "Misanthrope" depicted by Molière! The latter is chafed by mere social conventions, by insincere protestations of friendship, by exaggerations of politeness, by false praises, by women's coquetry, and men's deceit—in a word, by the whole routine and method of society; whereas Hamlet's thorough disappointment in all things strikes deeper; he sees the bitter realities of human life, and himself feels the touch of treason and crime; he realizes the nothingness of all things, and the absence of all justice here below. To the famous question, Is life worth living? he replies with the most bitter conviction, No, a thousand times, no. After receiving his death wound he says to Horatio:—

"If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world
Draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story."—Act v. sc. 2.

Molière's "Misanthrope" is a comedy, but Shakespeare is drama in its darkest and most distressing form. The harshness and bitterness of human destiny have never been more eloquently depicted.

As a rule, tragedies merely represent the passions of the human heart, such as love, ambition, revenge, or, at most, some elevated sentiment, such as love of country or of liberty, as in William Tell

and in Brutus. In "Faust," Goethe attempted a philosophical drama, but he imperfectly combined the philosophy with the tragic action of the play. The abstract and metaphysical part is faintly outlined, and does not touch our feelings. Marguerite, her love, her misfortune, and remorse, alone move us. Goethe simply added an academical thesis to the human drama, but the former does not sufficiently penetrate his work to produce the desired effect. In "Hamlet," on the contrary, the hard problem of the justice, or rather of the injustice which universally prevails, and the prosperity of evil-doers, is the key to the whole play. This question occupies entirely the heart, thoughts, and imagination of the hero; it rules all his conduct, and inspires words and reflections which illuminate it to its depths. We understand that the very soul of Shakespeare was in his subject, which must have profoundly moved and afflicted him. Like Brutus, in despair about the cause of liberty and the republic, addressing the phantom which appeared to him on the eve of the battle of Philippi, he also must have asked "What is justice?"

But let us sum up our preceding conclusions. The sight of this world, where the wicked triumph and the just suffer and perish, is a distressing enigma. The evolutionist argues that this is the price of progress, that if the wicked are the more robust, it is right that they should get the upper hand, for, in perpetuating the race by natural selection, their progeniture would steadily increase in strength at each succeeding generation, and thus these apparent iniquities would be justified, as Spencer says, by the imposing spectacle of the universal and general transformation and perfecting of the human race; hitherto, however, this theory, which would culminate in the worship of might, has not found acceptance in men's consciences. On the contrary, it has been most strenuously opposed. Conscience, indeed, protests strongly against such injustice becoming general; at times it consoles itself, as in the Christian's case, with the hope of a better world; at times, it is sunk in despair, as with the pessimist; or again, like the millenarian of old or the nihilist of to-day, it curses all things and sighs for the destruction of a social

order, which is irremediably delivered over to all that is evil. This ceaseless and varied protest against injustice forms the grandest side of humanity. It is the root of every reform operated, and of all progress accomplished. Without this the nations of the world would still be ground down beneath the yoke of the accomplished fact; they would be without an ideal. Men would have ceased to comprehend one of the finest of antique dicta, *Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni*, and would incessantly repeat, as every logical Positivist cannot fail to do, "might is right."

Job is indignant at the sight of the triumph of sin, and his eloquent voice is raised in protestation against even God himself, but, in accordance with the primitive ideas of ancient Israel, he, the just man, is ultimately reinstated and rewarded here below. Hamlet's despair is more absolute and hopeless than Job's; it makes his mind wander, tempts him even to suicide, completely shatters his will, and, reduced to this condition, he forgets his ideas of vengeance. He bewails the loss of justice

rather than of his father. He completely abandons himself to a pessimism darker than Schopenhauer's, for he does not resign himself to evil as to a natural and necessary law. Crime so appalls and horrifies him, that he would fain take refuge from it in death, if he only felt sure that it would be the "end of this long calamity called life," utter destruction and oblivion. This, I think, constitutes the profound morality of Shakespeare's drama. What can be more strengthening and edifying than to oppose and cry down injustice? What more demoralizing than tacitly to accept it? When certain laws which are only suitable to natural science are borrowed from biology and applied to social relations, men's moral senses must inevitably become deadened, and the thirst for perfection be destroyed. Generations educated in this school would never effect such revolutions as those of the sixteenth century, or of 1789. They would be perfectly ready to submit to every tyranny, considering it as a decree of Nature.—*Contemporary Review*.

AN UNKNOWN FAIRY-TALE IN VERSE BY CHARLES LAMB.

BY RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD.

A DISCOVERY highly interesting to all lovers of Charles Lamb has just been made, of which the credit is due to the industry and sagacity of a quondam London bibliophile, who, in the well-earned retirement of his Devonian retreat, is still unable occasionally to refrain from a short local excursion to his former hunting-fields, in quest of what forgotten or buried treasure the neglected old nooks and corners of the West of England may yield.

It seems that we are to add still another to the already considerable list of children's books produced by Charles and Mary Lamb for Godwin's Juvenile Library. The "Tales from Shakespeare," the "Adventures of Ulysses," and "Mrs. Leicester's School" (the second of which was the sole production of Charles Lamb) were the only three of these works known to or remembered by a former generation. Eight years ago

attention was called in this Magazine* to the discovery of the long-lost "Poetry for Children," in two volumes, and three months later† the discovery was chronicled in the same pages of the little tale in verse entitled "Prince Dorus, or Flattery put out of Countenance,"—the sole production of Charles Lamb—to which a clue had been found in a stray entry in the Diary of the late Mr. Crabb Robinson. Both books were kindly loaned to us by their respective owners, and the two little works were reprinted together, for the first time, in the ensuing autumn, and published early in the following year.‡

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, July 1877, pp. 123-122.

† *Ibid.*, Oct. 1877, p. 507.

‡ *Poetry for Children*, by Charles and Mary Lamb; to which are added *Prince Dorus*, and some uncollected Poems by Charles Lamb. Edited, prefaced, and annotated by Richard Herne Shepherd. London: Chatto and Windus, 1878.

But the hidden treasures of William Godwin's little book-store were not even yet exhausted. Mr. Pearson has brought to light another versified tale by the same hand as "Prince Dorus," which bears, or rather which should bear, the following title (for the title-page has disappeared from the hitherto unique copy recently discovered):—

Beauty and the Beast, or a Rough Outside with a Gentle Heart, a Poem; ornamented with eight superior engravings; and Beauty's Song, set to music by Mr. Whitaker (5s. 6d. colored or 3s. 6d. plain). London: Published by M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, No. 41 Skinner St., Snow Hill, 1811.

The booklet is uniform in size with "Prince Dorus," measuring 5½ by 4½ in. There are thirty-two numbered pages of letterpress, containing about 480 lines, or an average of fifteen lines to a page. In Mr. Pearson's copy the eight illustrations are plain, and appear to be executed by the same hand or hands that embellished the "Tales from Shakespeare" and "Prince Dorus." "One plate in 'Prince Dorus,'" writes Mr. Pearson, "is by Blake undoubtedly." Blake is also supposed to have had a hand in the designs to "Tales from Shakespeare."

We find no reference, either direct or indirect, to the little tale in Lamb's copious published correspondence, or in any of the Lamb books. "Beauty and the Beast" had not only hitherto shared the fate which, till lately, included "Poetry for Children" and "Prince Dorus," but the oblivion to which it was consigned was still more complete, as not only all trace of the book itself, but all record or memory of its former existence had disappeared.

The idea of a poetic and pictorial *refacimento* of the well-known old fairy-tale, for the delectation of his juvenile clients, appears to have originated with Godwin. But it was not to Lamb, curiously enough, but to Wordsworth, that Godwin first applied for assistance in the poetic part of his project. The application to Wordsworth was made with Lamb's knowledge (as appears from an extant letter of Coleridge's), and if made by his recommendation there can hardly have been absent from it a touch of the sly, covert humor and love of practical joking in which Lamb was wont to in-

dulge at the expense of his friends; for Wordsworth had long ago outgrown the salad days of the "Lyrical Ballads," and had become somewhat pompous and prosy to wit. But, whether made spontaneously or otherwise, the application failed. Wordsworth summarily, if not haughtily, refused; professing insufficient sympathy with or attraction for the subject, doubts of its successful or felicitous treatment in the hands of a *raconteur* less skilful than La Fontaine, and finally and chiefly an invincible repugnance to all poetical task-work whatever, or to writing under any other impulse than that of direct inspiration.*

Wordsworth failing, Godwin was fain to go back, as a *pis-aller*, to his old coadjutor Lamb, who had no such fin-spun scruples, was glad of the opportunity of making a little money, and appears to have readily consented. And now let us take a short survey of the little piece itself, which opens as follows:—

A MERCHANT who by generous pains
Prosper'd in honorable gains
Could boast, his wealth and fame to share,
Three manly sons, three daughters fair;
With these he felt supremely blest.
His latest born surpass'd the rest:
She was so gentle, good and kind,
So fair in feature, form and mind,
So constant too in filial duty,
The neighbors call'd her LITTLE BEAUTY!
And when fair childhood's days were run
That title still she wore and won;
Lovelier as older still she grew,
Improved in grace and goodness too.

She has, however, like Cinderella and Cordelia, two haughty sisters, who spurn her.

Hier elder sisters, gay and vain,
View'd her with envy and disdain,
Toss'd up their heads with haughty air,
Dress, Fashion, Pleasure, all their care.

The merchant, their father, suddenly meets with reverses.

Sudden as winds that maddening sweep
The foaming surface of the deep,
Vast treasures, trusted to the wave,
Were buried in the billowy grave!
One Merchant, late of boundless store,
Saw Famine hasting to his door.

These reverses make no change in "Beauty," but rather bring out all the

* Wordsworth to Godwin, "Grasmere, March 9, 1811" (*William Godwin, his Friends and Contemporaries*, by C. Kegan Paul, Lond. 1876, vol. ii. pp. 218-225).

latent sweetness and serviceableness of her character.

With willing hand and ready grace
Mild Beauty takes the Servant's place ;
Rose with the sun to household cares
And morn's repast with zeal prepares,
The wholesome meal, the cheerful fire :
What cannot filial love inspire ?
And when the task of day was done,
Suspended till the rising sun,
Music and song the hours employ'd,
As more deserved the more enjoy'd.

The conduct of her sisters affords a striking contrast, however, to hers.

Not so the sisters ; as before
Twas rich and idle, now 'twas poor.
In shabby finery array'd
They still affected a parade.
While both insulted gentle Beauty,
Unwearied in the housewife's duty ;
They mock'd her robe of modest brown
And view'd her with a taunting frown ;
Yet scarce could hold their rage to see
The blithe effects of Industry.

At last, after a year of this humble, straitened life, the merchant receives a letter, apparently containing more hopeful news of his ventures, or at least giving some ground for supposing a remnant of his fortunes to have escaped wreck. He hastens to town, asking each of his daughters what he shall bring back with him for her ? The two elder sisters choose bracelets, brooches, bonnets, laces, linens, and other costly commodities, and, loath to swell the list of their exactions and importunities, Beauty chooses a *rose*—"the emblem of herself"—for her present.

The good merchant's last hopes are, alas ! doomed to be frustrated. He has to travel back on foot, empty-handed, and while still a day's journey distant from his cottage, he is overtaken by a storm, from which, led by the welcome light of a taper, he is tempted to take shelter in a dwelling which turns out to be a palace, and an enchanted one.

Entering a splendid hall, he found,
With every luxury around,
A blazing fire, a plenteous board,
A costly cellaret, well stored—
All open'd wide, as if to say,
"Stranger, refresh thee on thy way."

He is naturally tempted to avail himself of the offer of all these comforts and luxuries (and here we have surely a touch of Lamb's quaint and playful humor).

So hungry was he grown
He pick'd a capon to the bone,
And as choice wines before him stood
He needs must taste if they were good ;

So much he felt his spirits cheer'd,
The more he drank the less he fear'd.

Fatigued with his toils and travels, he at length sinks to rest. In the morning he finds that his wet clothes, which had been soaked with the storm, have disappeared, and that a complete and elegant new suit has been substituted. Entering the hall, he perceives a sumptuous breakfast ready spread for him. Passing along joyously,

A shower of roses strew'd the way,
and the merchant suddenly remembered his promise to Beauty.

E'en to his hand the branches bent.
"One of these boughs, I go content !
Beauty—dear Beauty—thy request
If I may bear away, I'm blest."

As he proceeds to pull a rose the branches break and a dreadful growling assails his ears. A hideous beast appears to view and taxes him with his ingratitude.

All that my castle own'd was thine,
My food, my fire, my bed, my wine ;
Thou robb'st my rose-trees in return,
For this, base plunderer, thou shalt mourn !

The merchant humbly and contritely explains that the theft was committed for the sake of "a loved daughter fair as spring."

O didst thou know, my lord, the maid.

The beast angrily disclaims the title of lord, thus conferred on him, somewhat disingenuously perhaps, as will appear by the sequel ; but though he had threatened that the stolen branch should seal the merchant's fate, he agrees to let him depart free and uninjured, upon his undertaking on oath to bring his fair daughter within three months as a volunteer to suffer for him.

On his return Beauty is the first to meet and greet her father, who relates his ill-starred story, while presenting the dearly-bought roses to his favorite child.

Beauty, undaunted by the sneers and taunts of her jealous sisters, and refusing by her father's advice the more generous offers of her brothers to go and slay the monster or perish in the attempt, firmly resolves to make herself a sacrifice to filial love. The three short months having elapsed, Beauty departs, with crocodile tears from her sisters, and under her father's escort reaches the palace.

In the hall a costly and sumptuous feast is spread, as before. The merchant, mindful of his former experience, sits down in terror and refuses to taste of the rich banquet. As Beauty is endeavoring to soothe and comfort him, and to assuage his alarms—

A hideous noise
Announced the growling monster's voice.
And now Beast suddenly stalk'd forth,
While Beauty well-nigh sank to earth;
Scarce could she conquer her alarms,
Tho' folded in a father's arms.

Beast now asks her if she has come thither willingly, to which Beauty gives a tremulous assent. Beast is mollified by her answer, but charges the merchant to depart by the morrow's daybreak, and bidding a brief farewell (or *au revoir* rather) to Beauty, he retires.

With some difficulty, at early dawn, she arouses her father and gets him safely off. Left alone—

She now survey'd the enchanting scene,
Sweet gardens of eternal green;
Mirrors and chandeliers of glass,
* * * * *
All these her admiration gain'd;
But how was her attention chain'd
When she in golden letters traced,
High o'er an arch of emeralds placed,
"BEAUTY'S APARTMENT! Enter blest!
This but an earnest of the rest!"
The fair one was rejoiced to find
BEAST studied less her eye than mind.
But wishing still a nearer view,
Forth from the shelves a book she drew,
In whose first page, in lines of gold,
She might heart-easing words behold.

"Welcome, Beauty, banish fear!
You are Queen and Mistress here:
Speak your wishes, speak your will,
Swift obedience meets them still."

Thus encouraged, she sighs to herself that she desires nothing so much as to see her dear father once more. Scarcely has she expressed the wish when a magic mirror brings all the cottage family to her view—

And there with pity she perceived
How much for her the merchant grieved;
How much her sisters felt delight
To know her banish'd from their sight;
Although with voice and looks of guile,
Their bosoms full of joy the while,
They labor'd hard to force a tear
And imitate a grief sincere.

(The crocodiles!)

At the evening meal Beast appears, and humbly asks Beauty's permission to see her sup, offering to withdraw if he offends or intrudes.

"Am I not hideous to your eyes?"
"Your temper's sweet," she mild replies.
"Yes, but I'm ugly, have no sense."
"That's better far than vain pretence."

And so they continue, bandying civilities and apologies in a very pretty and suggestive way.

Thus three months, or, as the narrator, in the stilted artificial diction of the period, more pompously terms it,

One quarter of the rolling year,
passes by quietly, Beauty and Beast remaining upon these terms together, with no other living creature near. Custom at last, and Beast's forbearance, not only dispel her fear, but create a feeling of regard and kindness.

She found that monster timid, mild,
Led like the lion by the child.
Custom and kindness banish'd fear;
Beauty oft wish'd that Beast were near.

Availing himself of the permission granted, he regularly appears at supper-time.

Nine was the chosen hour that Beast
Constant attended Beauty's feast,
Yet ne'er presumed to touch the food,
Sat humble or submissive stood,
Or, audience craved, respectful spoke,
Nor aim'd at wit or ribald joke,
But oftener bent the raptur'd ear
Or ravish'd eye to see or hear;
And if the appointed hour pass'd by
'Twas mark'd by Beauty with a sigh.

Beast now endeavors to obtain an oath from her that she will not leave him. This Beauty is willing to swear, provided she may see her father now and then. She craves for one little week of his company, and Beast releases her on parole. At peep of day she accordingly finds herself transported to the abode of her father, by whom she is received with rapture. But her sisters' malice is not yet appeased.

They both were married and both proved
Neither was happy or beloved;
And when she told them she was blest
With days of ease and nights of rest,
To hide the malice of the soul
Into the garden sly they stole.

* * * * *
"If," said the eldest, "you agree,
We'll make that wench more curs'd than we!
I have a plot, my sister dear:
More than her WEEK let's keep her here.
No more with MONSTER shall she sup,
Who, in his rage, shall eat her up."

Their wicked plot nearly succeeds. Beauty, hard pressed, promises to stay another week beyond the time granted;

but, conscience-stricken at the thought of poor Beast's agonies and possible death through her ingratitude, she lays on her toilette the same ring that transported her home, and finds herself in the morning back in the enchanted palace, just in time to save poor Beast's life.

Beast open'd now his long-closed eyes
And saw the fair with glad surprise.
"In my last moments you are sent ;
You pity, and I die content."
"Thou shalt not die," rejoind'd the maid ;
"O rather live to hate, upbraid—
But no ! my grievous fault forgive ;
I feel I can't without thee live."

Beauty had scarce pronounced the word
When magic sounds of sweet accord,
The music of celestial spheres,
As if from seraph harps, she hears !
Amazed she stood—new wonders grew ;
For Beast now vanish'd from her view :
And lo ! a Prince, with every grace
Of figure, fashion, feature, face,
In whom all charms of Nature meet,
Was kneeling at fair Beauty's feet.
"But where is Beast ?" still Beauty cried :
"Behold him here," the Prince replied.
"Orasmyn, lady, is my name,
In Persia not unknown to fame ;"

So that if her fond father had playfully, or her scornful sisters sneeringly, asked her, "Have you seen the Shah ?" she might unhesitatingly have replied : "Yes, I have seen the beast." But we are interrupting his Royal Highness, who goes on to explain that he was—

Till this re-humanising hour
The victim of a fairy's power,
Till a deliverer could be found
Who, while the accursed spell still bound,
Could first endure, tho' with alarm,
And break at last by love the charm."

All of course ends happily. Beauty gives the Prince her hand ; she is arrayed in bridal vestments and summoned to sit as a queen "on Persia's glittering throne." As for the envious sisters, they

* Compare the speech of the transformed *Sultan Stork* in Thackeray's little-known *feu d'esprit*, "The humble individual who now addresses you was a year since no other than Persia's king."

are transformed into statues, a punishment only to be remitted in the almost hopeless contingency of their changing their minds, after years of penitence and prayer, from false to true ; for even as statues they are to be

Cursed with the single power to feel.

And so with a flourish of trumpets, gay crowds assembling, virgins dancing and minstrels singing, and music ringing through the vaulted dome, to grace the bridal festival of Orasmyn and his queen, the curtain falls.

The same *naïveté* and simplicity, combined with a certain studied, or at least conscious ruggedness and quaintness, that characterise Lamb's juvenile prose story of "Rosamund Gray," and not a few of his contributions to "Poetry for Children," pervade this little piece also. To those few of us who love the man, if that be possible, still more, or at least not less than the writer, and to whom not only every fresh scrap or trifle from his pen, but every additional crumb of random record of his ways among his fellow-men, supplies new fuel to the ever-glowing fire of old admiration and affection, this authentic and indubitable little product of the richly-stored brain and loving heart that were content to work for years to please the little children whom he cherished all the more tenderly because he was himself a childless bachelor, will prove (forced and crabbed, unnatural and obsolete, as some readers may think it) an inestimable as well as inalienable treasure-trove. It is to be hoped that other copies may now come to light, and that the entire text may shortly be republished in some accessible form, so as to place it beyond the future chance of utter and irretrievable loss, to which, by the lapse of only three quarters of a century and the destructive habits of our little ones, it had already been well-nigh subjected.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

DEATH—AND AFTERWARDS.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

MAN is not by any means convinced as yet of his immortality. All the great religions have in concert affirmed it to him; but no sure logic proves it, and no entirely accepted voice from the farther world proclaims it. There is a restless instinct, an unquenchable hope, a silent discontent with the very best of transitory pleasures, which perpetually disturb his scepticism or shake his resignation; but only a few feel quite certain that they will never cease to exist. The vast majority either put the question aside, being absorbed in the pursuits of life; or grow weary of meditating it without result; or incline to think, not without melancholy satisfaction, that the death of the body brings an end to the individual. Of these, the happiest and most useful in their generation are the healthy-minded ones who are too full of vigor or too much busied with pleasure or duty, to trouble themselves about death and its effects. The most enviable are such as find, or affect to find, in the authority or the arguments of any extant religion, sufficing demonstration of a future existence. And perhaps the most foolish are those who, following ardent researches of science, learn so little at the knees of their "star-eyed" mistress as to believe those forces which are called intellect, emotion, and will, capable of extinction, while they discover and proclaim the endless conservation of motion and matter.

If we were all sure, what a difference it would make! A simple "yes," pronounced by the edict of developed science; one word from the lips of some clearly accredited herald sent by the departed, would turn nine-tenths of the sorrows of earth into disguised joys, and abolish quite as large a proportion of the faults and vices of mankind. Men and women are naturally good; it is fear, and the feverish passion to get as much as possible out of the brief span of mortal years, which breed most human offences. And many noble and gentle souls, which will not stoop to selfish sins, even because life is short, live prisoners, as it were, in their condemned

cells of earth, under a sentence from which there is no appeal, waiting in sad but courageous incertitude the last day of their incarceration; afraid to love, to rejoice, to labor, and to hope, lest love shall end in eternal parting, gladness in the cheerless dust, generous toils in the irony of results effaced, and hope itself in a vast and scornful denial. What a change if all these could really believe that they are cherished guests in an intermediate mansion of the universe, not doomed captives in one of its dungeons! How happy as well as fair and attractive this planet would become if it were not a doctrine, not a theory, not a poetic dream, but a fact seen and accepted, that Death arrives, not like "Monsieur de Paris," to strip the criminal, to clip his collar and hair, and lop away from him life and love and delight; but as a mother lulling her children to sleep, so that they may wake ready for play in the fresh morning; as the gentlest angel of all the ministers of man, bringing him much more than birth ever brought; and leading him by a path as full of miracles of soft arrangement, and as delicately contrived for his benefit as is the process of birth itself, to brighter heights of existence, simple in their turn and order as the first drops of the breast-milk of his mother, and neither more nor less wonderful!

There is no new thing to say hereupon, even if one should personally and sincerely declare he was quite sure he should never cease to be. That would be worth nothing philosophically, and be rendered no whit more valuable because a man should have studied all the creeds, and read all the systems, and be eager to convey the assurance which none of all these can give or take away. Goodwill may recommend a conviction, but cannot impart it. Yet there are reflections, apart from all conventional assertions and dogmas, which might be worth inditing, rather as suggestions to other minds than arguments; rather as indications of fresh paths of thought than as guiding along them. And the

first which occurs is to represent the great mistake of refusing to believe in the continuity of individual life because of the incomprehensibility of it. Existence around us, illuminated by modern sciences, is full of incredible occurrences; one more or less makes no logical difference. There is positively not a single prodigy in the ancient religions but has its every-day illustration in nature. The transformations of classic gods and goddesses are grossly commonplace to the magic of the medusa, which is now filling our summer seas with floating bells of crystal and amethyst. Born from the glassy goblet of their mother, the young hydrosoma becomes first a free germ resembling a rice grain; next a fixed cup with four lips; then those lips turn to tentacles, and it is a hyaline flower; which splits across the calyx into segments, and the protean thing has grown into a pine-cone crowned with a tuft of transparent filaments. The cone changes into a series of sea-daisies, threaded on a pearly stalk; and these, one by one, break off and float away, each a perfect little medusa, with purple bell and trailing tentacles. What did Zeus or Hermes ever effect like that! Does anybody find the Immaculate Conception incredible? The nearest rose-bush may rebuke him, since he will see there the aphides, which in their wingless state produce without union creatures like themselves; and these again, though uncoupled, bring forth fresh broods, down to the tenth or eleventh generation; when, lo! on a sudden, winged males and females suddenly result, and pair. Or is the Buddhist dogma of immortality in the past for every existent individual too tremendous a demand? The lowest living thing, the *Protamoeba*, has obviously never died! It is a formless film of protoplasm, which multiplies by simple division; and the specimen under any modern microscope derives, and must derive, in unbroken existence from the *amoeba* which moved and fed forty æons ago. The living slime of our nearest puddle lived before the Alps were made!

It is not, therefore, on account of the incredibility of a conscious life after death that sensible people should doubt it. I stood last year in the central aisle of the Health Exhibition at South Ken-

sington, and observed a graceful English girl lost in momentary interest over the showcase containing the precise ingredients of her fair and perfect frame. There—neatly measured out, labelled, and deposited in trays or bottles—were exposed the water, the lime, the phosphorus, the silica, the iron, and other various elements, perversely styled "clay," which go to the building up of our houses of flesh and bone. As I watched her half-amused, half-pensive countenance, the verse came to mind, "Why should it seem to you a wonderful thing, though one rose from the dead?" Minerals and gases have, so science opines, an atomic and ethereal life in their particles, and if we could only imagine them conversing elementally, how sceptical they would be that any power could put together the coarse ingredients of that glass case, to form by delicate chemistry of nature the peerless beauty, the joyous health, the exquisite capacities, and the lovely human life of the bright maiden who contemplated with unconvinced smiles those materials of her being! But if, passing behind such an everyday analysis of the laboratory, science had dared to speak to her of the deeper secrets in nature which she herself embodied and enshrined—without the slightest consciousness or comprehension on her part—how far more wonderful the mystery of the chemistry of her life would have appeared! Some very grave and venerable F.R.S. might, perchance, reverently have ventured to whisper, "Beautiful human sister! built of the water, the flint, and the lime; you are more marvellous than all that! Your sacred simplicity does not and must not yet understand your divine complexity! Otherwise you should be aware that, hidden within the gracious house made of those common materials—softly and silently developed there by forces which you know not, and yet govern, unwittingly exercising a perpetual magic—are tiny golden beginnings of your sons and daughters to be. You have heard of and marvelled at *Iliads* written on films of fairy thinness, and enclosed within nutshells! Diviner poems, in infinitely fairer characters, upon far subtler surfaces, are inscribed upon each of these occult jewels of your destined mater-

nity! The history of all the vanished lives of those to whom, by many lines and stems, you are the charming heir—ess—from their utmost heights of mental reach to their smallest tricks of habit and feature; from passions and propensities to moles and birth-marks—are occultly recorded in the invisible epigraph of those enchanted germs, to be more or less developed when the flame on that new altar of later life, of which you are the sacred priestess, brings to reproduction such miraculous epitomes." She would not, and could not, understand, of course; yet all this is matter of common observation, the well-established fact of heredity by pangeneses, certain though incomprehensible. What, therefore, is there to be pronounced impossible, because of our blindness, in regard to endless continuity and successions in individuality, when out of the holy ignorance of such maidenly simplicity there can be thus subtly and steadfastly prepared the indescribable beginnings of motherhood? If one result of each human life should be to produce, more or less completely, a substantial, though at present invisible, environment for the next higher stage—while hanging on, by collateral lives, the lamp of humanity to new hands—that would not be much more strange than the condensation of the oak-tree in the acorn, or the natural sorcery of the contact of the milt and the spawn. "Miracles" are cheap enough!

Another consideration having some force, is that we should find ourselves speculating about this matter at all. All the other aspirations of infancy, youth, and manhood turn out more or less to be prophecies. Instincts explain and justify themselves, each by each. The body foresees and provides for its growth by appetite; the mind expands towards knowledge by childish curiosity; the young heart predicts, by the flushed cheek and quickening pulse, that gentle master-passion which it does not yet understand. There is a significance, like the breath of a perpetual whisper from Nature, in the way in which the theme of his own immortality teases and haunts a man. Note also that he discusses it least and decides about it most dogmatically in those diviner moments when the breath of a

high impulse sweeps away work-a-day doubts and selfishnesses. What a blow to the philosophy of negation is the sailor leaping from the taffrail of his ship into an angry sea to save his comrade or to perish with him! He has never read either Plato or Schopenhauer—perhaps not even that heavenly verse, "Whoso loseth his life for my sake, the same shall save it." But arguments which are as far beyond philosophy, as the unconscious life is deeper than the conscious, sufficiently persuade him to plunge. "Love that stronger is than death" bids him dare, for her imperious sake, the weltering abyss; and any such deed of sacrifice and heroic contempt of peril of itself almost proves that man knows more than he believes himself to know about his own immortality. Every miner working for wife and children in a "fiery" pit; every soldier standing cool and firm in those desert-zarebas of Stewart and Graham, offers a similar endorsement of the indignant sentence, "If rats and maggots end us, then alarum! for we are betrayed."

"Well," it will be said, "but we may be betrayed!" The bottom of the sea, as the dredging of the *Challenger* proves, is paved with relics of countless elaborate lives, seemingly wasted. The great pyramid is a mountain of by-gone nummulites. The statesman's marble statue is compacted from the shells and casts of tiny creatures which had as good a right to immortality from their own point of view as he. Moreover, it may be urged, the suicide, who only seeks peace and escape from trouble, confronts death with just as clear a decisiveness as the brave sailor or dutiful soldier. Most suicides, however, in their last written words, seem to expect a change for the better, rather than extinction; and it is a curious proof of the propriety and self-respect of the very desperate, that forlorn women, jumping from Waterloo Bridge, almost always fold their shawls quite neatly, lay them on the parapet, and place their bonnets carefully atop, as if the fatal balustrade were but a boudoir for the disrobing soul. In regard to the argument of equal rights of continuous existence for all things which live, it must be admitted. If the bathybia—nay, even if the

trees and the mosses—are not, as to that which makes them individual, undying, man will never be. If life be not as inextinguishable in every egg of the herring and in every bird and beast, as in the poet and the sage, it is extinguishable in angels and archangels. What, then, is that varying existence which can survive and take new shapes, when the small dying sea-creature drops its flake of pearl to the ooze, when the dog-fish swallows a thousand trivial herring-fry, and when the poet and the sage lie silent and cold?

The reason why nobody has ever answered, is that each stage of existence can only be apprehended and defined by the powers appertaining to it. Herein lurks the fallacy which has bred such contempt for transcendental speculations, because people try to talk of what abides beyond, in terms of their present experience. It is true they must do this or else remain silent; but the inherent disability of terrestrial speech and thought ought to be kept more constantly in view. How absurd it is, for example, to hear astronomers arguing against existence in the moon or in the sun, because there seems to be no atmosphere in one, and the other is enveloped in blazing hydrogen! Beings are at least conceivable as well-fitted to inhale incandescent gas, or not to breathe any gases at all, as to live upon the diluted oxygen of our own air. Embodied life is, in all cases, the physiological equation of its environing conditions. Water and gills, lungs and atmosphere, co-exist by correlation; and stars, suns, and planets may very well be peopled with proper inhabitants as natural as nut-bushes, though entirely beyond the wit of man to imagine. Even here, in our own low degrees of life, how could the oyster comprehend the flashing cruises of the sword-fish, or he conceive the flight and nesting of a bird? Yet these are neighbors and fellow-lodgers upon the same globe. Of that globe we build our bodies: we speak by agitating its air; we know no light save those few lines of its unexplored solar spectrum to which our optic nerve responds. We have to think in terms of earth-experience, as we have to live by breathing the earth-envelope. We ought to be reassured therefore, rather than discon-

certed, by the fact that nobody can pretend to understand and depict the future life, for it would prove sorely inadequate if it were at present intelligible. To know that we cannot now know is an immense promise of coming enlightenment. We only meditate safely when we realise that space, time, and the phenomena of sense are provisional forms of thought. Mathematicians have made us familiar with at least the idea of space of four and more dimensions. As for time, it is an appearance due to the motion of heavenly bodies, and by going close to the North Pole and walking eastwards, a man might, astronomically, wind back again the lost days of his life upon a reversed calendar. Such simple considerations rebuke materialists who think they have found enough in finding a "law," which is really but a temporary memorandum of observed order, leaving quite unknown the origin of it and the originator. Even to speak, therefore, of future life in the terms of the present is irrational, and this inadequacy of our faculties should guard us from illusions of disbelief as well as of belief. Nature, like many a tender mother, deceives and puts off her children habitually. We learned from Galileo, not from her, that the earth went round the sun; from Harvey, not from her, how the heart worked; from Simpson, not from her, how the measureless flood of human anguish could be largely controlled by the ridiculously simple chemical compound of C_2HCl_3 , or "chloroform." Men must be prepared, therefore, to find themselves misled as to the plainest facts about life, death, and individual development. We shall inherit the depressing world-feuds of the past long after they have sufficiently taught their lessons of human effort and brotherhood; and we shall live in the gloom of ancestral fears and ignorances when the use of them in making man cling to the life which he alone knows has for ages passed away. But, all the time, it is quite likely that in many mysteries of life and death we resemble the good knight Don Quixote, when he hung by his wrist from the stable window, and imagined that a tremendous abyss yawned beneath his feet. Maritornes cuts the thong with lightsome laughter, and the gallant gen-

tleman falls—four inches! Perhaps Nature, so full of unexplained ironies, reserves as blithesome a surprise for her offspring, when their time arrives to discover the simplicity, agreeableness, and absence of any seious change, in the process called "dying." Pliny, from much observation, declared his opinion that the moment of death was the most exquisite instant of life. He writes, "*Ipse discessus animæ plerumque fit sine dolore, nonnunquam etiam cum ipsâ voluptate.*" Dr. Solander was so delighted with the sensation of perishing by extreme cold in the snow, that he always afterwards resented his rescue. Dr. Hunter, in his latest moments, grieved that he "could not write how easy and delightful it is to die." The late Archbishop of Canterbury, as his "agony" befell, quietly remarked, "It is really nothing much, after all!" The expression of composed calm which comes over the faces of the newly-dead is not merely due to muscular relaxation. It is, possibly, a last message of content and acquiescence sent us from those who at last know—a message of good cheer and of pleasant promise, not by any means to be disregarded. With accent as authoritative as that heard at Bethany it murmurs, "Thy brother shall live again!"

The fallacy of thinking and speaking of a future life in terms of our present limited sense-knowledge has given rise to foolish visions of "heaven," and made many gentle and religious minds thereby incredulous. As a matter of observation, no artist can paint even a form in outline outside his experience. Orcagna, in the Campo Santo at Pisa, tried to represent some quite original angels, and the result is a sort of canary-bird with sleeved pinions and a female visage. Man never so much as imagined the kangaroo and ornithorhynchus till Captain Cook discovered their haunts; how, then, should he conceive the aspect of angels and new-embodied spirits; and why should he be sceptical about them because his present eyes are constructed for no such lovely and subtle sights? We can perceive how very easily our senses are eluded even by gross matter. The solid block of ice, whereon we stood, is just as existent when it has melted into water and be-

come dissipated as steam, but it disappears for us; the carbonic acid gas, which we could not see, is compressed by the chemist into fleecy flakes and tossed from palm to palm. St. Paul was a much better philosopher than the materialists and sceptics when he declared "the things not seen are eternal." But these invisible, eternal things are not, on account of their exquisite subtlety, to be called "supernatural." They must belong, in an ascending but strictly-connected chain, to the most substantial and to the lowest, if there be anything low. The ethereal body which awaits us must be as real as the beef-fattened frame of an East End butcher. The life amid which it will live and move must be equipped, enriched, and diversified in a fashion corresponding with earthly habits, but to an extent far beyond the narrow vivacities of our present being. We need to abolish utterly the perilous mistake that anything anywhere is "supernatural" or shadowy, or vague. The angelic Regent of Alcyone—if there be one—in the heart of the Pleiades, is "extra-natural" for us; but as simple, real, and substantial to adequate perceptions as a Chairman of quarter sessions to his clerk.

Remembering, then, that the undeveloped cannot know the developed, though it may presage and expect it; remembering that bisulphide of carbon is aware of actinic rays invisible to us; that selenium swells to light which is lost to our organism; that a sensitised film at the end of the telescope photographs a million stars we did not see; and that the magnetic needle feels and obeys forces to which our most delicate nerves are insensible; it seems within the range, and not beyond the rights, of the imagination to entertain confident and happy dreams of successive states of real and conscious existence, rising by evolution through succeeding phases of endless life. Why, in truth, should evolution proceed along the gross and palpable lines of the visible, and not also be hard at work upon the subtler elements which are behind—moulding, governing, and emancipating them? Is it enough with the Positivists to foresee the amelioration of the race? Their creed is, certainly, generous and unselfish; but since it teaches the eventual decay of

all worlds and systems, what is the good of caring for a race which must be extinguished in some final cataclysm, any more than for an individual who must die and become a memory? If death ends the man, and cosmic convulsions finish off all the constellations, then we arrive at the insane conception of an universe possibly emptied of every form of being, which is the most unthinkable and incredible of all conclusions. Sounder, beyond question, was the simple wisdom of Shakespeare's old hermit of Prague, who "never saw pen and ink, and very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is, is!'"

If so very sensible a recluse had gone deeper into that grand philosophy of common sense, we might fancy him saying to the niece of his Majesty, "First of all the plain fact is this, fair Princess! that we are alive, and far advanced in the hierarchy of such life as we know. We cannot indeed fly like a bird, nor swim like a dog-fish, nor hunt by smell like a hound, but—vanity apart—we are at the top of the tree of visible earth-life." If there has been a vast past leading to this, the individual remembers nothing. Either he was not; or he lived unconscious; or he was conscious, but forgets. It may be he always lived, and inwardly knows it, but now "disremembers;" for it is notable that none of us can recall the first year of our human existence. Instincts, moreover, are memories, and when the newly-hatched chick pecks at food, it must certainly have lived somehow and somewhere long before it was an egg. If to live forever in the future demands that we must have lived forever in the past, there is really nothing against this! "End and beginning are dreams;" mere phrases of our earthly foolish speech. But taking things as they seem, nobody knows that death stays—nor why it should stay—the development of the individual. It stays our perception of it in another; but so does distance, absence, or even sleep. Birth gave to each of us much; death may give very much more, in the way of subtler senses to behold colors we cannot here see, to catch sounds we do not now hear, and to be aware of bodies and objects impalpable at present to us, but perfectly real, intelligibly constructed, and constituting an organised

society and a governed, multiform State. Where does Nature show signs of breaking off her magic, that she should stop at the five organs and the sixty odd elements? Are we freed to spread over the face of this little earth, and never freed to spread through the solar system and beyond it? Nay, the heavenly bodies are to the ether which contains them as mere spores of seaweed floating in the ocean. Are the specks only filled with life, and not the space? What does Nature possess more valuable in all she has wrought here, than the wisdom of the sage, the tenderness of the mother, the devotion of the lover, and the opulent imagination of the poet, that she should let these priceless things be utterly lost by a quinsy, or a flux? It is a hundred times more reasonable to believe that she commences afresh with such delicately developed treasures, making them groundwork and stuff for splendid farther living, by process of death; which, even when it seems accidental or premature, is probably as natural and gentle as birth; and wherefrom, it may well be, the new-born dead arises to find a fresh world ready for his pleasant and novel body, with gracious and willing kindred ministrations awaiting it, like those which provided for the human babe the guarding arms and nourishing breasts of its mother. As the babe's eyes opened to strange sunlight here, so may the eyes of the dead lift glad and surprised lids to "a light that never was on sea or land;" and so may his delighted ears hear speech and music proper to the spheres beyond, while he laughs contentedly to find how touch and taste and smell had all been forecasts of faculties accurately following upon the lowly lessons of this earthly nursery! It is really just as easy and logical to think such will be the outcome of the "life which now is," as to terrify weak souls into wickedness by mediæval hells, or to wither the bright instincts of youth or love with horizons of black annihilation.

Moreover those new materials and surroundings of the farther being would bring a more intense and verified as well as a higher existence. Man is less superior to the sensitive-plant now than his re-embodied spirit would probably then be to his present personality. Nor

does anything except ignorance and despondency forbid the belief that the senses so etherialised and enhanced, and so fitly adapted to the fine combinations of advanced entity, would discover without much amazement sweet and friendly societies springing from, but proportionately upraised above, the old associations: art divinely elevated, science splendidly expanding; bygone loves and sympathies explaining and obtaining their purpose; activities set free for vaster cosmic service; abandoned hopes realized at last; despaired-of joys come magically within ready reach; regrets and repentances softened by wider knowledge, surer foresight, and the discovery that though in this universe nothing can be "forgiven," everything may be repaid and repaired. In such a stage, though little removed relatively from this, the widening of faith, delight, and love (and therefore of virtue which depends on these) would be very large. Everywhere would be discerned the fact, if not the full mystery, of continuity, of evolution, and of the never-ending progress in all that lives towards beauty, happiness, and use without limit. To call such a life "Heaven" or the "Hereafter" is a concession to the illusions of speech and thought, for these words imply locality and time, which are but provisional conceptions.

It would rather be a state, a plane of faculties, to expand again into other and higher states or planes; the slowest and lowest in the race of life coming in last, but each—everywhere—finally attaining. After all, as Shakespeare so merrily hints, "That that is, is!" and when we look into the blue of the sky we actually see visible Infinity. When we regard the stars of midnight we veritably perceive the mansions of Nature, countless and illimitable; so that even our narrow senses reprove our timid minds. If such shadows of the future be ever so faintly cast from real existences, fear and care might, at one word, pass from the minds of men, as evil dreams depart from little children waking to their mother's kiss; and all might feel how subtly-wise the poet was who wrote of that first mysterious night on earth, which shewed the unsuspected stars; when—

. . . "Hesperus, with the host of heaven,
came,
And lo! Creation widened on man's view!
Who could have thought such marvels lay
concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find—
Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed—
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us
blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious
strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?"
—Fortnightly Magazine.

FOSSIL FOOD.

THERE is something at first sight rather ridiculous in the idea of eating a fossil. To be sure, when the frozen mammoths of Siberia were first discovered, though they had been dead for at least 80,000 years (according to Dr. Croll's minimum reckoning for the end of the great ice age), and might therefore naturally have begun to get a little musty, they had nevertheless been kept so fresh, like a sort of pre-historic Australian mutton, in their vast natural refrigerators, that the wolves and bears greedily devoured the precious relics for which the naturalists of Europe would have been ready gladly to pay the highest market price of best beefsteak. Those carnivorous vandals gnawed off the skin and flesh with the utmost appre-

ciation, and left nothing but the tusks and bones to adorn the galleries of the new Natural History Museum at South Kensington. But then wolves and bears, especially in Siberia, are not exactly fastidious about the nature of their meat diet. Furthermore, some of the bones of extinct animals found beneath the stalagmitic floor of caves, in England and elsewhere, presumably of about the same age as the Siberian mammoths, still contain enough animal matter to produce a good strong stock for antediluvian broth, which has been scientifically described by a high authority as pre-Adamite jelly. The congress of naturalists at Tübingen a few years since had a smoking tureen of this cave-bone soup placed upon the dinner table at their

hotel one evening, and pronounced it with geological enthusiasm "scarcely inferior to prime oxtail." But men of science, too, are accustomed to trying unsavory experiments, which would go sadly against the grain with less philosophic and more squeamish palates. They think nothing of tasting a caterpillar that birds will not touch, in order to discover whether it owes its immunity from attack to some nauseous, bitter, or pungent flavoring; and they even advise you calmly to discriminate between two closely similar species of snails by trying which of them when chewed has a delicate *soupeon* of oniony aroma. So that naturalists in this matter, as children say, don't count: their universal thirst for knowledge will prompt them to drink anything, down even to *consommé* of quaternary cave-bear.

There is one form of fossil food, however, which appears constantly upon all our tables at breakfast, lunch, and dinner, every day, and which is so perfectly familiar to every one of us that we almost forget entirely its immensely remote geological origin. The salt in our salt-cellar is a fossil product, laid down ages ago in some primeval Dead Sea or Caspian, and derived in all probability (through the medium of the grocer) from the triassic rocks of Cheshire or Worcestershire. Since that thick bed of rock salt was first precipitated upon the dry floor of some old evaporated inland sea, the greater part of the geological history known to the world at large has slowly unrolled itself through incalculable ages. The dragons of the prime have begun and finished their long (and Lord Tennyson says slimy) race. The fish-like saurians and flying pterodactyls of the secondary period have come into existence and gone out of it gracefully again. The whole family of birds has been developed and diversified into its modern variety of eagles and titmice. The beasts of the field have passed through sundry stages of mammoth and mastodon, of sabre-toothed lion and huge rhinoceros. Man himself has progressed gradually from the humble condition of a "hairy arboreal quadruped"—these bad words are Mr. Darwin's own—to the glorious elevation of an erect two-handed creature, with a county suffrage question and an intelligent interest in the latest pro-

ceedings of the central divorce court. And after all those manifold changes, compared to which the entire period of English history, from the landing of Julius Cæsar to the appearance of this present article (to take two important landmarks), is as one hour to a human lifetime, we quietly dig up the salt to-day from that dry lake bottom, and proceed to eat it with the eggs laid by the hens this morning for this morning's breakfast, just as though the one food-stuff were not a whit more ancient or more dignified in nature than the other. Why, mammoth steak is really quite modern and commonplace by the side of the salt in our salt-cellar that we treat so cavalierly every day of our ephemeral existence.

The way salt got originally deposited in these great rock beds is very well illustrated for us by the way it is still being deposited in the evaporating waters of many inland seas. Every schoolboy knows of course (though some persons who are no longer schoolboys may just possibly have forgotten) that the Caspian is in reality only a little bit of the Mediterranean, which has been cut off from the main sea by the gradual elevation of the country between them. For many ages the intermediate soil has been quite literally rising in the world, but to this day a continuous chain of salt lakes and marshes runs between the Caspian and the Black Sea, and does its best to keep alive the memory of the time when they were both united in a single basin. All along this intervening tract, once sea but now dry land, banks of shells belonging to kinds still living in the Caspian and the Black Sea alike testify to the old line of water communication. One fine morning (date unknown) the intermediate belt began to rise up between them; the water was all pushed off into the Caspian, but the shells remained to tell the tale even unto this day.

Now, when a bit of the sea gets cut off in this way from the main ocean, evaporation of its waters generally takes place rather faster than the return supply of rain, rivers, and lesser tributaries. In other words, the inland sea or salt lake begins slowly to dry up. This is now just happening in the Caspian, which is in fact a big pool in course of being

slowly evaporated. By-and-by a point is reached when the water can no longer hold in solution the amount of salts of various sorts that it originally contained. In the technical language of chemists and physicists, it begins to get supersaturated. Then the salts are thrown down as a sediment at the bottom of the sea or lake, exactly as crust forms on the bottom of a kettle. Gypsum is the first material to be so thrown down; because it is less soluble than common salt, and therefore sooner got rid of. It forms a thick bottom layer in the bed of all evaporating inland seas; and as plaster of Paris it not only gives rise finally to artistic monstrosities hawked about the streets for the degradation of national taste, but also plays an important part in the manufacture of bonbons, the destruction of the human digestion, and the ultimate ruin of the dominant white European race. Only about a third of the water in a salt lake need be evaporated before the gypsum begins to be deposited in a solid layer over its whole bed; it is not till 93 per cent. of the water has gone, and only 7 per cent. is left, that common salt begins to be thrown down. When that point of intensity is reached, the salt, too, falls as a sediment to the bottom, and there overlies the gypsum deposit. Hence all the world over, wherever we come upon a bed of rock salt, it almost invariably lies upon a floor of solid gypsum.

The Caspian, being still a very respectably modern sea, constantly supplied with fresh water from the surrounding rivers, has not yet begun by any means to deposit salt on its bottom from its whole mass, but the shallow pools and long bays around its edge have crusts of beautiful rose-colored salt-crystals forming upon their sides; and as these lesser basins gradually dry up, the sand, blown before the wind, slowly drifts over them, so as to form miniature rock-salt beds on a very small scale. Nevertheless, the young and vigorous Caspian only represents the first stage in the process of evaporation of an inland sea. It is still fresh enough to form the abode of fish and mollusks; and the irrepressible young lady of the present generation is perhaps even aware that it contains numbers of seals, being in fact the seat of one of the most important

and valuable seal-fisheries in the whole world. It may be regarded as a typical example of a yet youthful and lively inland sea.

The Dead Sea, on the other hand, is an old and decrepit salt lake in a very advanced stage of evaporation. It lies several feet below the level of the Mediterranean, just as the Caspian lies several feet below the level of the Black Sea; and as in both cases the surface must once have been continuous, it is clear that the water of either sheet must have dried up to a very considerable extent. But while the Caspian has shrunk only to 85 feet below the Black Sea, the Dead Sea has shrunk to the enormous depth of 1,292 feet below the Mediterranean. Every now and then, some enterprising De Lesseps or other proposes to dig a canal from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea, and so re-establish the old high level. The effect of this very revolutionary proceeding would be to flood the entire Jordan Valley, connect the sea of Galilee with the Dead Sea, and play the dickens generally with Scripture geography, to the infinite delight of Sunday-school classes. Now, when the Dead Sea first began its independent career as a separate sheet of water on its own account, it no doubt occupied the whole bed of this imaginary engineers' lake—spreading, if not from Dan to Beersheba, at any rate from Dan to Edom, or, in other words, along the whole Jordan Valley from the Sea of Galilee and even the Waters of Merom to the southern desert. (I will not insult the reader's intelligence and orthodoxy by suggesting that perhaps he may not be precisely certain as to the exact position of the Waters of Merom; but I will merely recommend him just to refresh his memory by turning to his atlas, as this is an opportunity which may not again occur.) The modern Dead Sea is the last shrunken relic of such a considerable ancient lake. Its waters are now so very concentrated and so very nasty that no fish or other self-respecting animal can consent to live in them; and so buoyant that a man can't drown himself, even if he tries, because the sea is saturated with salts of various sorts till it has become a kind of soup or porridge, in which a swimmer floats, will he, nil he. Persons in the neighbor-

hood who wish to commit suicide are therefore obliged to go elsewhere : much as in Tasmania, the healthiest climate in the world, people who want to die are obliged to run across for a week to Sydney or Melbourne.

The waters of the Dead Sea are thus in the condition of having already deposited almost all their gypsum, as well as the greater part of the salt they originally contained. They are, in fact, much like sea water which has been boiled down till it has reached the state of a thick salty liquid ; and though most of the salt is now already deposited in a deep layer on the bottom, enough still remains in solution to make the Dead Sea infinitely saltier than the general ocean. At the same time, there are a good many other things in solution in sea water besides gypsum and common salt ; such as chloride of magnesium, sulphate of potassium, and other interesting substances with pretty chemical names, well calculated to endear them at first sight to the sentimental affections of the general public. These other by-contents of the water are often still longer in getting deposited than common salt ; and owing to their intermixture in a very concentrated form with the mother liquid of the Dead Sea, the water of that evaporating lake is not only salt but also slimy and fetid to the last degree, its taste being accurately described as half-brine, half rancid oil. Indeed, the salt has been so far precipitated already that there is now five times as much chloride of magnesium left in the water as there is common salt. By the way, it is a lucky thing for us that these various soluble minerals are of such constitution as to be thrown down separately at different stages of concentration in the evaporating liquid ; for if it were otherwise, they would all get deposited together, and we should find on all old salt lake beds only a mixed layer of gypsum, salt, and other chlorides and sulphates, absolutely useless for any practical human purpose. In that case, we should be entirely dependent upon marine salt pans and evaporation of sea water for our entire salt supply. As it is, we find the materials deposited one above another in regular layers ; first, the gypsum at the bottom ; then, the rock-salt ;

and last of all, on top, the more soluble mineral constituents.

The great Salt Lake of Utah, sacred to the memory of Brigham Young, gives us an example of a modern saline sheet of very different origin, since it is in fact not a branch of the sea at all, but a mere shrunken remnant of a very large freshwater-lake system, like that of the still-existing St. Lawrence chain. Once upon a time, American geologists say, a huge sheet of water, for which they have even invented a definite name, Lake Bonneville, occupied a far larger valley among the outliers of the Rocky Mountains, measuring 300 miles in one direction by 180 miles in the other. Beside this primitive Superior lay a second great sheet—an early Huron—(Lake Lahontan, the geologists call it) almost as big, and equally of fresh water. By-and-by—the precise dates are necessarily indefinite—some change in the rainfall, unregistered by any contemporary “New York Herald,” made the waters of these big lakes shrink and evaporate. Lake Lahontan shrank away like Alice in Wonderland, till there was absolutely nothing left of it ; Lake Bonneville shrank till it attained the diminished size of the existing Great Salt Lake. Terrace after terrace, running in long parallel lines on the sides of the Wahsatch Mountains around, mark the various levels at which it rested for awhile on its gradual downward course. It is still falling indeed : and the plain around is being gradually uncovered, forming the white salt-encrusted shore with which all visitors to the Mormon city are so familiar.

But why should the water have become briny ? Why should the evaporation of an old Superior produce at last a Great Salt Lake ? Well, there is a small quantity of salt in solution even in the freshest of lakes and ponds, brought down to them by the streams or rivers ; and as the water of the hypothetical Lake Bonneville slowly evaporated, the salt and other mineral constituents remained behind. Thus the solution grew constantly more and more concentrated, till at the present day it is extremely saline. Professor Geikie (to whose works the present paper is much indebted) found that he floated on the

water in spite of himself ; and the under sides of the steps at the bathing-places are all encrusted with short stalactites of salt, produced from the drip of the bathers as they leave the water. The mineral constituents, however, differ considerably in their proportions from those found in true salt lakes of marine origin ; and the point at which the salt is thrown down is still far from having been reached. Great Salt Lake must simmer in the sun for many centuries yet before the point arrives at which (as cooks say) it begins to settle.

That is the way in which deposits of salt are being now produced on the world's surface, in preparation for that man of the future who, as we learn from a duly constituted authority, is to be hairless, toothless, web-footed, and far too respectable ever to be funny. Man of the present derives his existing salt-supply chiefly from beds of rock-salt similarly laid down against his expected appearance some hundreds thousand æons or so ago. (An æon is a very convenient geological unit indeed to reckon by ; as nobody has any idea how long it is, they can't carp at you for a matter of an æon or two one way or the other.) Rock-salt is found in most parts of the world, in beds of very various ages. The great Salt Range of the Punjab is probably the earliest in date of all salt deposits ; it was laid down at the bottom of some very ancient Asiatic Mediterranean, whose last shrunken remnant covered the upper basin of the Indus and its tributaries during the Silurian age. Europe had then hardly begun to be ; and England was probably still covered from end to end by the primæval ocean. From this very primitive salt deposit the greater part of India and Central Asia is still supplied ; and the Indian Government makes a pretty penny out of the dues in the shape of the justly detested salt-tax—a tax especially odious because it wrings the fraction of a farthing even from those unhappy agricultural laborers who have never tasted ghee with their rice.

The thickness of the beds in each salt deposit of course depends entirely upon the area of the original sea or salt-lake, and the length of time during which the evaporation went on. Sometimes we

may get a mere film of salt ; sometimes a solid bed six hundred feet thick. Perfectly pure rock-salt is colorless and transparent ; but one doesn't often find it pure. Alas for a degenerate world ! even in its original site, Nature herself has taken the trouble to adulterate it beforehand. (If she hadn't done so, one may be perfectly sure that commercial enterprise would have proved equal to the occasion in the long run.) But the adulteration hasn't spoilt the beauty of the salt ; on the contrary, it serves, like rouge, to give a fine fresh color where none existed. When iron is the chief coloring matter, rock-salt assumes a beautiful clear red tint ; in other cases it is emerald green or pale blue. As a rule, salt is prepared from it for table by a regular process ; but it has become a fad of late with a few people to put crystals of native rock-salt on their tables ; and they decidedly look very pretty, and have a certain distinctive flavor of their own that is not unpleasant.

Our English salt supply is chiefly derived from the Cheshire and Worcestershire salt-regions, which are of triassic age. Many of the places at which the salt is mined have names ending in *wich*, such as Northwich, Middlewich, Nantwich, Droitwich, Netherwich, and Shirleywich. This termination *wich* is itself curiously significant, as Mr. Isaac Taylor has shown, of the necessary connection between salt and the sea. The earliest known way of producing salt was of course in shallow pans on the sea-shore, at the bottom of a shoal bay, called in Norse and early English a wick or wich ; and the material so produced is still known in trade as bay-salt. By-and-by, when people came to discover the inland brine pits and salt mines, they transferred to them the familiar name, a wich ; and the places where the salt was manufactured came to be known as wych-houses. Droitwich, for example, was originally such a wich, where the droits or dues on salt were paid at the time when William the Conqueror's commissioners drew up their great survey for Domesday Book. But the good easy-going mediæval people who gave these quaint names to the inland wiches had probably no idea that they were really and truly dried-up bays,

and that the salt they mined from their pits was genuine ancient bay-salt, the deposit of an old inland sea, evaporated by slow degrees a countless number of ages since, exactly as the Dead Sea and the Great Salt Lake are getting evaporated in our own time.

Such nevertheless is actually the case. A good-sized Caspian used to spread across the centre of England and north of Ireland in triassic times, bounded here and there, as well as Dr. Hull can make out, by the Welsh Mountains, the Cheviots, and the Donegal Hills, and with the Peak of Derbyshire and the Isle of Man standing out as separate islands from its blue expanse. (We will beg the question that the English seas were then blue. They are certainly marked so in a very fine cerulean tint on Dr. Hull's map of Triassic Britain.) Slowly, like most other inland seas, this early British Caspian began to lose weight and to shrivel away to ever smaller dimensions. In Devonshire, where it appears to have first dried up, we get no salt, but only red marl, with here and there a cubical cast, filling a hole once occupied by rock-salt, though the percolation of the rain has long since melted out that very soluble substance, and replaced it by a mere mould in the characteristic square shape of salt crystals. But Worcestershire and Cheshire were the seat of the inland sea when it had contracted to the dimensions of a mere salt lake, and begun to throw down its dissolved saline materials. One of the Cheshire beds is sometimes a hundred feet thick of almost pure and crystalline rock-salt. The absence of fossils shows that animals must have had as bad a time of it there as in the Dead Sea of our modern Palestine.

The Droitwich brine-pits have been known for many centuries, since they were worked (and taxed) even before the Norman Conquest, as were many other similar wells elsewhere. But the actual mining of rock-salt as such in England dates back only as far as the reign of King Charles II. of blessed memory, or more definitely to the very year in which the "Pilgrim's Progress" was conceived and written by John Bunyan. During that particular summer, an enterprising person at Nantwich had sunk a shaft for coal, which he

failed to find; but on his way down he came unexpectedly across the bed of rock-salt, then for the first time discovered as a native mineral. Since that fortunate accident, the beds have been so energetically worked and the springs so energetically pumped that some of the towns built on top of them have got undermined, and now threaten from year to year, in the most literal sense, to cave in. In fact, one or two subsidences of considerable extent have already taken place, due in part, no doubt, to the dissolving action of rain-water, but in part also to the mode of working. The mines are approached by a shaft; and when you get down to the level of the old sea bottom, you find yourself in a sort of artificial gallery, whose roof, with all the world on top of it, is supported every here and there by massive pillars, about fifteen feet thick. Considering that the salt lies often a hundred and fifty yards deep, and that these pillars have to bear the weight of all that depth of solid rock, it is not surprising that subsidences should sometimes occur in abandoned shafts, where the water is allowed to collect, and slowly dissolve away the supporting columns.

Salt is a necessary article of food for animals, but in a far less degree than is commonly supposed. Each of us eats on an average about ten times as much salt as we actually require. In this respect popular notions are as inexact as in the very similar case of the supply of phosphorus. Because phosphorus is needful for brain action, people jump forthwith to the absurd conclusion that fish and other foods rich in phosphates ought to be specially good for students preparing for examination, great thinkers, and literary men. Mark Twain indeed once advised a poetical aspirant, who sent him a few verses for his critical opinion, that fish was very feeding for the brains: he would recommend a couple of young whales, to begin upon. As a matter of fact, there is more phosphorus in our daily bread than would have sufficed Shakespeare to write "Hamlet," or Newton to discover the law of gravitation. It isn't phosphorus that most of us need, but brains to burn it in. A man might as well light a fire in a carriage, because coal makes an engine go, as hope to mend the pace of

his dull pate by eating fish for the sake of the phosphates.

The question still remains, How did the salt originally get there? After all, when we say that it was produced, as rock-salt, by evaporation of the water in inland seas, we leave unanswered the main problem, How did the brine in solution get into the sea at all in the first place? Well, one might almost as well ask, How did anything come to be upon the earth at any time, in any way? How did the sea itself get there? How did this planet swim into existence at all? In the Indian mythology the world is supported upon the back of an elephant, who is supported upon the back of a tortoise; but what the tortoise in the last resort is supported upon the Indian philosophers prudently say not. If we once begin thus pushing back our inquiries into the genesis of the cosmos, we shall find our search retreating step after step *ad infinitum*. The negro preacher, describing the creation of Adam, and drawing slightly upon his imagination, observed that when our prime forefather first came to consciousness he found himself "sot up agin a fence." One of his hearers ventured sceptically to ejaculate, "Den whar dat fence come from, ministah?" The outraged divine scratched his grey wool reflectively for a moment, and replied, after a pause, with stern solemnity, "Tree more ob dem questions will undermine de whole system ob teology."

However, we are not permitted humbly to imitate the prudent reticence of the Indian philosophers. In these days of evolution hypotheses, and nebular theories, and kinetic energy, and all the rest of it, the question why the sea is salt rises up irrepressible and imperatively demands to get itself answered. There was a sapient inquirer, recently deceased, who had a short way out of this difficulty. He held that the sea was only salt because of all the salt rivers that ran into it. Considering that the salt rivers are themselves salted by passing through salt regions, or being fed by saline springs, all of which derive their saltiness from deposits laid down long ago by evaporation from earlier seas or lake basins, this explanation savors somewhat of circularity. It amounts in effect to saying that the sea is salt be-

cause of the large amount of saline matter which it holds in solution. Cheese is also a caseous preparation of milk; the duties of an archdeacon are to perform archidiaconal functions; and opium puts one to sleep because it possesses a soporific virtue.

Apart from such purely verbal explanations of the saltiness of the sea, however, one can only give some such account of the way it came to be "the briny" as the following:—

This world was once a haze of fluid light, as the poets and the men of science agree in informing us. As soon as it began to cool down a little, the heavier materials naturally sank towards the centre, while the lighter, now represented by the ocean and the atmosphere, floated in a gaseous condition on the outside. But the great envelope of vapor thus produced did not consist merely of the constituents of air and water: many other gases and vapors mingled with them, as they still do to a far less extent in our existing atmosphere. By-and-by, as the cooling and condensing process continued, the water settled down from the condition of steam into one of a liquid at a dull red heat. As it condensed, it carried down with it a great many other substances, held in solution, whose component elements had previously existed in the primitive gaseous atmosphere. Thus the early ocean which covered the whole earth was in all probability not only very salt, but also quite thick with other mineral matters close up to the point of saturation. It was full of lime, and raw flint, and sulphates, and many other miscellaneous bodies. Moreover, it was not only just as salt as at the present day, but even a great deal saltier. For from that time to this evaporation has constantly been going on in certain shallow isolated areas, laying down great beds of gypsum and then of salt, which still remain in the solid condition, while the water has, of course, been correspondingly purified. The same thing has likewise happened in a slightly different way with the lime and flint, which have been separated from the water chiefly by living animals, and afterwards deposited on the bottom of the ocean in immense layers as lime-stone, chalk, sandstone, and clay.

Thus it turns out that in the end all our sources of salt-supply are alike ultimately derived from the briny ocean. Whether we dig it out as solid rock-salt from the open quarries of the Punjab, or pump it up from brine-wells sunk into the triassic rocks of Cheshire, or evaporate it direct in the salt-pans of England and the shallow *salines* of the Mediterranean shore, it is still at bottom essentially sea-salt. However distant the connection may seem, our salt is always in the last resort obtained from the material held in solution in some ancient or modern sea. Even the saline springs of Canada and the Northern States of America, where the wapiti love to congregate, and the noble hunter lurks in the thicket to murder them unperceived, derive their saltiness, as an able Cana-

dian geologist has shown, from the thinly scattered salts still retained among the sediments of that very archaic sea whose precipitates form the earliest known life bearing rocks. To the Homeric Greek, as to Mr. Dick Swivel-ler, the ocean was always the briny; to modern science, on the other hand (which neither of those worthies would probably have appreciated at its own valuation), the briny is always the oceanic. The fossil food which we find to-day on all our dinner-tables dates back its origin primarily to the first seas that ever covered the surface of our planet, and secondarily to the great rock deposits of the dried-up triassic inland sea. And yet even our men of science habitually describe that ancient mineral as common salt.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

TRANSATLANTIC CONTRASTS.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

THE following rather desultory pages are intended to illustrate some of the most striking divergences of language and phases of life between this country and the United States of America, as noted during a residence of six months in various parts of New York and New England.

As to Locomotion, England and America have much to learn from each other. I think, however, that, on the whole, we have more to learn from America than she from us.

In many respects the railway system is superior to ours; as indeed it ought to be, seeing that our transatlantic friends have been able to take warning by our mistakes.

Tickets can be procured in all kinds of places, so that there is no necessity for the delay and worry of taking tickets just before the train starts. These tickets are not dated, so that you can procure them whenever you like, and use them as most convenient. Moreover, they are transferable, and are good for the journey in either direction. I have by me an unused ticket from Boston to Salem, and, when I return to the States, I shall be able to use it either to or from Salem.

Another good plan is, that if you buy four tickets for the same place, you can take five journeys. A single "Commutation" ticket is given, numbered and dated on the day on which it was issued. At each journey the conductor punches the ticket. Mine has been punched four times, and on the next journey it will be given up.

As the conductor inspects the tickets before reaching the station, there is none of the exasperating delay which so often occurs with us, when a fraudulent or a muddle-headed passenger gets into an altercation with the collector, and blocks the doorway round which an impatient crowd is thronging.

When new to this mode of ticket-inspecting, the traveller is apt to be rather irritated by the frequency with which the ticket has to be produced. Experienced travellers, however, put the ticket in some conspicuous place, such as the band of the hat, and the conductor takes it out, punches and replaces it, without disturbing the owner, even if he should be asleep. The conductors, by the way, are all sworn in as police, and wear the little silver shield of office under their coats.

The seats deserve a passing mention.

They all are arranged in a double row along the sides, a passage being left in the middle. Each seat holds two persons, and of course that which is next the window is most in favor. It is always expected that if a gentleman has secured the window, and a lady comes to the same seat, he vacates the window in her favor. When the train starts from the terminus, the seats are all arranged so that the passengers have their faces toward the engine. But the back of the seat turns over on a pivot, so that passengers can sit in either direction. If a party of four be travelling together, they mostly arrange two seats so as to face each other. Here, then, the American carriages are superior to ours.

Another point of superiority is that in winter-time the carriages are all warmed, erring rather in excess of warmth. The stove, however, is not without its element of danger, as in case of collision or similar accident, the stove almost invariably sets the carriage on fire. Axes, crow-bars, and saws are attached to each carriage, so as to be useful in case of an accident.

Two of the chief demerits are the windows and the lights. As a rule, the windows are too low, so that it is impossible to see the landscape without stooping. Then, if you want to open a window for air, you must push it up, not let it down, so that the draught comes just upon the shoulders, and gives you every chance of rheumatism.

When perusing American books in which railway travelling is mentioned, the reader must bear in mind that when the windows are said to be down, the author means that they are closed, this being precisely the reverse of our plan. There are a few ventilators in the roof; but when the car is crowded and the stove overheated, they are miserably insufficient, even if the conductor can be induced to open them.

When closed, the windows are fastened with self-acting catches, and each line seems to have its own peculiar system of catch, so that when you are on a strange line and want to open a window, you may puzzle yourself for half an hour before finding out the secret.

The blinds, too, are, as a rule, very inferior to ours, so that there is no medium between shutting out the whole

of the view, and allowing yourself to be dazzled and baked by the rays of the sun. I am now speaking of the ordinary passenger cars, and not of the parlor-cars which are attached to all the long-distance trains, and are equivalent to our first-class carriages.

Railway travelling after dark is seldom an exhilarating process; but when semi-darkness prevails within the carriages, travel is almost intolerable. Our own second and third class carriages are not remarkable for the quality of their light, but they are superior in this respect to the American parlor-car.

There are, of course, lights. But, in the first place, the lamps are placed too high to be of much use, and, in the next, the American lamp and gas-burners are mostly fitted beneath the burners with heavy ornamentation which throws a shadow below, and effectually puts a stop to reading. Americans are so accustomed to this style of lamp that they could hardly believe me when I told them of the gas and electric lights which are used on some of our lines.

The sleeping-cars have been so often described that little mention of them is necessary. The lack of adequate ventilation is their chief defect, as in America, no less than with ourselves, the majority of travellers seem to think that fresh air and inflammation of the lungs are convertible terms. In cold weather there is always the chance of being semi-frozen on one side and semi-baked on the other, but semi-asphyxiation is still worse, and is without remedy.

The reader is probably aware that the carriages are so constructed that the passenger can traverse the entire length of the train. This plan has its advantages, but it is not without its discomforts. If you are placed near the front door on a cold day, and your fellow-travellers take to walking about, the rush of cold air upon the skin, which is mostly overheated by the stove, is very likely to give a severe cold.

Then the central passage gives access to those irrepressible nuisances, the boys who traverse the cars and importune you to buy paper, books, "candy," pop-corn, fruit, &c., &c. They will leave samples with you, and then worry you a second time when they come back and are obliged to resume their property.

The worst of these pedlars is the candy boy. You need not look at the books or paper or fruit or pop-corn, but you cannot help smelling the candy, two varieties of which, one flavored with peppermint and the other with aniseed, fill the whole car with their perfumes. The peppermint is tolerably harmless until some one eats it; but the odor of aniseed is quite independent of secondary means. The boy goes through the train, laying packages of aniseed candy on each of the seats. At first, I used to think that every one in the car had been drinking absinthe, and it only dawned on me by degrees that the candy boy was responsible for it.

On arriving at any large station, the English traveller is struck with three peculiarities.

In the first place, the stations are so dark that the passenger is half-blinded when he enters them from the bright daylight outside.

In the next place, there are no railway porters, so that if you have any luggage in the car you must carry it yourself throughout the length of the platform.

Lastly, there are no cabs. There are, it is true, two-horse broughams, called "hacks." But their roofs being rounded, they can carry but little luggage, except what can be strapped on a shelf at the back. As to our swift Hansom, or much enduring four-wheeler, with its luggage-carrying powers, they are unknown. Then the charge for a hack is most exorbitant. I have known an American to be forced to pay sixteen shillings for a journey barely exceeding two miles, and I have been obliged to pay a dollar for less than that distance. Why the Americans should go to the expense of having two horses when one is amply sufficient, I cannot imagine.

At home, we are apt—not knowing our blessings—to vituperate the "crawler," whether it be Hansom or four-wheel. But, on a stormy day in America, the value of the crawler becomes manifest. Even if you disregard the cost of the hack, you must go to it, for it will not come to you; and in such a winter as that of 1883-4, a distance of a hundred yards requires as much preparation as if it were a mile.

I feel certain that any one possessing spirit and energy, and having the com-

mand of a moderate capital, would make his fortune in any of the great cities by introducing a service of English cabs and charging English prices.

In Boston a semi-cab called a "Herdick" has been lately introduced. But it is very inconvenient, the traveller entering at the back and sitting sideways, and its luggage-carrying powers are almost nil.

Street traffic is mostly carried on by tram-cars, or horse-cars, as they are called in America. They are much the same as ours, except that they have no outside seats. Neither is there any law against overcrowding, so that in bad weather they are mostly filled inside with as many as can find standing or sitting room, while both the platforms and their steps are crowded with as many persons as can secure a foothold.

By a Draconian though unwritten law, ladies are always entitled to seats, so that on wet days all male travellers by horse-car must make up their minds to stand during the whole journey. This overcrowding is especially prevalent in the horse-cars which connect large cities with the suburbs. I need not say that, as all sorts and conditions of men travel in these cars, the atmosphere is apt to be unendurably offensive. Indeed I so much dreaded the fetid atmosphere of a crowded horse-car, that in the worst weather I could seldom venture to enter one.

A ticket system prevails in these cars. You can buy six tickets for the price of five, so that practically one journey in every six costs nothing. Then there are correspondence tickets, which for a very small additional sum transfer the passenger from one line of cars to another.

As to the free-and-easy way in which railroads run along the main streets of populous towns, I certainly should not think it to be worthy of adoption here. It looks horribly dangerous, but I believe that street accidents are not more numerous than with the ordinary traffic.

Every now and then the newspapers allude to "wild-cat" trains.

When I first saw this word, I naturally imagined that a train with so formidable a title must be an express train running at more than ordinary speed. It is just the reverse. Railway travelling in America is much slower than with us,

though not quite so slow as on the Continent. The "wild-cat" is the slowest of all trains. It is only used for freight, and reaches its destination as it can, running whenever the line is clear, and shunting when a passenger train is due on the same track.

I may mention that the word "wild-cat" is used indiscriminately in America to signify either the puma or the lynx, the true wild-cat belonging exclusively to the old world.

As for conveyance of luggage, we might advantageously engraft the "check" system upon our present custom.

Owing to the luggage-carrying power of the cab, and the presence of railway porters, an ordinary traveller finds little difficulty with his luggage. Still, those who do not choose to take the trouble of looking after their luggage themselves, and those who have to undertake a journey which needs several changes of line, would find the check system extremely useful. Moreover, when this system is employed it is next to impossible for swindlers to claim luggage which does not belong to them.

On arriving at a station the luggage master asks for the station where the luggage is to be delivered. A metal label or "check" is then strapped on the luggage, and a corresponding check given to the passenger, who thenceforth need not trouble himself about his luggage. Just before the train is due at a station the luggage-porter walks through it, carrying a book and a number of checks. He calls out the name of the station, and asks whether any of the passengers wish to have their checks changed.

Each hotel has its own checks, so that all that is needed is to give up the station check and exchange it for a hotel check. If the luggage should be wanted at a private house the address is entered in the luggage porter's book, a voucher ticket is given to the passenger, and in due time the luggage will be left at the house. Should the boxes, &c., not be wanted immediately they will be taken to the luggage-room, and will be given up to any one who can produce the checks. It is, therefore, possible to send luggage ahead to any place at which the traveller may wish to stay, and

he will be perfectly sure of finding it when he wants it.

Travelling naturally brings us to hotels. As a rule, the first-class hotels in large cities are far better than ours, and the charges scarcely half as much. This, I believe, is partly in consequence of the American habit of living in hotels instead of undertaking the trouble of house-keeping.

The hotel guest need take no trouble as to the details of daily expenses. He pays a fixed charge per diem, and, if he chooses, may go on eating incessantly from six in the morning to eleven at night. No charge is made for tea or coffee, but any fermented or aerated liquids must be paid for. Americans, however, seldom take anything with their dinner except iced water, which they consume in vast quantities.

The *menu* is of the most liberal character, and the cookery equal to that of the best hotels in London or Paris. The daily charge depends partly on the more or less fashionable character of the hotel, and partly upon the room or rooms which one engages. A single man who only wants one comfortable bedroom can live at a wonderfully cheap rate. I only paid for board and lodging seventeen and a half dollars per week, or, roughly speaking, about three pounds, ten shillings. This sum is inclusive of everything except boot cleaning, and there are none of those exasperating additional charges which swell the English hotel bills. Even in the winter time there is no need for fire, the hotels being if anything rather too warm than too cold.

There is a drawing-room for ladies, where no man may enter unless invited by a lady. There is for the gentlemen a writing and reading-room furnished with all the daily and several of the weekly newspapers.

I do not think that the hotels make very much out of their native guests, for such appetites I never could have imagined. Here are the details of a breakfast as ordered by a guest who sat at the same table as myself.

When he sat down, he drank a glass of iced water and ate a couple of oranges; when the waiter came for his order, it was given without the least hesitation: "Porridge, Blue-fish, Ten-

der-loin Steak, Eggs, Baked potatoes, Corncakes, Rolls, Griddle Cake, Coffee." In order to fill up the intervals, he consumed several sticks of celery, and had disposed of the whole before I had nearly finished a steak.

It is no wonder that dyspepsia is rampant, and that the newspapers swarm with advertisements of remedies. The consumption of iced water and hot bread alone must be very injurious, and so must be the quantity of "candy"—a generic name for sweetmeats—which is consumed by Americans, especially by the ladies. The teeth are seriously injured by this practice, dentists flourish exceedingly, and at least every other person to whom you speak discloses gleams of gold that betray the artificial character of the teeth.

Lastly, but by no means least, there is that characteristic American institution, the office, the presiding genius of which is the "Hotel Clerk."

The office is the mainspring of the hotel. At the office you can procure your railway ticket, and by means of the telephone can secure a reserved seat in the train. The office sends you to the station in the hotel carriage, and puts the charge in the weekly bill. If you take a hack to the hotel, the office pays the driver, so that you run no risk of overcharge. If you make a purchase, and have no ready money, you give the shop-keeper your card, with a note in your own handwriting upon it, and go your way, knowing that the office will pay the amount, and charge it in the bill. If you want ready money to take with you, the office lends it, and recoups itself in the next Monday's account. If you wish to write letters, the office furnishes you with pen, paper, and envelopes. The office possesses the minutest acquaintance with all the railway time-tables, horse-car tracks, and every kind of local information.

As to the Hotel Clerk, he is popularly represented as a haughty and unapproachable being, resplendent with flashing diamonds, and graciously condescending a word now and then to those who abase themselves before him. I have had much experience with hotel clerks, and have always found them considerate, obliging, and willing to give any information within their power.

I looked out carefully for the conventional hotel clerk, but never saw him.

Quite a new vocabulary has to be learned. Until I visited the States, I was rather bewildered as to certain articles of diet, as mentioned in American books. For example, in tales of domestic life, the consumption of cream seems really amazing. We read how a girl, before starting for a walk, prepares herself by drinking a tumbler of delicious cream; and the profuse manner in which cream is used, even by those who are struggling against the direst poverty, seems to imply that either cream must be very cheap or Americans very reckless. But I found that the word cream indicates unskimmed milk. No one ever hears of milk at the breakfast table, and the word milk-jug is unknown, "creamer" being used in its place. I certainly should not have known what "clapper-creamers" were, had I not seen them. They are simply milk-jugs furnished with swinging covers for the purpose of excluding flies.

By the way, the word jug is never heard, "pitcher" being invariably used in its stead.

Another example of domestic life: A young girl who is going to school expects always to have hot biscuits for breakfast. I never could understand why biscuits should be improved by being heated, until I heard hot biscuits ordered at a hotel table. It seems that in America the word biscuit is used to designate a small square roll, while the term "cracker" is employed as a generic title for any kind of biscuit, just as "candy" expresses any kind of sweetmeat.

Articles of dress are rather oddly named, the words vest, pants, and suspenders being employed to designate waistcoat, trousers, and braces. Linen, &c., goes by the generic name of "underwear"; while collars, ties, &c., are called "neckwear." Why boots with elastic sides should be called "Congress gaiters" passes my comprehension. Into the mysteries of feminine apparel I dare not intrude. But I did casually learn that the "body" of a lady's dress is called the waist, so that an evening dress is said to be low waisted.

An outside flight of steps leading to the door is called a stoop. If you let

your house you are said to rent it, and if you lend money you are said to loan it. If you drive a horse, you hold the "lines," *i.e.* the reins, in your hands; and if you are ignorant or thoughtless, you employ a "check" rein, *i.e.* a bearing rein. Blinkers are called blinders. A railway rug is termed a "lap-robe."

By the way, there is a very ingenious mode of "hitching" horses at doors. In the carriage is taken a heavy circular weight with a long rein attached to it. When you wish to leave your carriage, you swing the weight to the ground, fasten the rein to the bit, and the horse then understands that he is not to move until the weight is removed. Medical men greatly favor these horse anchors.

The robin of which we read in American books has nothing in common with our robin redbreast, except that its breast is pink. Its right name is the Migratory Thrush. Then the "hemlock," which is properly a biennial herb, is in America a large evergreen forest tree.

One extraordinary perversion of language is to employ the word "drummer" to designate a commercial traveller.

I was really afraid to make purchases lest I should be misunderstood, and invariably asked a waiter or the hotel clerk the word which I ought to employ.

It was in this way that I learned the meaning of the words "clapper-cream" and "syrup-pitcher." They are such ingenious articles that I wished to purchase some of each for the use of my own household, and took the precaution of ascertaining their names from the waiter, very much to his amusement.

When a professional man puts up a brass plate he is said in newspaper parlance to "hang out his shingle." Why a chimney should be called a "smoke-stack," I really cannot imagine.

Americans, by the way, are equally puzzled when they come to England. Only lately, an American lady wanted to buy a pair of braces for her husband, and very naturally asked for suspenders. The hosier said that he did not keep such articles, and referred the lady to a milliner's shop. There she was told that suspenders were never used now, the people of the shop naturally thinking that she referred to those spring clasps which were employed some years ago to

hold ladies' trains off the ground. However, some dress suspenders were still unsold, and were produced. Oddly enough, the lady had never seen the article before, and asked how her husband was to use it!

On arriving for the first time at an American hotel, a stranger is at once struck with the extraordinary profusion of spittoons, "cuspadors" as they are termed. They are set round the entrance hall, they are placed on every landing of the staircase, and every room in the house is furnished with them, sometimes openly, and sometimes disguised as footstools or china vases.

I found mine very useful as an umbrella stand and waste-paper receptacle.

I wonder that by this time the necessity for cuspadors should exist. The original cause, *i.e.*, tobacco-chewing, has almost entirely been abandoned among the better classes. But the habit of using them still survives, and a singularly offensive habit it is, both to the eye and ear. It is really nothing but a habit, and one frequently sees (and hears) small boys trying to acquire it, thinking it to be manly.

The primary object of my visit was to deliver the opening course of the "Lowell" lectures at Boston, Massachusetts. Requests, however, were made for lectures in different parts of the country, so that I had a good opportunity of comparing the lecture system with that of England. I unhesitatingly say the American system is superior to ours.

In the first place, the Americans take more care of the lecturer than is always the case in England. Personally I have little to complain of in that respect, but I have known men of world-wide reputation so utterly ignored that they have resolved never to visit that town again. In America the comfort of the lecturer is studiously promoted, and he is carefully guarded from exhausting himself by doing any work which can be done for him.

I lectured nightly in various parts of the States. There was always some one to meet me at the station. I was conveyed to the lecture-hall for the purpose of making necessary arrangements. Then I was conveyed to the house where I was to pass the night. Almost invariably hospitality was offered to me at a

private house, and if that could not be done, I was taken, with apologies, to a hotel, the account to be sent to the secretary. During the whole time that I was in America, I was never allowed to walk to the lecture hall, if it were more than a couple of hundred yards from the house.

At several places, especially at the Lowell Institute, Boston, there is a practice which I should like to see adopted in England. Five minutes before the lecture-hour the doors are locked, and no one is admitted under any pretext. The advantage to the lecturer is priceless. Scarcely anything is more annoying to a lecturer, especially where he uses no manuscript, than to see and hear a number of people dropping in after he has opened his subject. Speaking through the shuffling of feet, clatter of voices, and passing in and out of seats, throws a physical and mental strain on the lecturer which seriously impairs his efficiency.

Another excellent plan is adopted at this Institute. Immediately after the doors are locked, the janitor goes on the platform and holds up his hand. It is a signal that every seat is full. Consequently, if any of the reserved seats are unoccupied, they are at once filled up. Thus the lecturer has his audience brought into a compact mass in front of him, instead of seeing them scattered on either side.

One point struck me greatly. No matter what might be the population of the place, the lecture-hall was sure to be a good and often a splendid one. A mere village will possess a lecture-hall which would be a credit to a large city. This is mostly owing to the generosity of individuals, who build these splendid edifices and present them to the place. The building often contains, besides the lecture-hall, class-rooms, reading-rooms, gymnasium, &c., and at North Easton the upper portion of the building is specially constructed for a Freemasons' lodge-room.

Taking them all round, the American hall-keeper ("janitor" he or she is always termed) is far preferable to our own—at least to the survivors of the old-fashioned hall-keeper. The latter considers the hall as his own private property, and scouts the insertion of a nail or

screw into the platform as a personal injury. He thinks that a lecturer ought to stand on the platform and read something out of a book, and that anything beyond that programme must be prohibited.

Now, the apparatus with which I illustrate my lectures is large, rather complex, and requires four screws to uphold it. In England I have often been obliged to resort to extraordinary devices to overcome or elude the obstructive janitor, but I never found anything of the kind in America, the janitor being always not only willing but eager to assist, and taking the greatest interest in anything that is new to him.

Why cannot we introduce into England the American plan of lifting houses when more rooms are wanted?

During my residence I saw an enormous general store subjected to this process. It was a square building, six stories high, and has a frontage of nine large windows. Another floor being wanted, the whole of the upper part was lifted some twelve or thirteen feet, and the required rooms inserted, so that the original first floor became the second. Business went on as usual, both above and below, and not even the sleepers were disturbed at night.

Knowing that teetotalism prevails in Massachusetts and other Northern States, and that the blue-ribbon movement came from America, I expected to see the streets full of blue-ribbons. Not one was to be seen. But I do not remember seeing more than one or two drunken men on week-days. More were to be seen on a single Sunday than on all the other days of the week put together. Yet "Sunday closing" is the law in Massachusetts, and not a bar—saloons, as they are called—can be seen open! I find that the same curious fact has been noticed in Wales since the Sunday Closing Act has been brought into operation. It was just the same in New York.

The incessant electioneering seems to be the curse of the country. Based originally on the grand principle of governing the nation by the best men, chosen by universal suffrage, it has mostly sunk into a system of self-aggrandisement; and politics are consequently as much shunned by men of

culture and refinement as are the municipal boards of our small towns.

The term of office is too short. It is impossible for the Governor of a State to make himself master of his business—to "learn the ropes," as a sailor would say—much under a year's incessant labor. And yet, at the expiration of the year, just as he has learned his work, he is obliged to vacate his post, and, in all probability, will be succeeded by another man who is just as ignorant as he was on taking office. He ought to have a term of at least three years, while the President ought to have at least six.

What with the canvassing, and the processioning, and the speech-making that occur twice a year, once for the Governor, &c., and the other for the Mayor, the waste of time is enormous. And then once in every four years comes the Presidential election, when all trade and enterprise seems to be in abeyance. At least, such was the impression on my perfectly unprejudiced mind, partly from my own experience, partly from American writers, and partly from conversations with persons of every shade of opinion.—*Good Words*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF EMORY UPTON, COLONEL OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY AND BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. ARMY. By Peter S. Michie, Professor U. S. Military Academy. With an introduction by James Harrison Wilson, late U. S. Army. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In the career of General Upton we see exemplified the life of a model soldier, devoted to his profession as a science, assiduous in the cultivation of all the accomplishments which should grace military life, and retaining withal the finest qualities of private character. General Upton had just graduated at West Point at the time of the breaking out of the late war. He speedily became the colonel of a volunteer regiment, and rose before the close of hostilities to be a major-general of volunteers. He served in all three branches of the service during different periods of the conflict, and in each one displayed great skill and ability, as well as the most distinguished personal daring. Shortly after the end of the civil war General Upton was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel in the regular army and commandant of cadets at West Point. Each office which he filled called out peculiar fitness and showed his great versatility and fulness of equipment as a master of his profession. After a short service at West Point General Upton was sent to Europe to study military organization abroad. On his return and his taking command of the regiment of artillery, of which he was appointed the colonel, he worked out the new system of tactics for infantry, cavalry, and artillery which was afterward adopted by the War Department for the use of our army. In this sys-

tem he succeeded in devising tactical methods of great simplicity and mobility, the merits of which were universally recognized by military men all over the world. The tactics for the three branches of the service were so far assimilated, the central principle being the same, that the well-instructed infantry soldier was practically trained also in cavalry drill.

In addition to his system of tactics, General Upton wrote on military subjects with a fulness of knowledge which made him an authority. During the time he was instructor in the art of war at the School of Artillery Practice at Fortress Monroe, he began his great work on "The Military Policy of the United States," in which he analyzed critically all the military operations of the United States since the Revolution.

General Upton was the victim of an aggravated nasal catarrh, and this, in connection with very hard intellectual toil, culminated finally in a suicidal mania, under the influence of which he took his own life. This catastrophe was a terrible shock to his friends and the public, who had learned to look on him as a model of the noble and accomplished Christian soldier. Of course there could be no question that nothing but mental aberration could ever have caused him to commit an act so abhorrent to the whole tenor of his life. His death was justly felt to be an irretrievable loss to the military profession, of which he was such a brilliant ornament. His friend, General Wilson, who contributes a brief study of his life in connection with Professor Michie's more elaborate biography, only expresses the judgment of all those who knew him in his eulogy:

"He was incontestably the best tactician of either army, and this is true whether tested by battle or by the evolution of the drill-field and parade. . . . No one can read the story of his brilliant career without concluding that he had a real genius for war, together with all the theoretical and practical knowledge which any one could acquire in regard to it. He was the equal, if not the superior, of Hoche, Desaix, or Skobelev in all the military accomplishments and virtues, and up to the time when he was disabled by the disease which caused his death, he was, all things considered, the most accomplished soldier in our service."

Professor Michie, who has written this biography, has done his work with great good taste and a very cordial appreciation of the subject. All soldiers will read it with great interest, and a very considerable section of the general public will be, we think, not far behind in their appreciation of a singularly entertaining and suggestive work.

A HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM THE REVOLUTION TO THE CIVIL WAR. By John Bach McMaster, Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania. In five volumes. Volume 2. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

When Mr. McMaster's first volume appeared, some two years since, it deservedly made a great sensation in literary circles. Its brilliancy, eloquence, picturesqueness of statement, and wide research took the public by storm. Even the discovery, which it did not take long to make, that the author's conclusions were often specious and deceptive, that his methods were sometimes *ad-captandum*, that he was sometimes willing to sacrifice sober truth, which, as Lord Bacon says, "goes in a garment of russet," for a vivid pictorial effect, and that his representation of life in America was rather of the surface than of the interior and essential nature of our historic growth, did not materially lessen the hold on the interest of the reading world. The accusation that he was a close imitator of Lord Macaulay, in which certainly there is more than a grain of truth, does not decrease the author's merit. He who has the power to seize and chain the reader's interest has acquired a royal right, and no amount of pragmatic criticism can disturb his place.

Mr. McMaster is, above all things, interesting. Whatever faults we may find with his method, however doubtful of his conclusion or disposed to question when he ventures to in-

dulge in philosophic reflections, he takes possession of his readers. We know of no historical writer—Macaulay not excepted—better able to present a vivid, realistic, living conception of the period of which he may be writing, of the people in their private and their public lives, of their manners and customs, and of such distinguishing features as set them apart in their own epoch as representative outgrowths. The author has disdained no sources of information. Newspapers, pamphlets, private letters, have been abundantly used, and, so far as possible, data seem to have been drawn from first-hand. In the present book American history is brought down to the first decade of the present century. Of course as Mr. McMaster advances and approaches nearer the period of our own times his task will become more difficult. The measure of criticism will be more severe, the reading public more inclined to scrutinize statements and deductions. It is not probable that the author will pass the ordeal as successfully as in the first two volumes. But if he succeeds in fascinating the reader as he has already done, he may not feel over-sensitive if among graver students there should be no little sharp questioning as to his keenness of insight and intellectual veracity. The splendor of Macaulay's fame has suffered but little diminution, because he is not unseldom detected in glittering sophistry and special pleading, more especially as historical special pleading is more often caused by enthusiasm than wilful blindness. We feel justified in pronouncing Mr. McMaster's second volume to be fascinating in its interest, one which the reader will not feel inclined easily to lay down.

THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR INDIA. Being an Account of the Encroachment of Russia in Central Asia, and of the Difficulties sure to Arise therefrom to England. By Arminius Vambéry. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited.

M. Vambéry is well known as one of the ablest linguists, ethnologists, travellers, and Orientalists of Europe. Probably no one has made a profounder study of the peoples and politics of Western Asia. Against this must be offset the bitter hatred which he has always displayed to Russia and Russian interests. Hereditary national enmity finds in M. Vambéry a congenial vehicle. Yet this does not seem to cloud the author's judgment so far as to make his fact and conclusions the less interesting, or in the main less trustworthy. He is, to be sure, a Russophobist, and as such

gives perhaps undue weight to certain facts in the development of Russian influence and conquest in Asia. But this high coloring in his picture does not militate against the impression, which most of his readers will feel, that he does not essentially over-estimate the dangers which Russian ambition threatens to England in the East. The successive chapters in this book, which were evidently planned consecutively at the outset, were delivered in the first place as lectures, and then printed in the English magazines, where they attracted much attention. The recent Anglo-Russian complications in the East emphasized the interest felt in M. Vambéry's opinions as an expert authority; and though any immediate crisis has passed, the underlying feeling reigns none the less strongly in England that the catastrophe is only postponed. Our author in his book traces the gradual but certain encroachments of Russia in Asia both by arms and a diplomacy as astute as it has always been unscrupulous. He follows the march of Russia to the conquest of the three Khemates, from Ashkabad to Merv, from Merv to the borders of Afghanistan and the Zulfikar Pass. After a study of the strategic and political importance of Herat, he insists that here must be the line of England's successful resistance to Russian aggression, and accumulates many powerful facts and arguments to establish his position. M. Vambéry's opinions have been severely criticised by some writers as missing the true point of the problem, but a close study of what has been urged on both sides will show that his convictions, if not absolutely beyond the reach of assault, are entitled to great weight. Most readers in giving a careful perusal to his views will, if not entirely convinced by them, find their understanding of the situation greatly enlightened.

THE BAR SINISTER. A Social Study. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited.

This anonymous novel deals with the Mormon question, and attempts to paint what even the most lax and liberal people are constrained to admit to be a blot on our American civilization in realistic colors. The story is a painful one, and many of the details are almost repulsive in character. Yet the well-authenticated episodes in Mormon life, which from time to time come to our ears, seem fully to justify the strong, harsh coloring of this novel. Indeed, we are led to believe that the main incidents of the story are genuine. This, if true, neither adds to nor detracts from the value of the nar-

ative. If the picture, however ideal in its incidents, be yet true to the spirit of actuality, it is sufficient. The story follows the life of a New York merchant who went to Utah and finally became a Mormon, and the consequences to his family and himself. It paints the misery to the wife, the curse wrought on others, the gradual and terrible deterioration of the Mormon convert himself. It appears to give clear insights into the general motives and policy of the Mormon missionaries, and shows how subtly their argument can be put even to pure and spiritually-minded persons. Books of this kind, as a rule, do not possess great artistic value nor popular success. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a brilliant exception. Writers terribly in earnest, as this one seems to have been, rarely care to weigh and relate things together as measured from the standpoint of the literary artist. Whether there is any compensation in the fact that the author speaks because he really feels he has a word to say, a mission to deliver himself of, is an open question. If we estimate "The Bar Sinister" as a romance or novel, it will not be difficult to find numberless faults in it. If we think of it as a social study—as the author calls it—it takes a very different aspect. The average reader is not profoundly interested in polygamy, for it is far away from him. Could he be brought face to face with it, it is not improbable that such a social study or picture of an evil and dangerous form of civilization would seem in the highest degree important. From whatever standpoint the reader looks at the book, he will, at the worst, not find it dull or stupid.

ANNALS OF A SPORTSMAN. (Leisure Hour Series.) By Ivan Turguenieff. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This is the book which first made the fame of the great Russian novelist, and it is worthy of having achieved such a result. A simple, unaffected, vivid recital of the exact status of the serf, of the peasant, and of the landed proprietor or noble in the days that preceded the emancipation in Russia, it would be difficult to imagine a more powerful and realistic study, or, rather, series of studies. The sketches are short and complete each in itself, yet it is by their continuity and grouping that they attain their power and eloquence as a revelation of a terrible state of society. There is no doubt that Alexander II. had his attention first called to the horrors of serfdom by this book, and that through it he was led to contemplate the

great act which will make his name immortal when the reactionary errors of his subsequent reign, so terribly expiated at last, shall have been forgotten. No pictures could be more delightful in a literary way, yet more saddening, than these simple, strong, clearly-drawn sketches. Men and classes are made as familiar as if they had come under personal observation, and we only recognize the author's personality in the poetic charm of the background against which he sets the characters limned with so strong and true a hand. "The Annals of a Sportsman," of course, is not a new book, but the publishers should be thanked for presenting in so agreeable a form as a "Leisure Hour" so great a work as this one of the immortal Russian novelist.



FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. EDWARD ARBER, Professor of English Language and Literature at Sir Josiah Mason's College, Birmingham, England, has now ready for issue to subscribers a quarto volume of 456 pages, containing a reprint of the three first books in English, relating to America. The first of these is entitled "Of the newe landes and of ye people found by the messengers of the kynge of portyngale named Emanuel." It was printed probably in 1511 by Jan Van Doesborch, of Antwerp, a contemporary of Wynkyn de Worde and Richard Pynson. It is also the first English book containing the word "America," in the form "Armenica." The other two are translations and compilations by Richard Eden, private secretary to Lord Burghley, from the writings of Pietro Martire, Sebastian Münster, and Sebastian Cabot, and were published at London in 1553 and 1555. It was from these that Francis Drake must have learned his knowledge of the Spanish Main, and Shakspeare taken his conception of Caliban.

IN Germany, it appears, it is the custom for booksellers to send to their customers parcels of new books "on approval," it being understood that the books not returned are accepted, and will be paid for. Relying upon this custom a bookseller at Worms continued year after year to send books to a person living in the town. None of the books were returned, and none were paid for. At last the bookseller sent in his bill, which the other party declined to pay, but offered to return the books. This did not suit the bookseller, for the publishers would no longer take the books back from him. Accordingly, he brought his

action for the price; but he has been defeated in the court of first instance, and also on appeal, on the ground, apparently, that there was no contract.

THE mass of Goethe documents which has been unearthed at Weimar among the possessions of Walter von Goethe will make most English-speaking people feel thankful that Shakspeare did not live in the nineteenth century. The most interesting find is the diary Goethe kept from 1776 to 1832, with a gap between 1782 and 1796. Brief at first, this diary grows more detailed towards the end. Another interesting discovery is the sketch of the first act of a "Faust" intended for the stage. An enormous number of manuscripts of Goethe's poems, letters to his wife, etc., have been discovered.

It seems that the state archives of Magdeburg are likely to be removed to the university of Halle. A motion to that effect will be proposed at the next Landtag, and the majority is said to be in favor of its adoption. By this transfer the city will lose the most important and extensive materials for its own history and that of the bishopric.

M. CALMANN LÉVY has just published a somewhat abridged translation into French by M. Casimir Strylenski of Mr. Black's "Princess of Thule." The translator seems to have been successful in overcoming the difficulties which the language spoken by Sheila and the King of Borva must have occasioned him.

A SPECIAL Biblioteca Manzoni is now being exhibited in a separate room of the National Library at Milan. It contains a number of the edited and unedited manuscripts of the poet, a collection of the various editions of his works in different languages, and numerous relics of Manzoni.

It was feared at one moment that some Persian MSS. belonging to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, Eng., which Dr. Ethé kept for the sake of his catalogue of the Persian MSS. contained in the library, now in the press, were lost in the fire that broke out lately at the Aberystwith University College. The London *Academy* states that not only are these MSS. intact, but that also the college library has been saved.

M. HYVERNAT, a French priest at Rome, who it is hoped will be soon attached to the Vatican Library, is preparing the Coptic text, with a French translation, notes, and index,

of the Acts of the Martyrs in Egypt (mostly under Diocletian). These texts are relatively ancient, and although containing much legendary matter, they are important for philology as well as for geography. The work will be issued in two volumes, of five hundred pages each, by the press of the Propaganda at Rome.

PRINCE IBRAHIM HILMY, the son of the Khedive Ismail, will shortly publish a work on the literature of the Soudan, ancient, mediæval, and modern. The bibliography will embrace printed books, periodicals, MSS., maps, drawings, etc.

A FACSIMILE of the fragment of an early Gospel found among the Fayoum Papyri, as we mentioned some time ago, is to be published in the "Corpus Papyrorum Raineri Arciducis," which will appear before long. As deciphered by Dr. Bickell it differs from the corresponding passages in St. Matthew and St. Mark, more especially through the absence of the words, "But after I am risen I will go before you into Galilee." Among the other papyri is a fragment of the "Gorgias" of Plato, with variants from the usual text, two hundred verses of Homer, some passages of Thucydides, etc. The number of rare Latin papyri is thirty-eight. Some of the Hebrew documents are said to be at least two hundred years older than any hitherto known.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES, says the London *Athenæum*, is engaged in writing the biography of the late Mr. Peter Cooper, of New York. Mr. Cooper, who learned three trades and amassed enormous wealth, was a thoroughly representative American. His papers were very voluminous, and he kept a record of every important fact in his career, so that there would seem to be no lack of materials for his biographer.

IF the spread of newspaper literature can be taken as a test of the literary advance of a nation, the statistics of the Indian Post-Office in this respect must be considered highly favorable. In 1879-80 the Director-General of the Post-Office remarked that there was a falling off in the number of newspapers that passed through his department, but since the repeal of the Vernacular Press Act, and the reduction of the rate of postage in 1881, the increase has been steadily progressive. In 1880-81, for instance, the number of newspapers passing through the

Post-Office was 11,942,000, and the number has since then increased at the rate of more than a million a year, to 15,848,000 in 1883-84.

THE Society of Authors have completed their draft bill for the consolidation of the copyright laws. When a favorable opportunity occurs the bill will be introduced to the House by a member of Parliament whose name carries great weight on both sides. The support of many other members is looked for, and in several cases promised. It is not, however, likely that anything will be attempted in the present Parliament. The hon. counsel to the society, Mr. E. M. Underdown, is being instructed by Mr. Basil Field (of the firm of Field, Roscoe & Co.), who is already well known for his acquaintance with the difficulties of the copyright question. The chairman of the executive committee for the next year is Mr. James Cotter Morison, in place of Mr. Walter Besant, who remains, however, on the council.

IT is proposed to establish an *English Historical Review* under the editorship of the Rev. Mandell Creighton, Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge. It will deal with English, American, and colonial history, and with such other branches of history, ancient and modern, constitutional and ecclesiastical, as are likely to interest English students. Original papers, inedited historical documents, notices of important works on history, an historical bibliography, surveys by foreign scholars of the progress of historical literature, and communications from officials connected with our great libraries and other public institutions in England and abroad, will form the principal contents of this review, the first number of which will appear in January, 1886. Messrs. Longman will be the publishers.

THE Rev. John Brown, the minister of the Bunyan Meeting at Bedford, England, has just completed a work on the life and times of his famous predecessor, the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress." Mr. Brown has been engaged for many years in collecting materials, and has been favorably situated for this purpose. The MS. records of his church, dating back to Bunyan's lifetime, contain some interesting information never before fully given to the public. Mr. Brown thinks he has been able to trace the Bunyan family fortunes back as far as the end of the twelfth century. The work is now in the press, and will be published early in the coming season by Messrs. Isbister.

THE amount of literary activity in India can, to a certain extent, be gauged by the number of publications registered in the different provinces. From the recently published returns for 1883 it appears that in that year in Madras 763 books and pamphlets and 55 periodicals were registered, an increase of 77 over the previous year; in Bombay 1,484 works were registered, an increase of 253; in Bengal the number of works was 2,218, an increase of no fewer than 650, the greatest increase being in books in Bengali, in which, moreover, a higher standard of excellence is noted. In the North-Western Provinces the publications decreased from 1,193 in 1882 to 960 in 1883; but in the Punjab they increased from 1,198 to 1,786.

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MISCELLANY.

CLODION.—Clodion represents the last of several generations of sculptors. By his father he was a Michel, and by his mother an Adam. Now Thomas Michel was an artist in a kind of way, but the Adams were artists to a man. They were native to Lorraine, the country of Callot and Claude Gellée and many a master besides, and they were neither the worst nor the least eminent of its children. Of Claude Adam, the first who attained any reputation, little is known, save that he was contemporary with Bernini, and that he modelled a colossal "Ganges" for the fountain which that famous sculptor designed and executed for the Piazza Navona at Rome. He was probably, says M. Thirion, the father of Lambert Adam, the Nancyan founder, who, born in 1670, was certainly the father of Jacob-Sigisbert, who was Clodion's grandsire, and the progenitor of three of the most successful and laborious sculptors of his time. A good working artist in terra-cotta and in wood, he appears to have been gifted with no extraordinary measure of talent, and, like his grandson, to have employed such talent as he had in the production of agreeable trifles. Thus in 1701, three years after Duke Leopold had made him one of his sculptors, he is credited with a certain sum in payment of "*un Cupidon qu'il a exécuté et des grenouilles à mettre à l'entour du bassin de la table au repas donné à Son Altesse Royale le premier dimanche de carême;*" and likewise "*quatre figures, un cerf, deux gros chiens, huit autres plus petits, qui servent à décorer le même repas.*" It is also recorded of him that he worked in bronze and lead as well as in wood and terra-cotta; that his statuettes of saints were popular ware; and that, if he did little

for the court, his private practice was considerable, so that he was rich enough to build himself a house, which, decorated by himself and his three sons, "*passé aujourd'hui,*" says M. Thirion, "*pour l'une des plus belles et des plus intéressantes de Nancy.*" Of these three sons, the eldest, and perhaps the most famous, Lambert-Sigisbert, was born in 1700. In 1718, after a youth of study under Jacob-Sigisbert, he went to Metz; in 1719 he entered himself as a student at the Académie in Paris; and in 1722 he won the *prix de Rome*, and started for the Eternal City, where he speedily grew eminent, and where he remained for nine or ten years. He was an enterprising fellow, apt for intrigue, and endowed with an excellent opinion of his own merits and the merits of his family. At Rome he contrived—after winning and losing the admiration and good-will of Wleughels, the director of the Académie de France—to interest in his fortunes no less a magnate than Cardinal Polignac, and to secure a protector in Paris in the person of the Duc d'Antin, Directeur-Général des Bâtimens du Roi, and to make himself a reputation at least the equal of that acquired by his fellow-student Bouchardon himself. In 1726 he was joined at the Palazzo Mancini by his second brother, Nicolas-François, who was five years his junior (he was born in 1705), and who, after serving an apprenticeship with his father, and working for some time in Paris and at Montpellier, became his elder brother's pupil and assistant, and took part in most of the achievements with which the latter illustrated his sojourn in Rome. Of Nicolas, a man of heart and character and parts, Lambert-Sigisbert was more or less jealous always; he greatly preferred François-Gaspard (born 1710); and in after years, when, in spite of all that he could do, his own reputation was on the wane, while that of his brother was established and increasing, this feeling was exacerbated to a point not pleasant to consider. Meanwhile, the two were young and unspoiled, and they fought their way in Rome with all imaginable vigor and a great deal of success. The family party were strengthened in due time by the arrival (1730) of Gaspard, like the others his father's pupil, but, unlike them, with no touch of Paris in his training and no spark of genius in his composition. He was presently to become the sculptor-in-ordinary of Frederick the Great, and to people Potsdam with that brood of gods and goddesses which, offensive in their make-believe elegance and sham divinity, still move the beholder to a feeling of wonder at the great

king's taste in art. For the present, however, he was young and inexperienced; and he labored in his brother's studio, and assimilated outside of it as much of the antique as his mental constitution, which was none of the strongest, could contain.—*Magazine of Art*.

TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD.—The public mind has been much astonished and bewildered during the past few weeks by the reports, through the general press, of certain experiments on transfusion of blood said to have been carried out at Denver, Colorado. The popular mind has been astonished and bewildered many times before now on the subject of transfusing restoratives into the circulation of men and animals. The operation starts, indeed, in mystery. Aeson, the father of Jason of the Golden Fleece, becoming infirm, Medea, after drawing the blood from his veins, refills them with a potent fluid, and the old man, so runs the fable, rejuvenates. Libavius of Halle, in the early part of the seventeenth century, improves on this fable by suggesting the actual transfusion of blood. Christopher Wren, in the eighteenth century, gives the idea more distinct form; and Richard Lower, Edmund King, and Denis actually bring it into practice, with such effect that the world, startled by the first results and filled with admiring wonder, soon turns round, in disappointment at failure, and lets the Pope prohibit the operation in all parts where his mandate was law. Over and over again the wonder has, nevertheless, revived. Early in this century, Professor Harwood, of Cambridge, revived a pointer that had been bled, as it seemed, to death, by transfusing into it the blood from a sheep. Later on in the century Dr. Blundell made some remarkable experiments precisely similar in character, and now we have the same retold in a new dress, either by repetition of mere narrative or by repetition of experiment—which it is difficult as yet to say. Of the report going the round of the press it is quite impossible, at present, to speak with any certainty. The account may be nothing more than a piece of clever writing based on an imperfect knowledge of previous researches. It may be the account of some experiments similar to those we have described, but reported with more of enthusiasm than accuracy. We cannot tell. All we can say is that the absence of a technical mode of description, some errors of detail, and the absence of reference to all previous research on the subject, together with the no-

tice of many proceedings which, according to our present knowledge, would destroy the value of transfusion as a means of restoring suspended life, make us most cautious in accepting any part of the statement until it is corroborated by other and more trustworthy evidence.—*Lancet*.

THE KRAKATOA ERUPTION AS EXPERIENCED AT BATAVIA.—While the rain of ash continued thick darkness enveloped the city. Traffic and business were suspended. Gas was lighted everywhere in the hope that the darkness would soon pass off, but still it continued for several hours. The abject terror of the poor natives, cowering down in the most helpless way, was quite a sight to behold. These followers of Mohammed, clinging tenaciously to their fatalistic creed, calmly said, "It is Allah," and resigned themselves to their fate. In times of difficulty and danger the natives of Java, and indeed the whole of the Malay archipelago, are some of the most helpless and useless people under the sun. The Chinese, on the other hand, took a very different view of matters. Unfettered by any fatalistic notions, they plainly showed their belief that while there is life there is hope. Whether this is one of the moral sayings of Confucius I know not, but, with all their faults, the Chinese are certainly a practical and painstaking race. On this occasion they accordingly gathered together all their valuables and cleared out of the city with as much dispatch as possible. There are twenty-five thousand of them in Batavia alone, and a large proportion of these soon beat a hasty retreat. Some made for the railway station *en route* for the interior of the island; some took to their boats on the canal, and many crowded themselves into their gaily painted vehicles known as *ka-hars*, and drove away as fast as two sandalwood ponies would carry them. The Europeans also thought it wiser to suspend business on account of the darkness and to leave the city for their suburban homes. The buildings which they use in Batavia for offices are very old, and though roomy and convenient for their purpose they would easily be overthrown in the event of an earthquake. About noon, therefore, on that eventful Monday (August 27) there was a steady outpour of merchants from Batavia, and the city was soon wearing a deserted appearance. It was well that it did so, for a more startling event had yet to come in the vast sea-wave.—*Leisure Hour*.

